

A DELL COMIC •
DELL • A DELL COMIC
A DELL COMIC •

APR.
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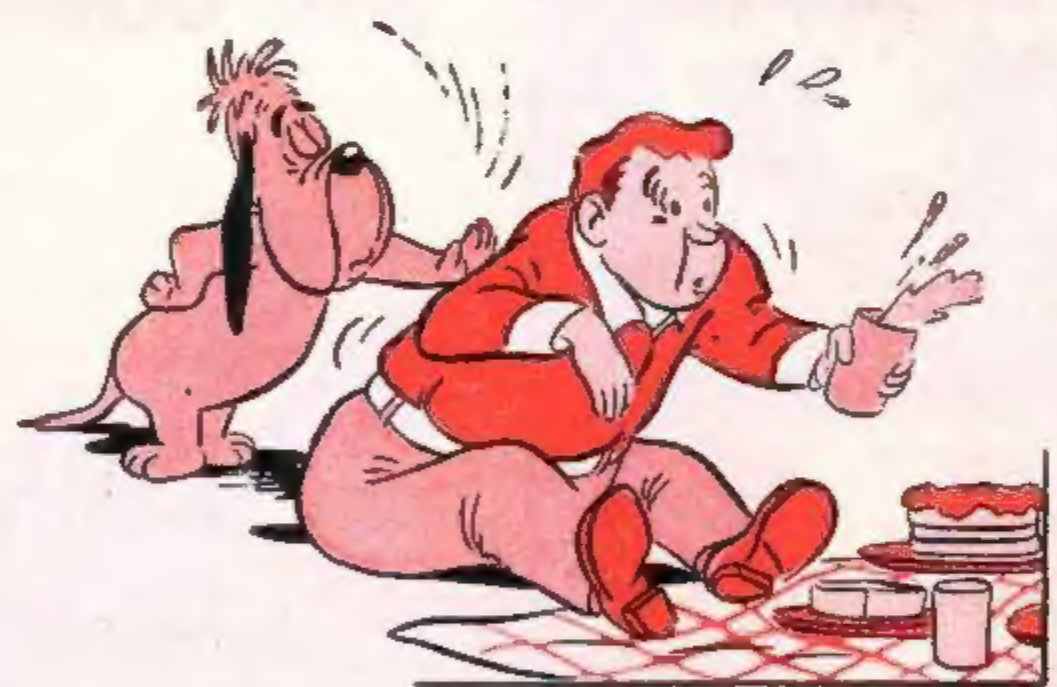
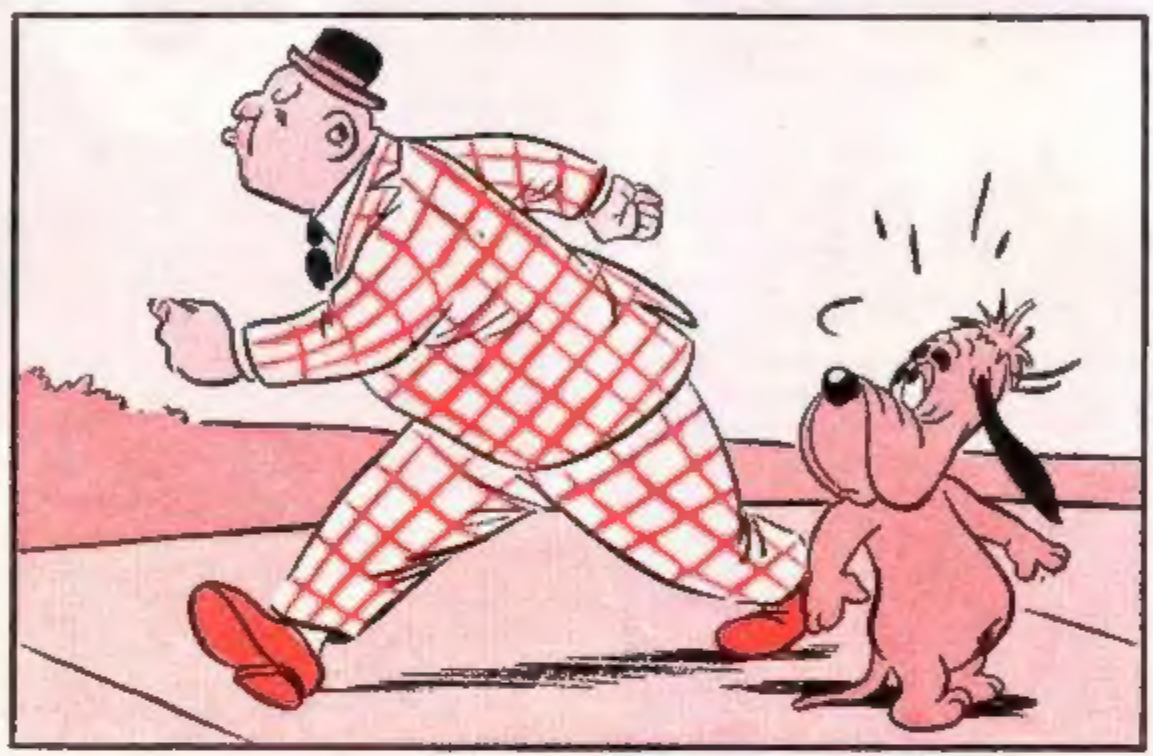
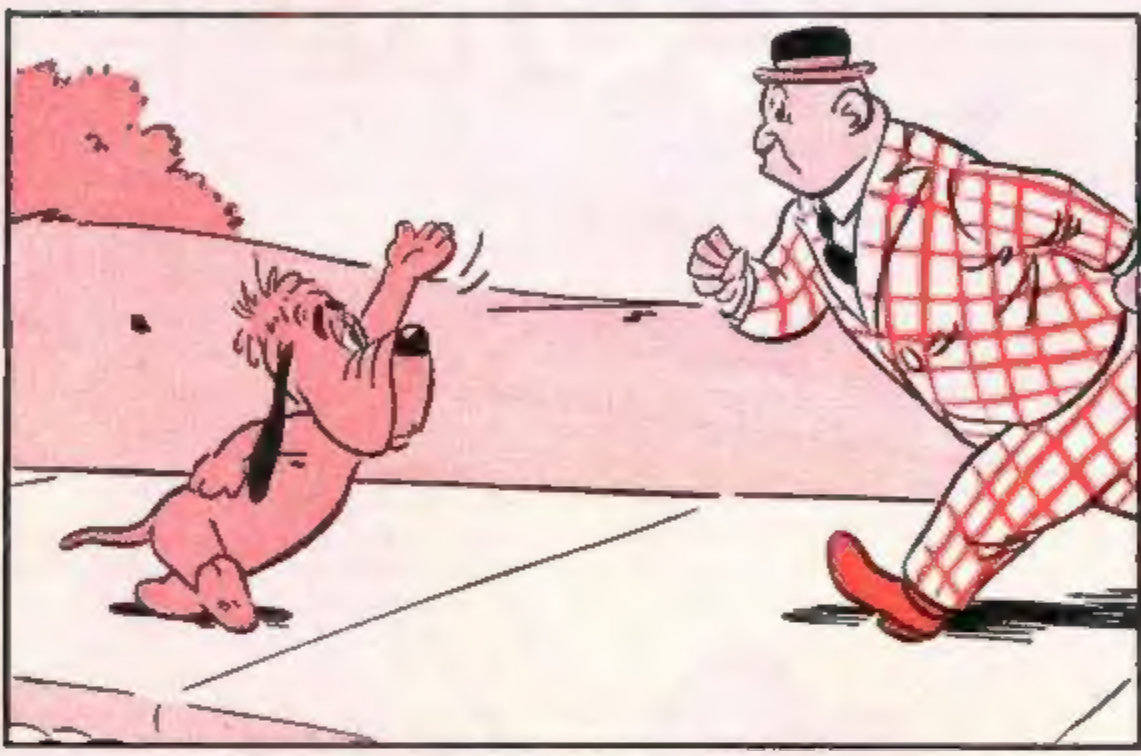
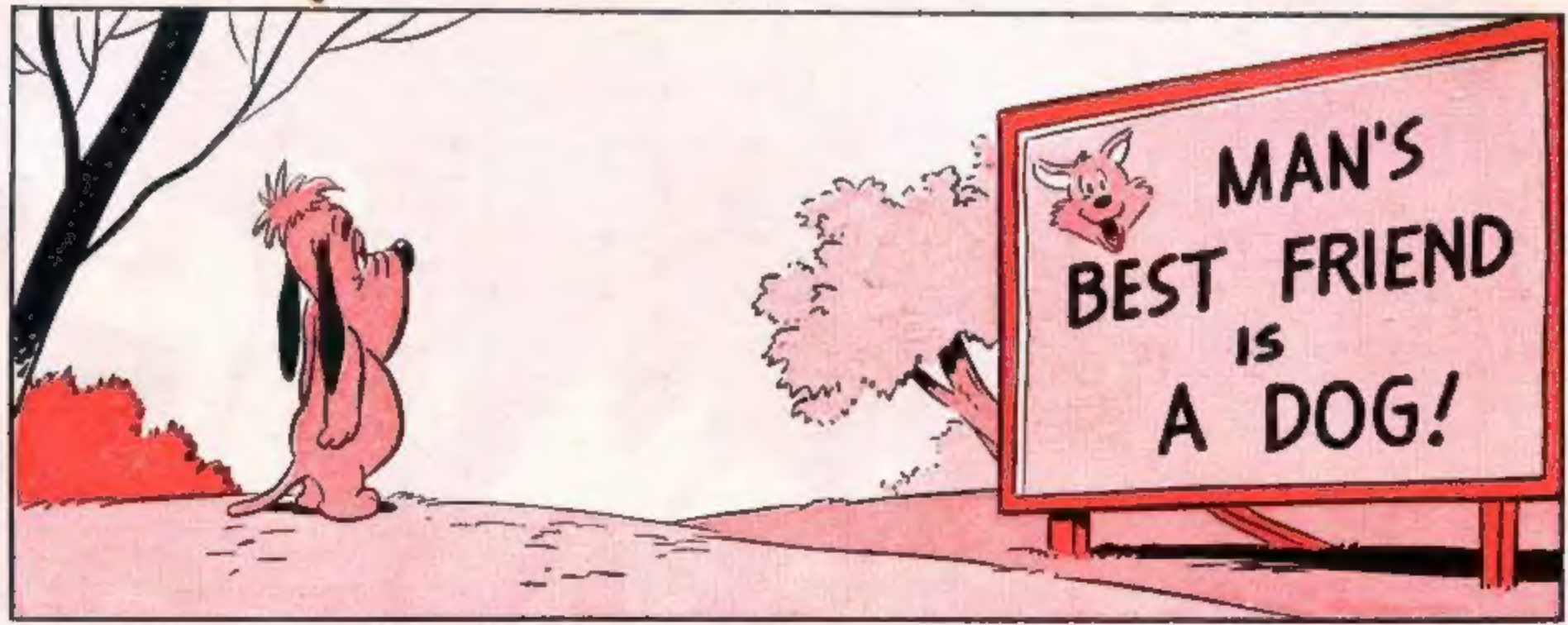


TOM & JERRY COMICS

52 pages –
ALL COMICS!



DROOPY



TOM & JERRY COMICS, Vol. 1, No. 81, April, 1951. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Re-entered as second-class matter May 9, 1949, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U. S. A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.20 per year. Copyright, 1951, by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

TOM and JERRY

JERRY, WE'RE NOT
GETTIN' ANY KICKS
AROUND THIS PLACE
ANY MORE!

TOM'S NO LONGER ANY
MATCH FOR US --- WE GET
AWAY WITH
ANYTHING!

HE TRIES TO
KEEP US
OUTA
MISCHIEF!

SURE! BUT WE
ALWAYS OUTSMART
HIM!

YOU'VE GOTTA REMEMBER
--- POOR TOM IS NOT
A VERY SMART
CAT!

TRUE! HE
ISN'T TOO
BRIGHT!

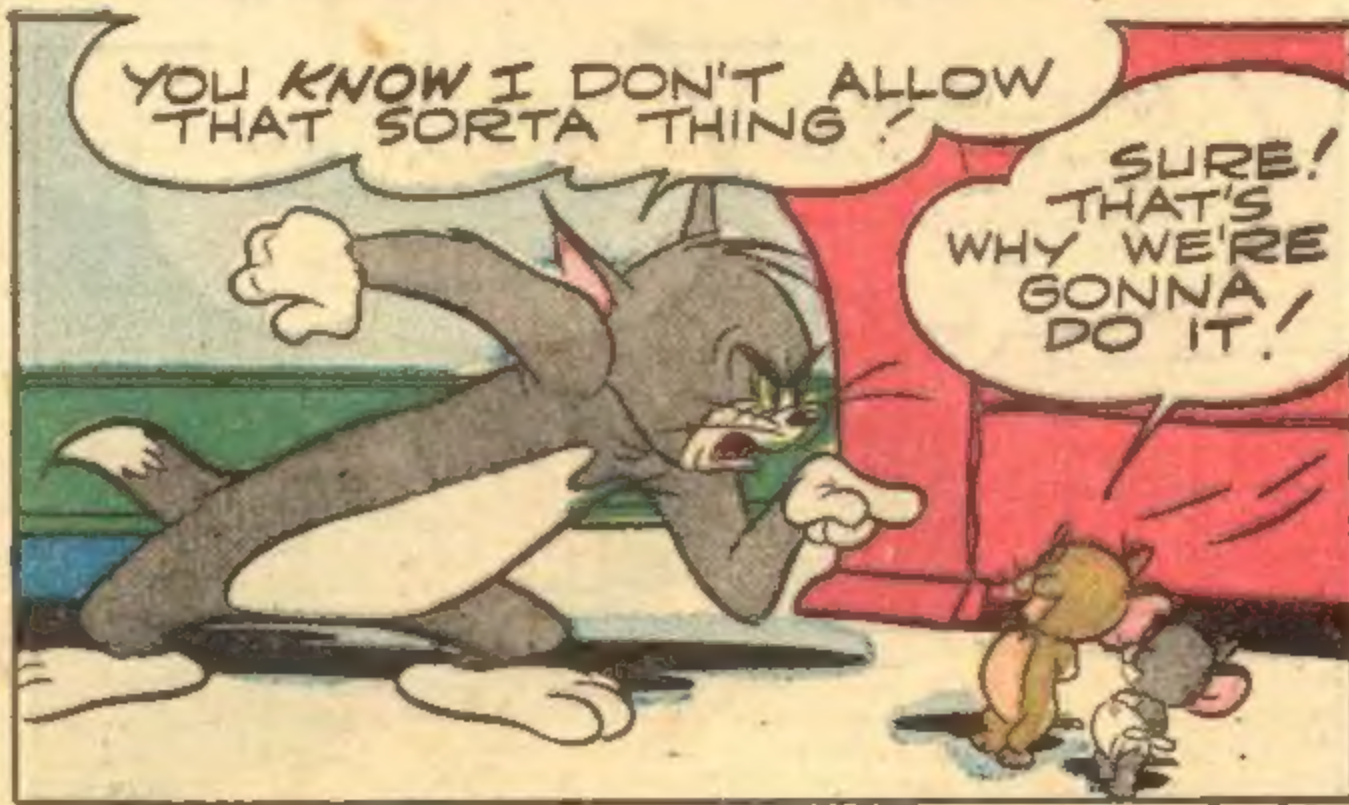
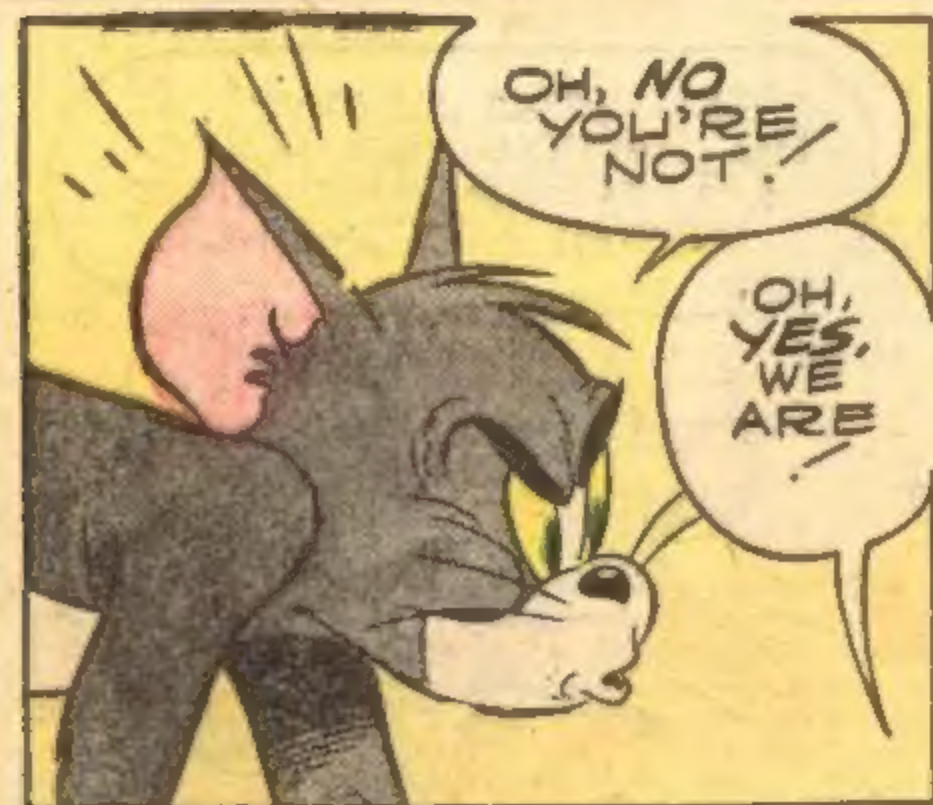
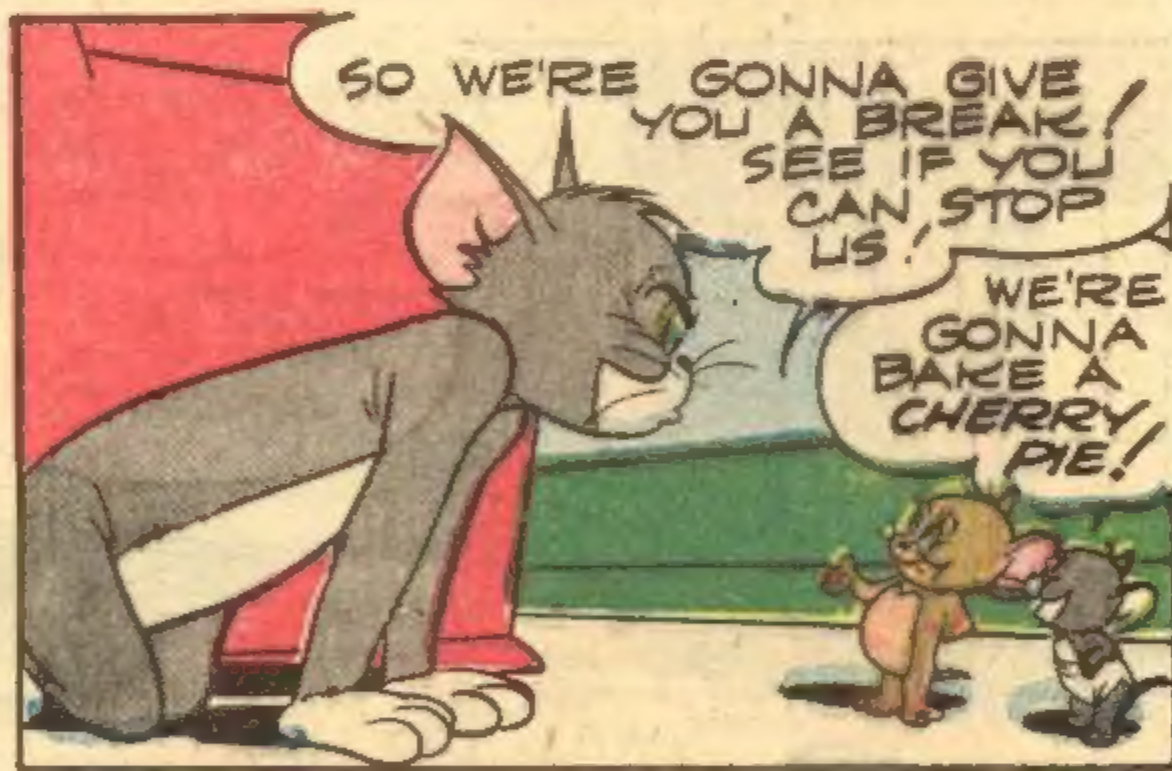
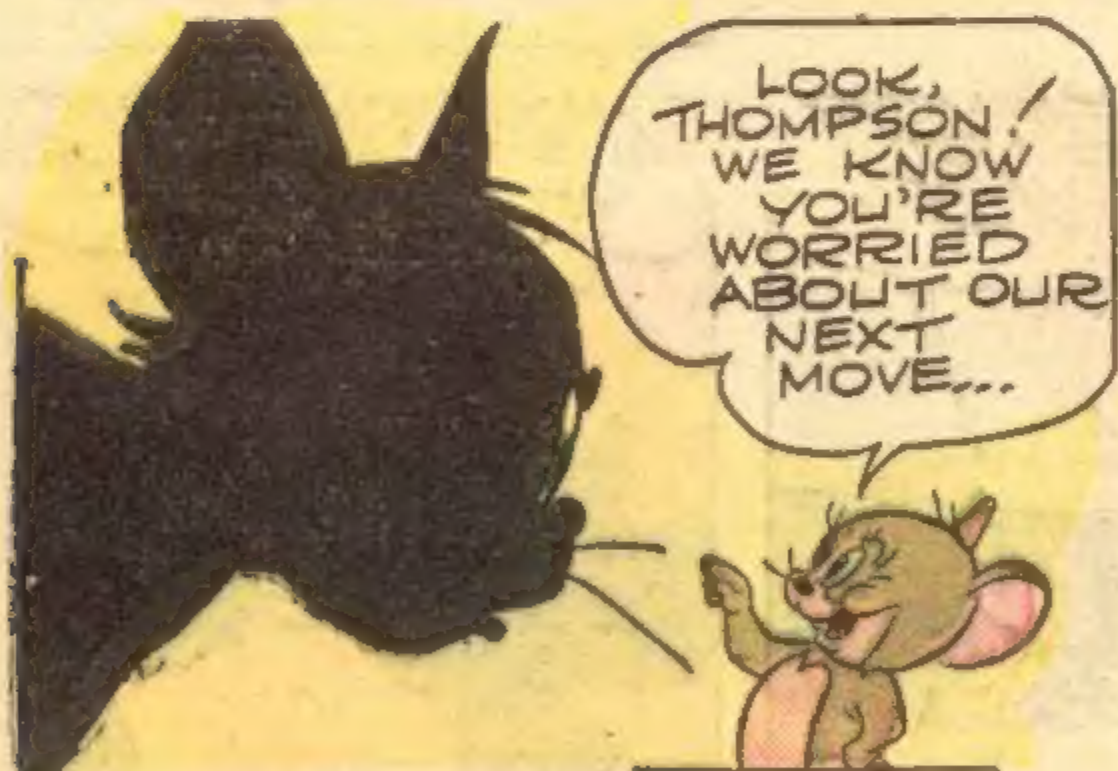
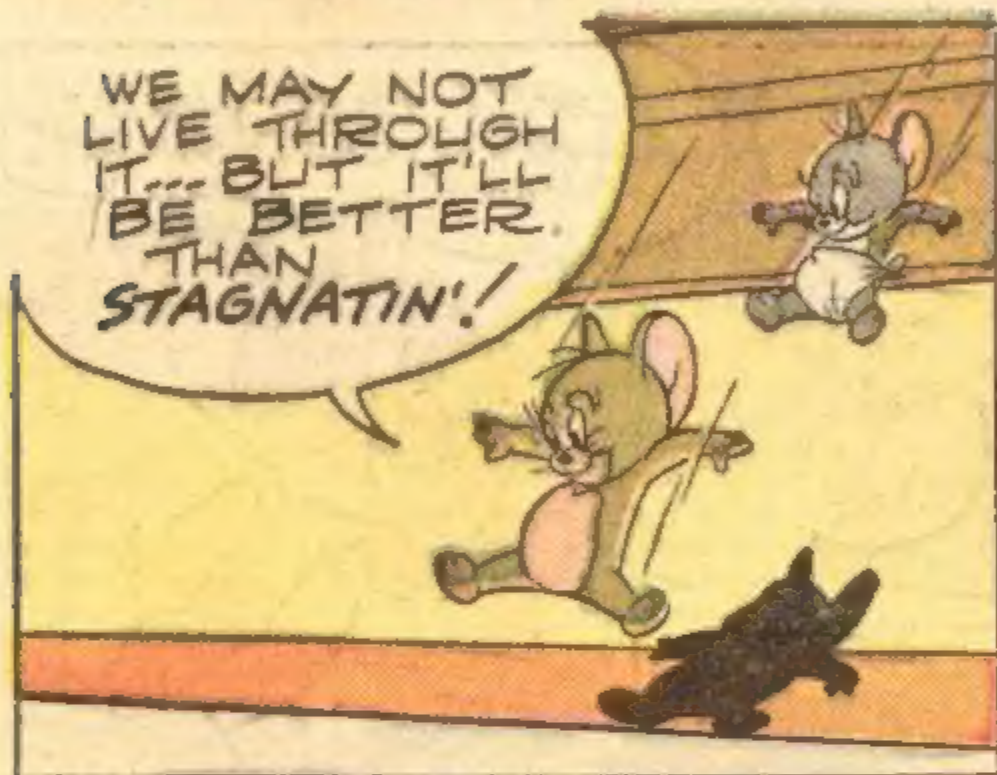
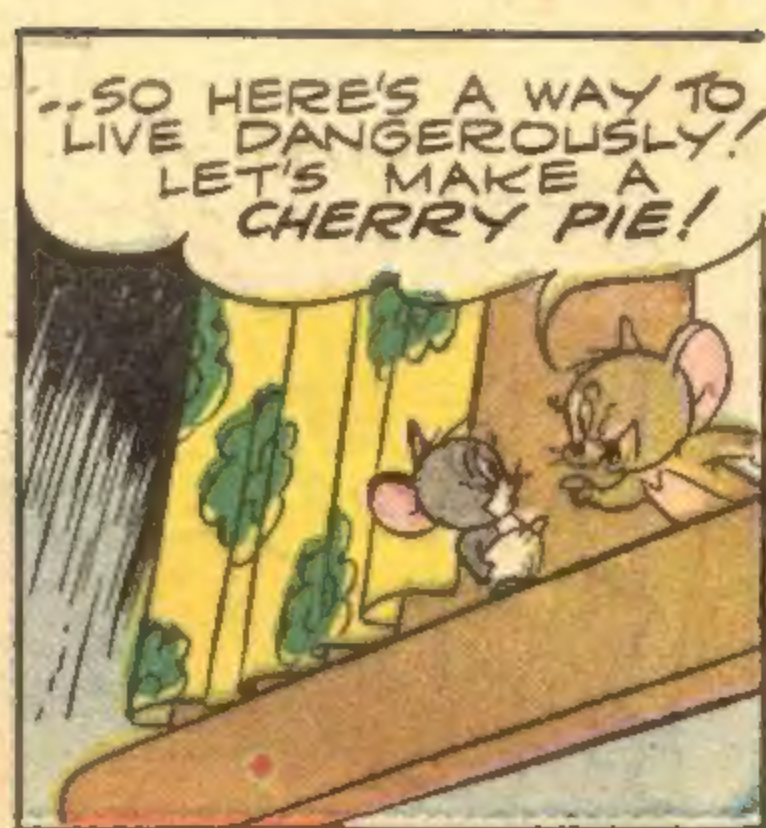
I NEVER
KNOW WHAT
THOSE MICE
WILL DO NEXT!

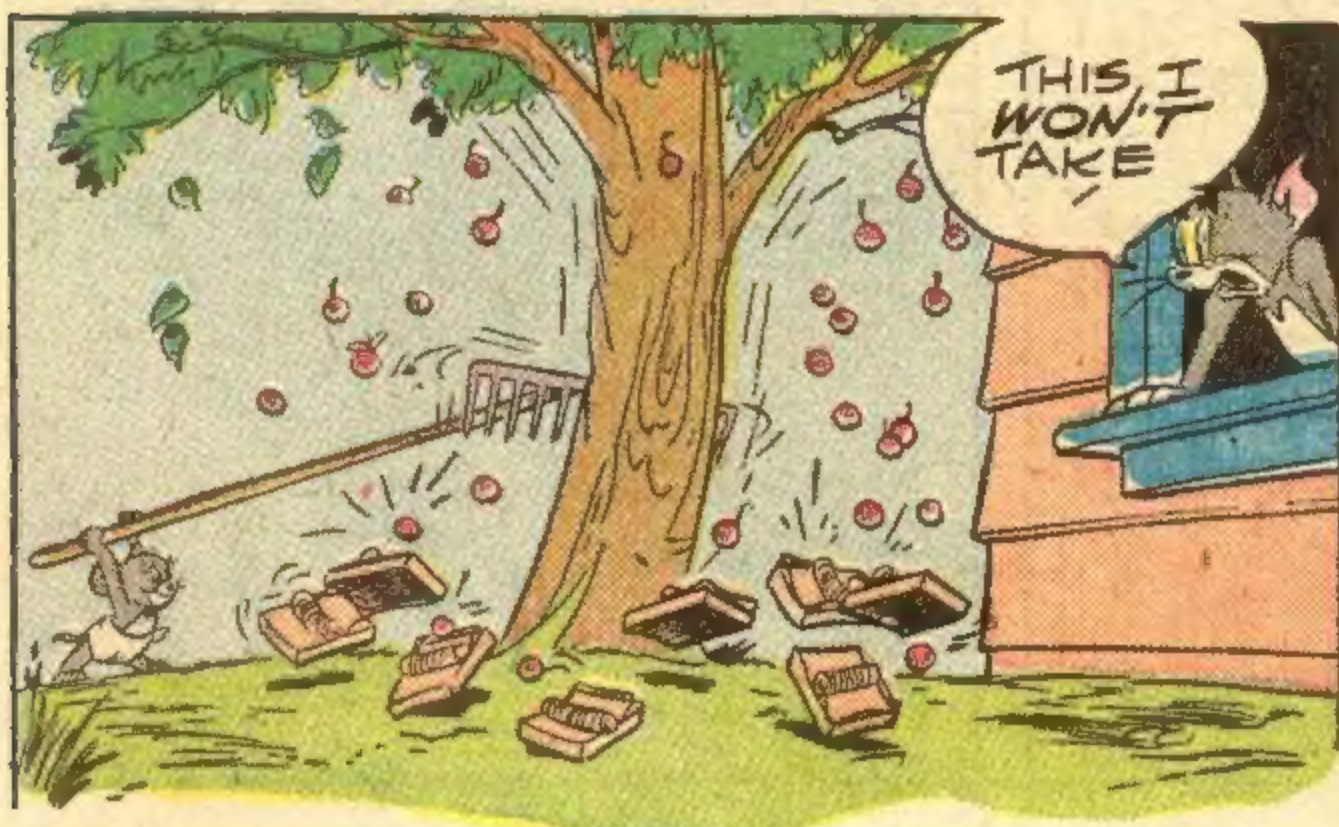
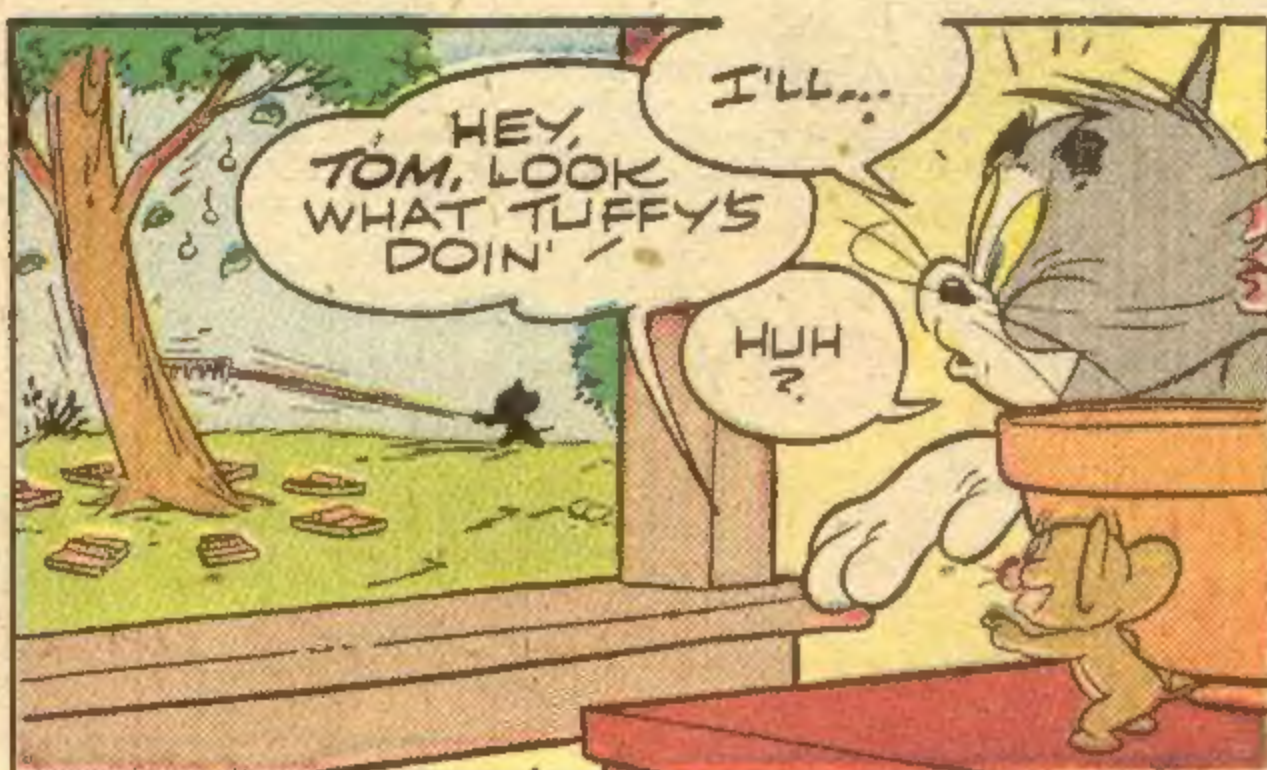
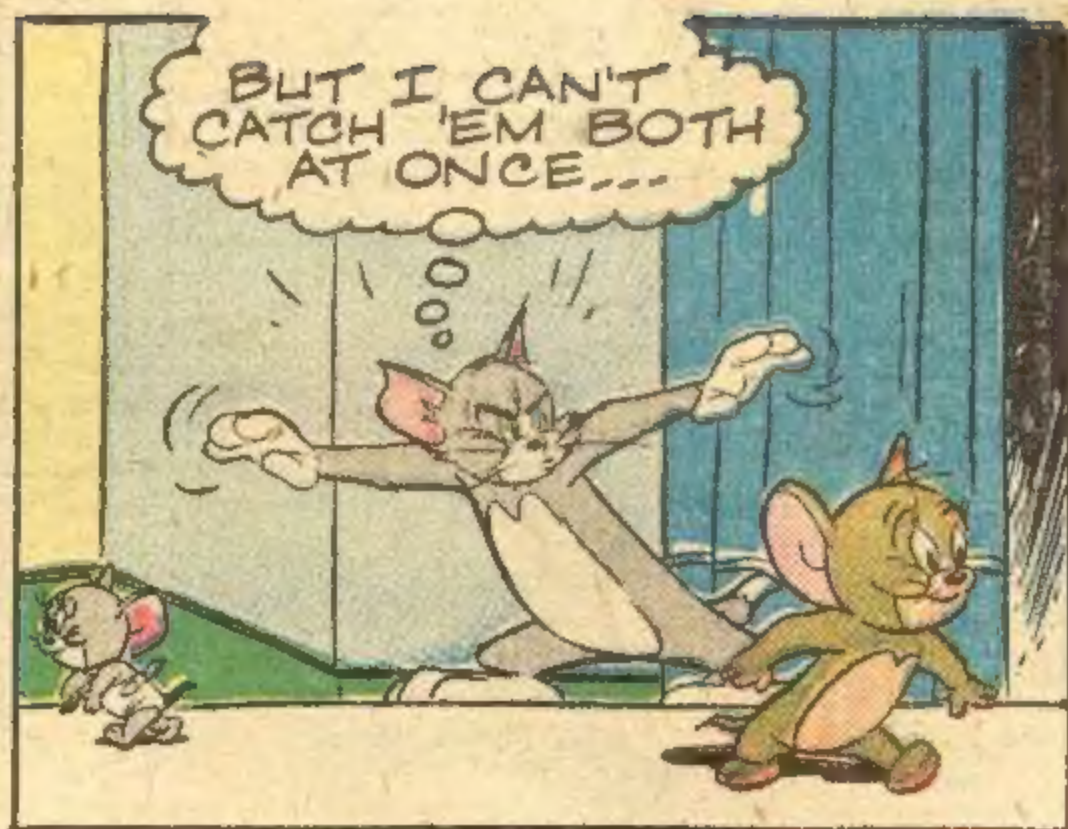
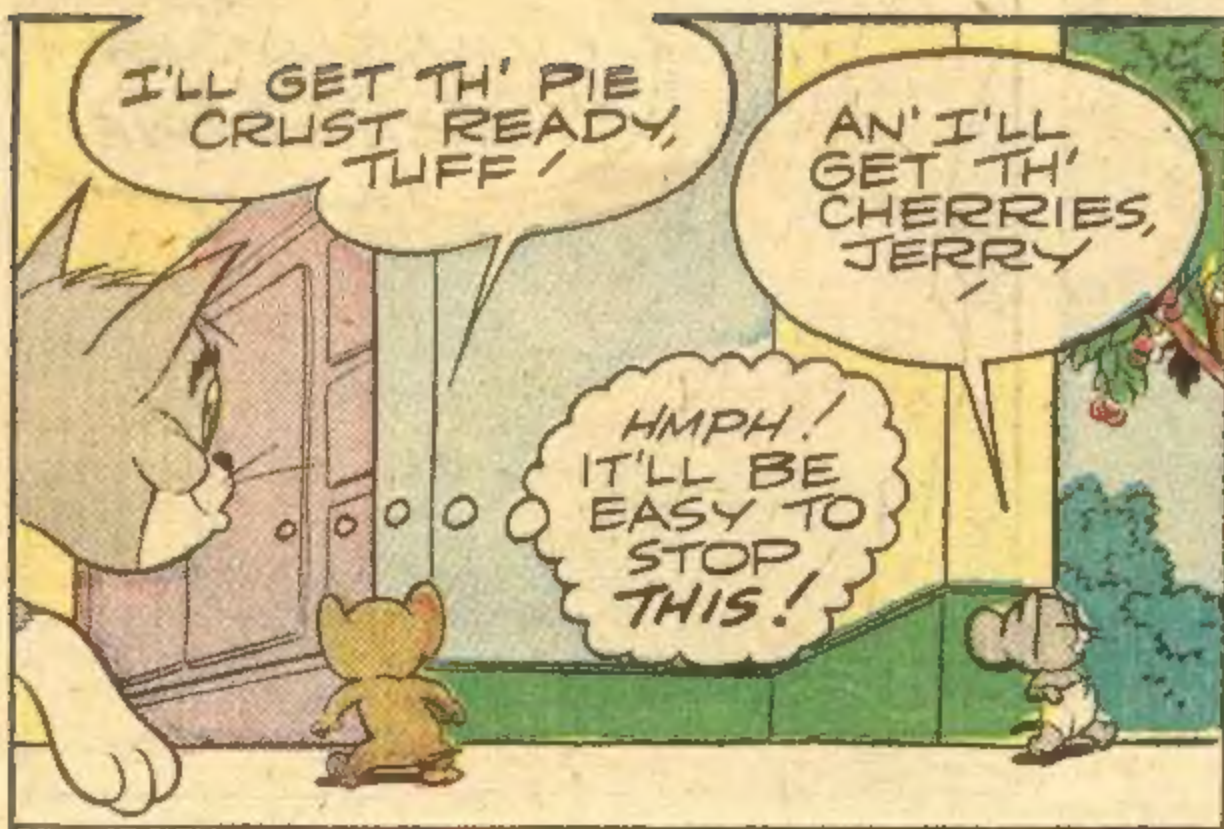
MAYBE WE SHOULD
GIVE TH' DOPE MORE
OF A SPORTIN'
CHANCE!

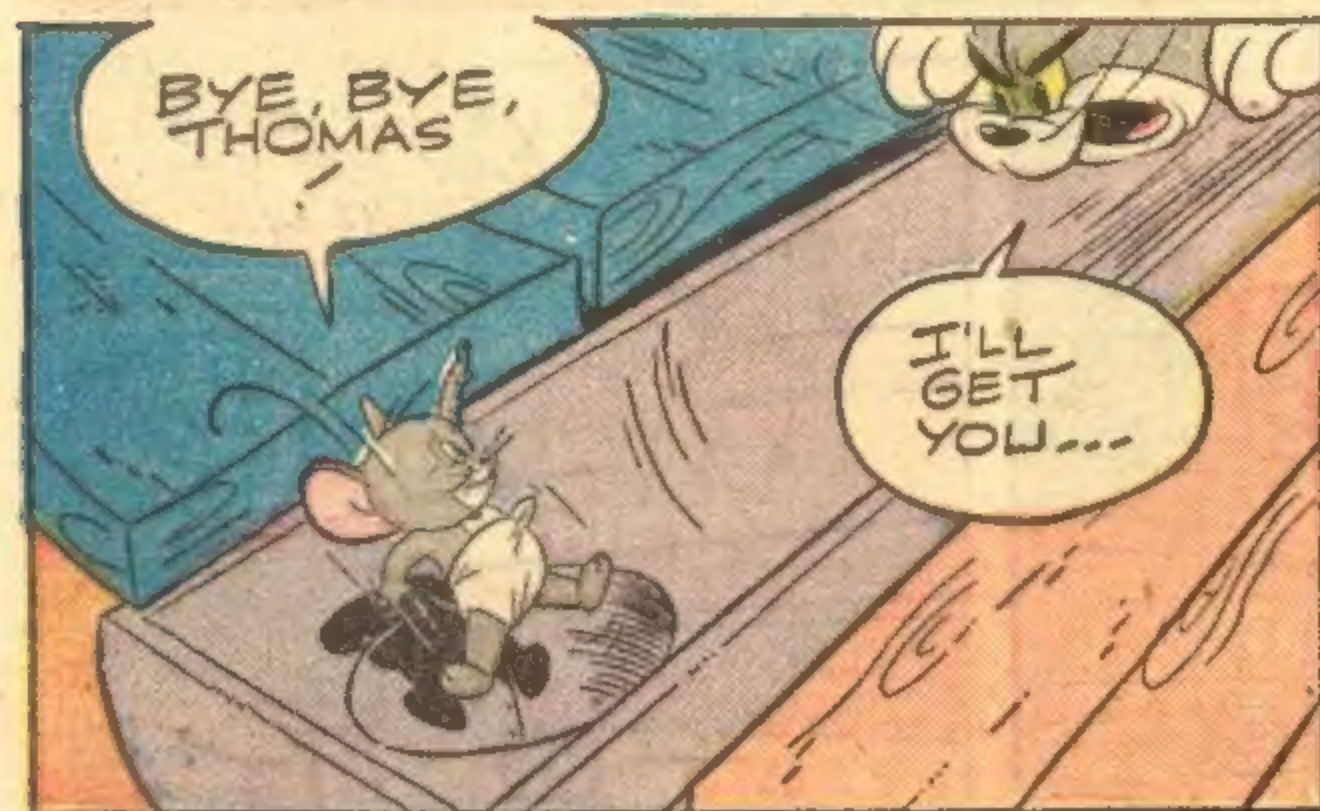
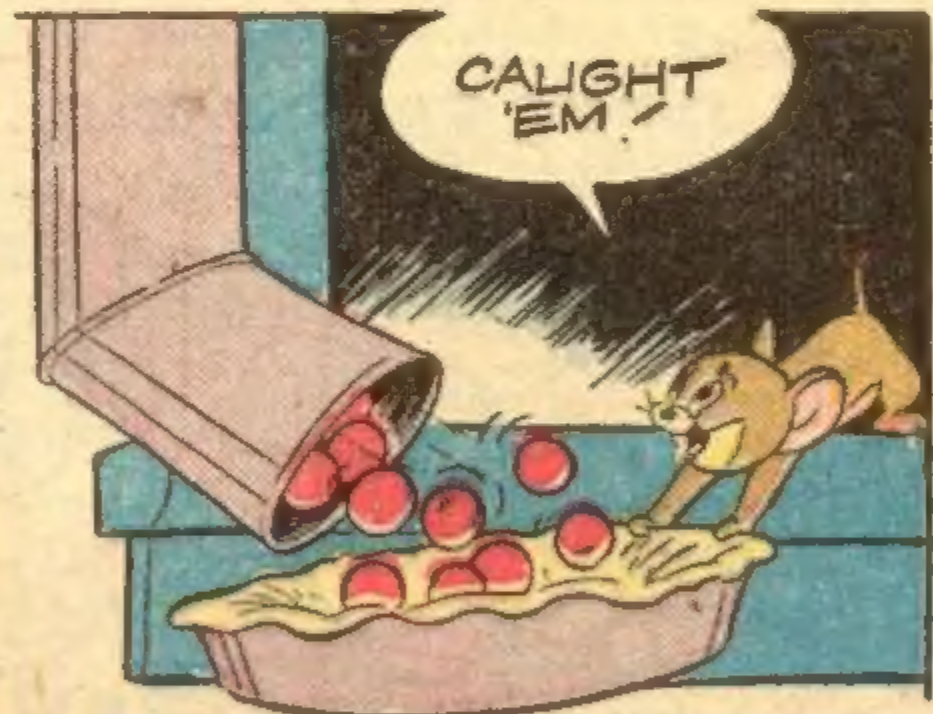
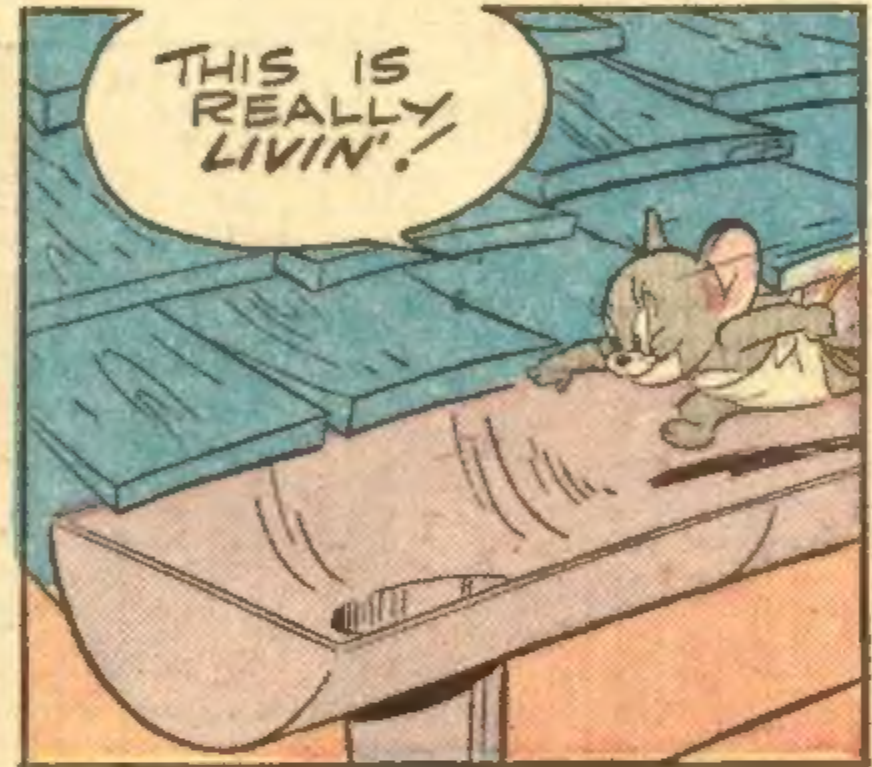
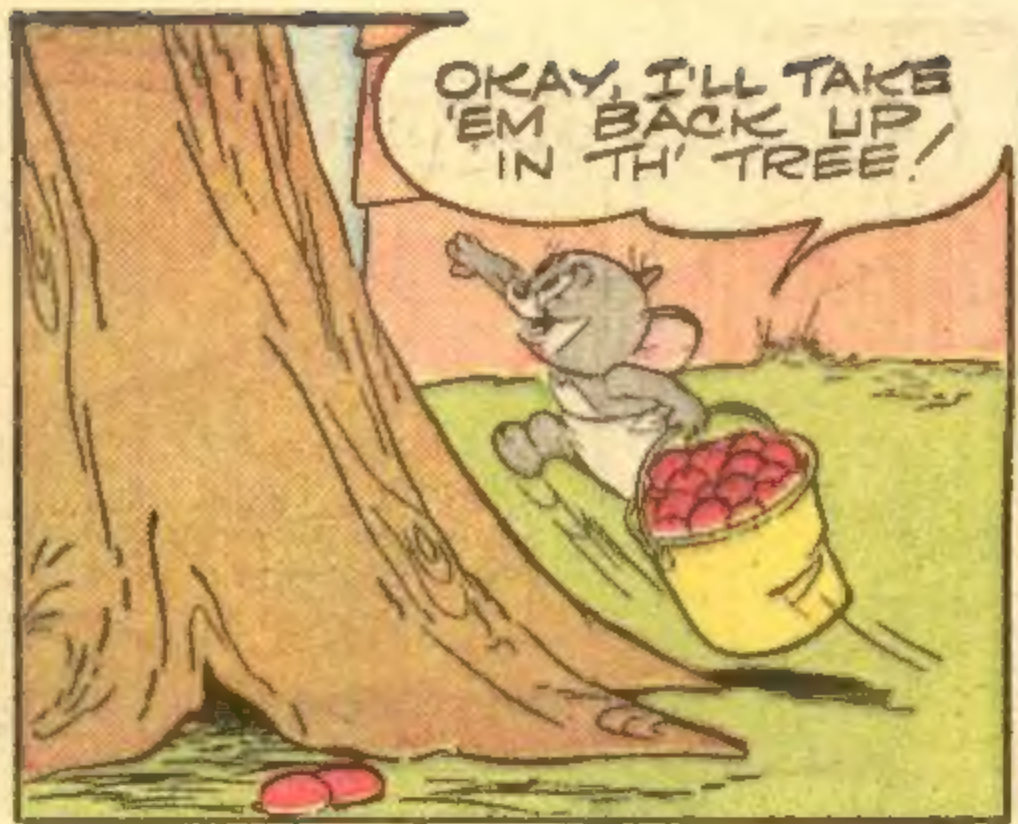
HMM... HOW
CAN WE GIVE
HIM A
BREAK?

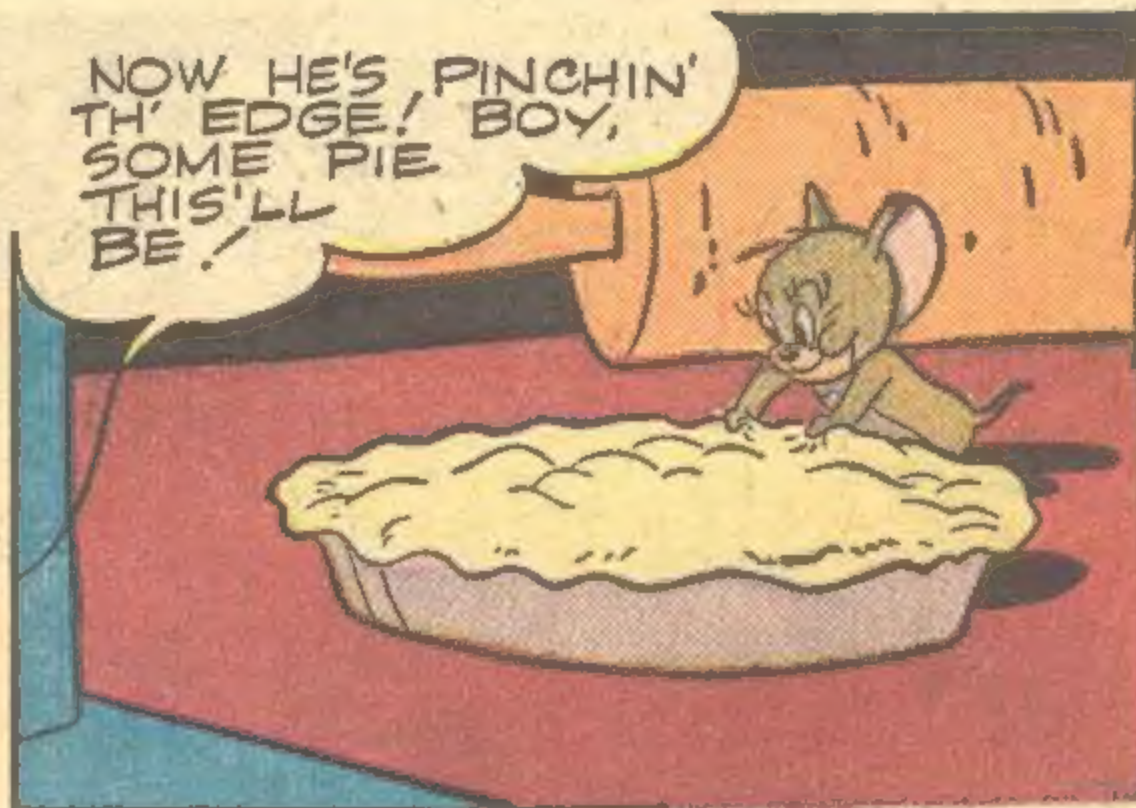
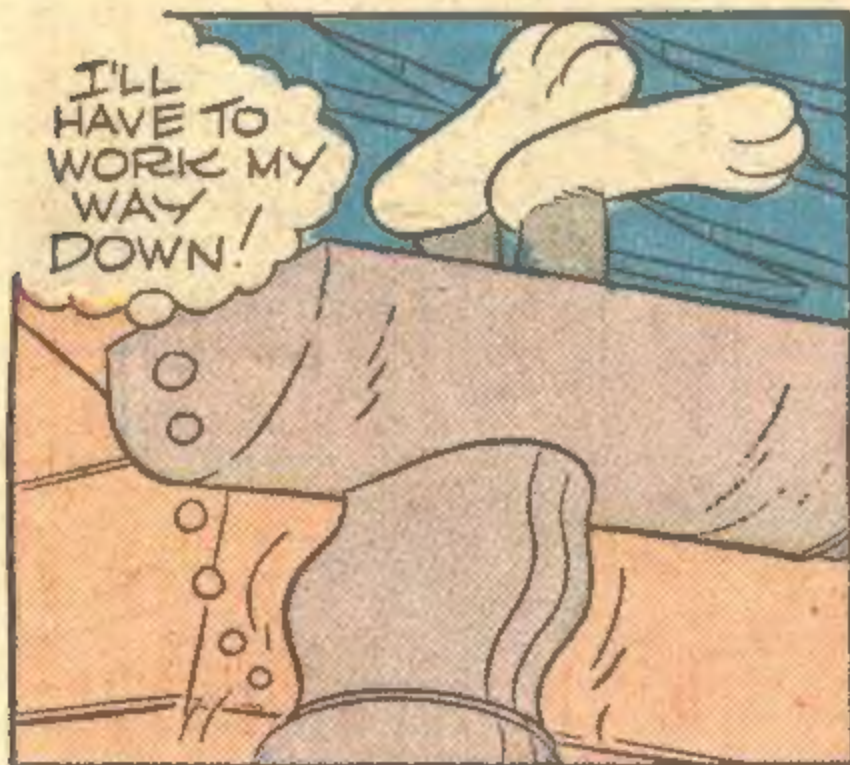
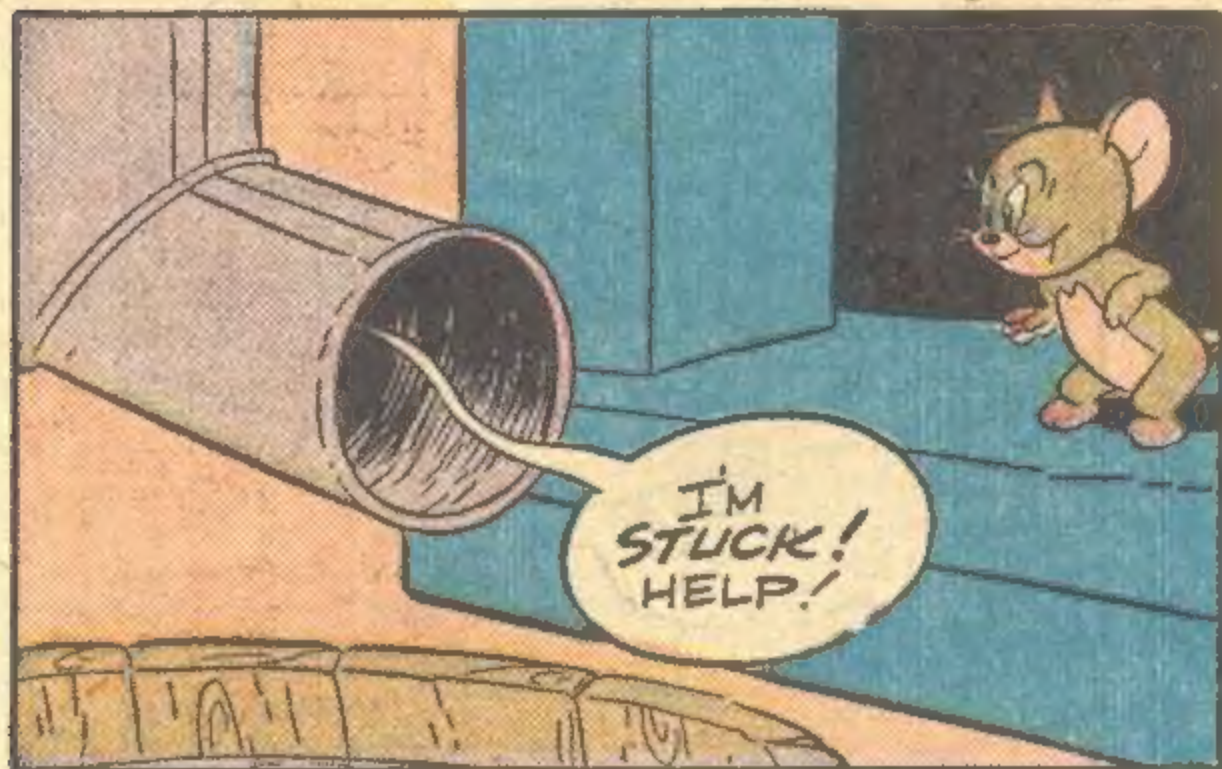
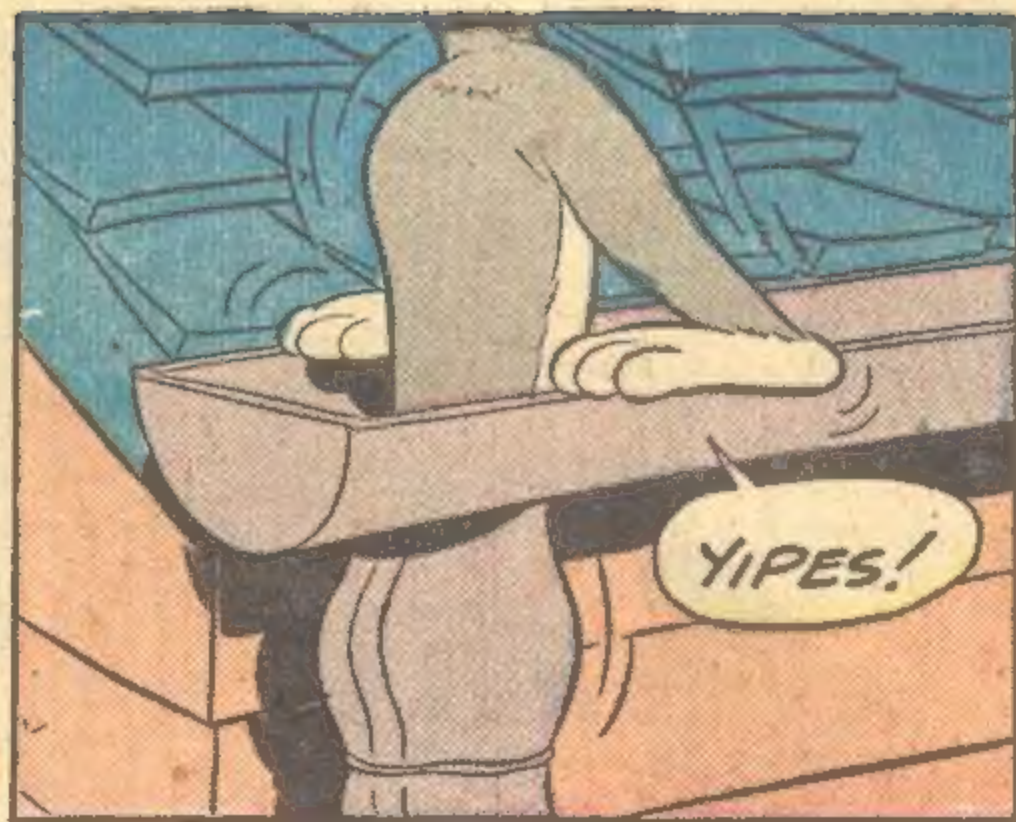
WELL, WE
COULD TRY
SOMETHING
REAL
DIFFICULT!

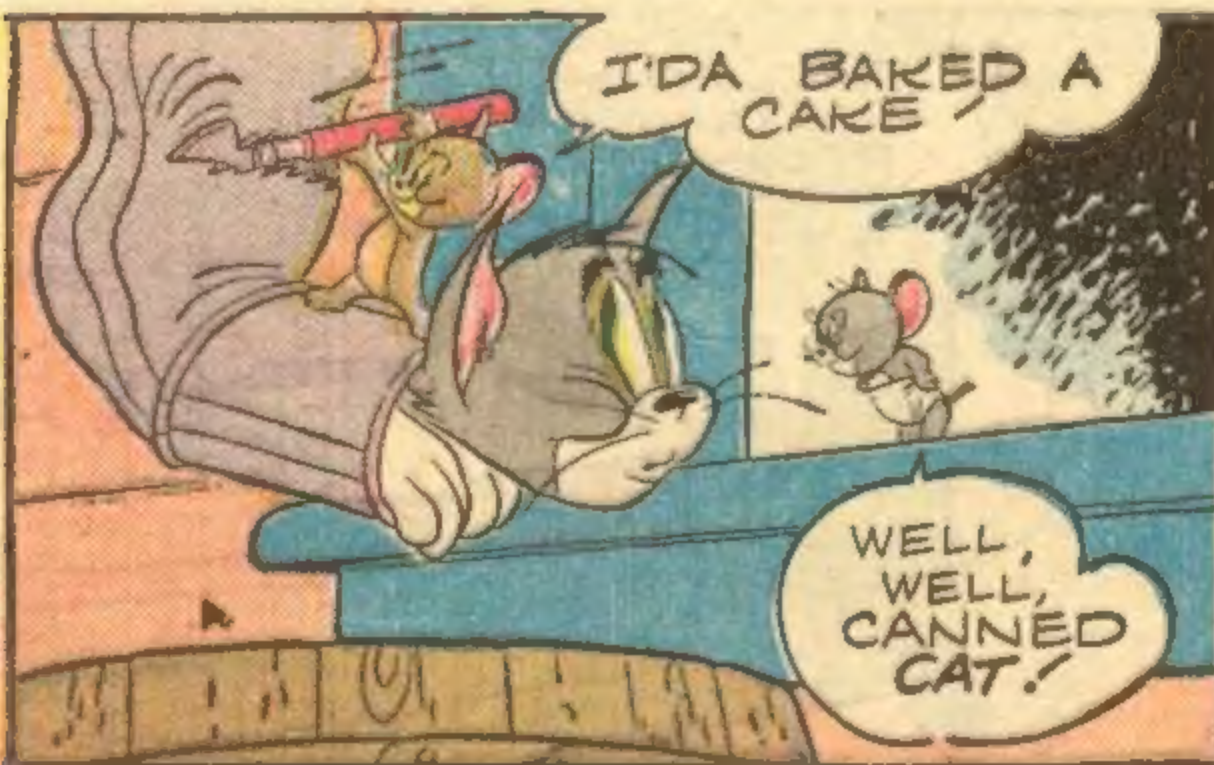
TELL YOU WHAT!
HE HATES TO HAVE
US MESS AROUND
IN TH' KITCHEN...

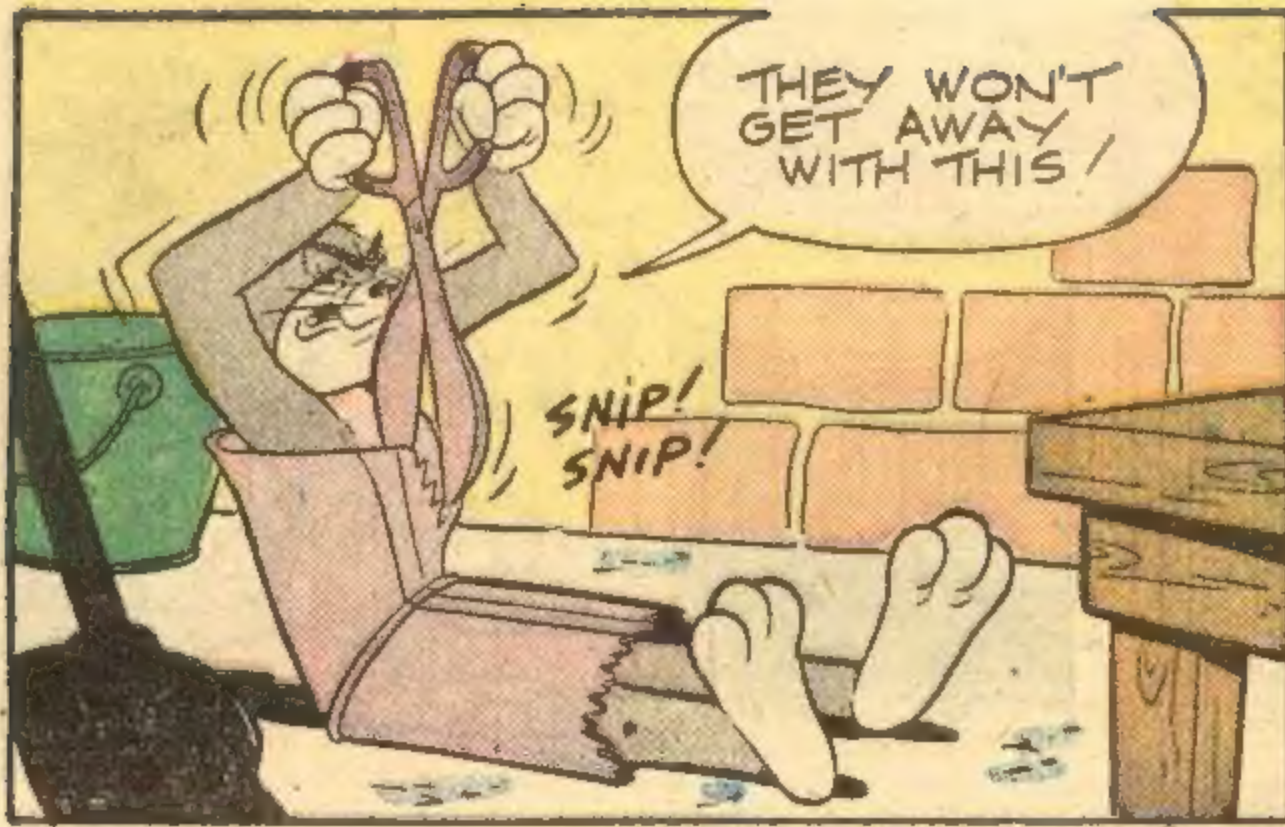






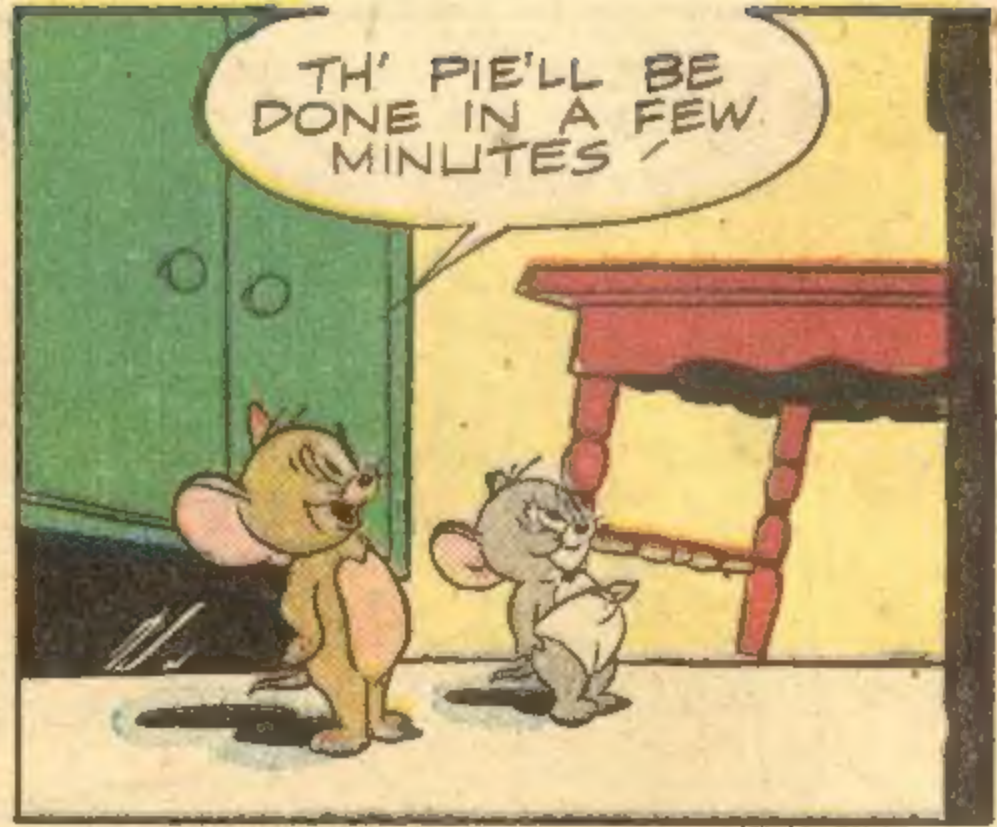




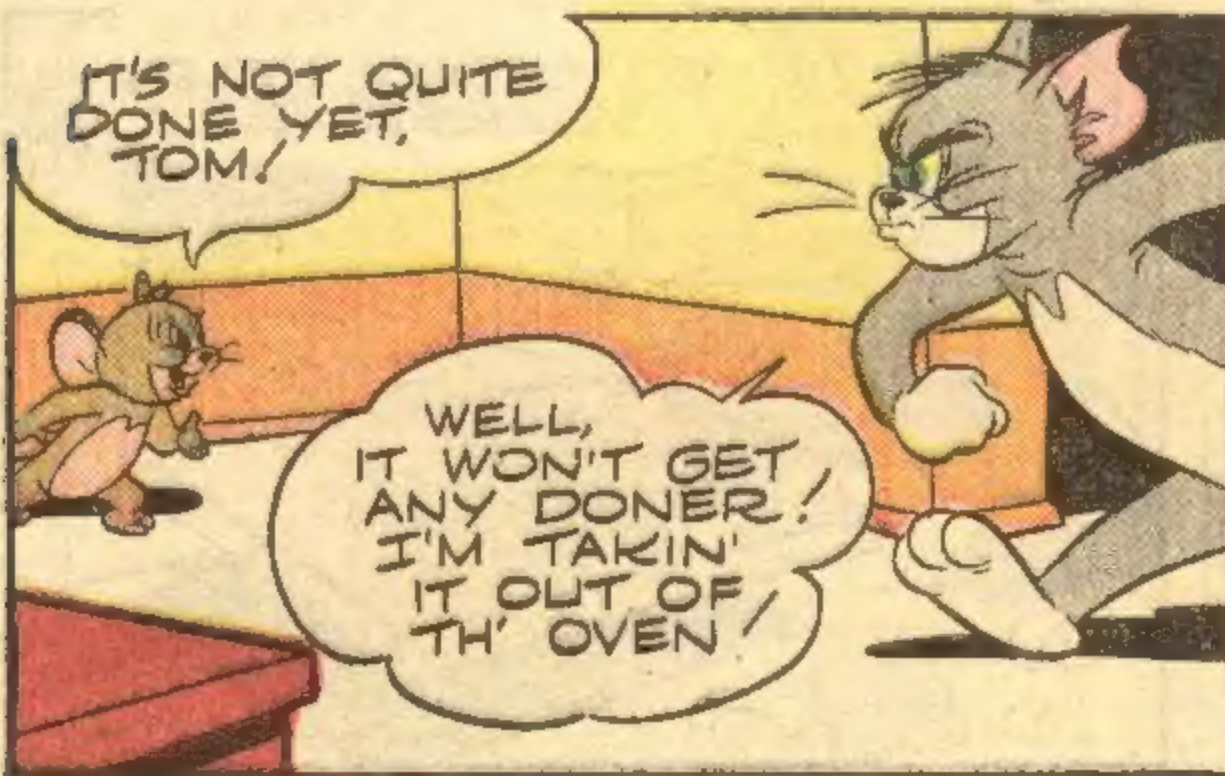


THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

SNIP!
SNIP!

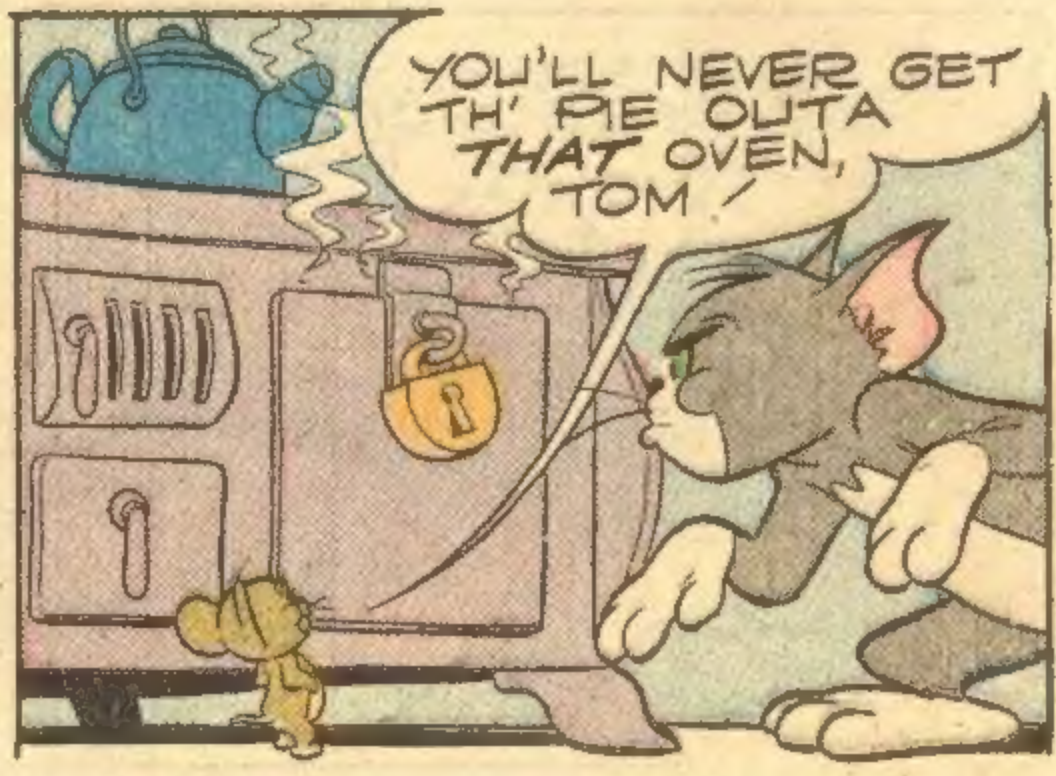


TH' PIE'LL BE DONE IN A FEW MINUTES!

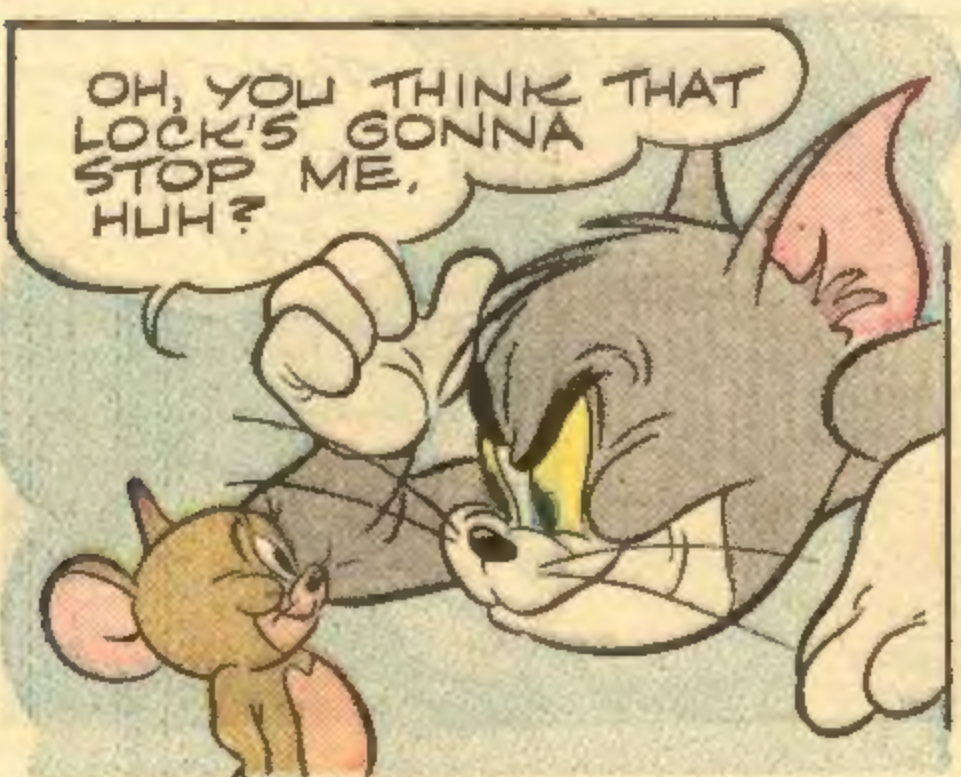


IT'S NOT QUITE DONE YET, TOM!

WELL, IT WON'T GET ANY DONER! I'M TAKIN' IT OUT OF TH' OVEN!



YOU'LL NEVER GET TH' PIE OUTA THAT OVEN, TOM!

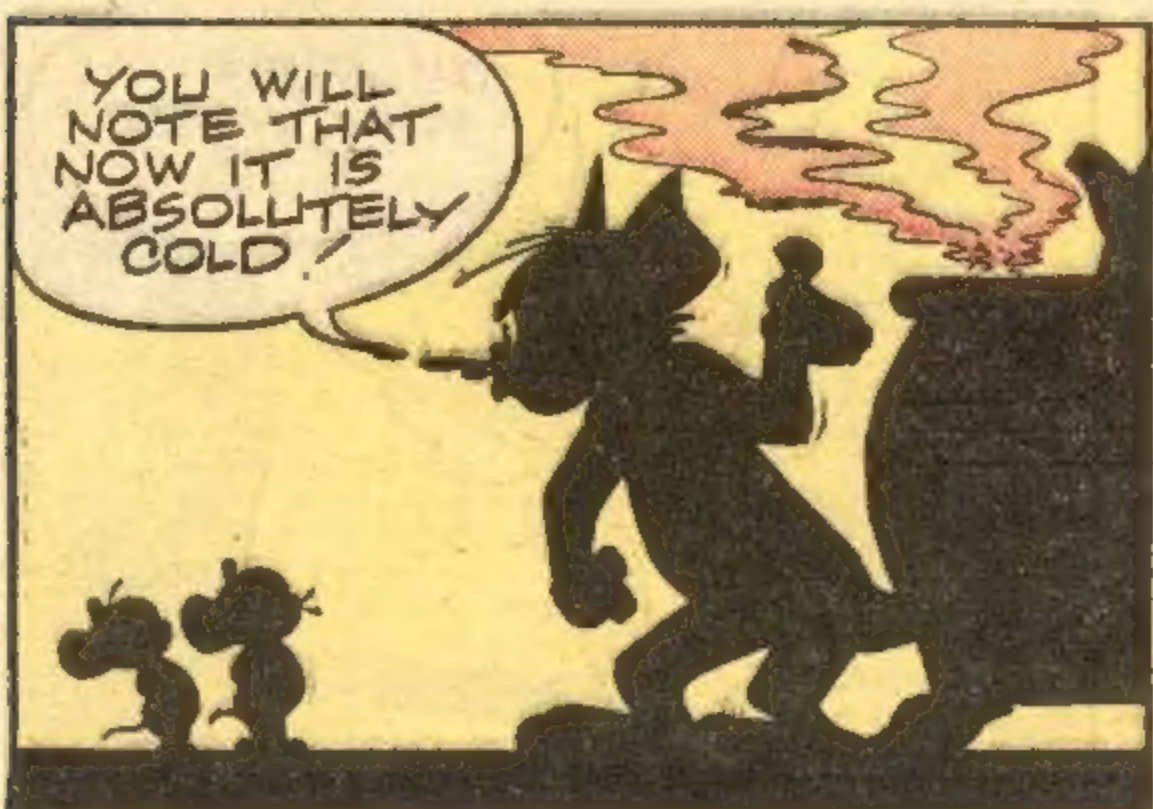


OH, YOU THINK THAT LOCK'S GONNA STOP ME, HUH?

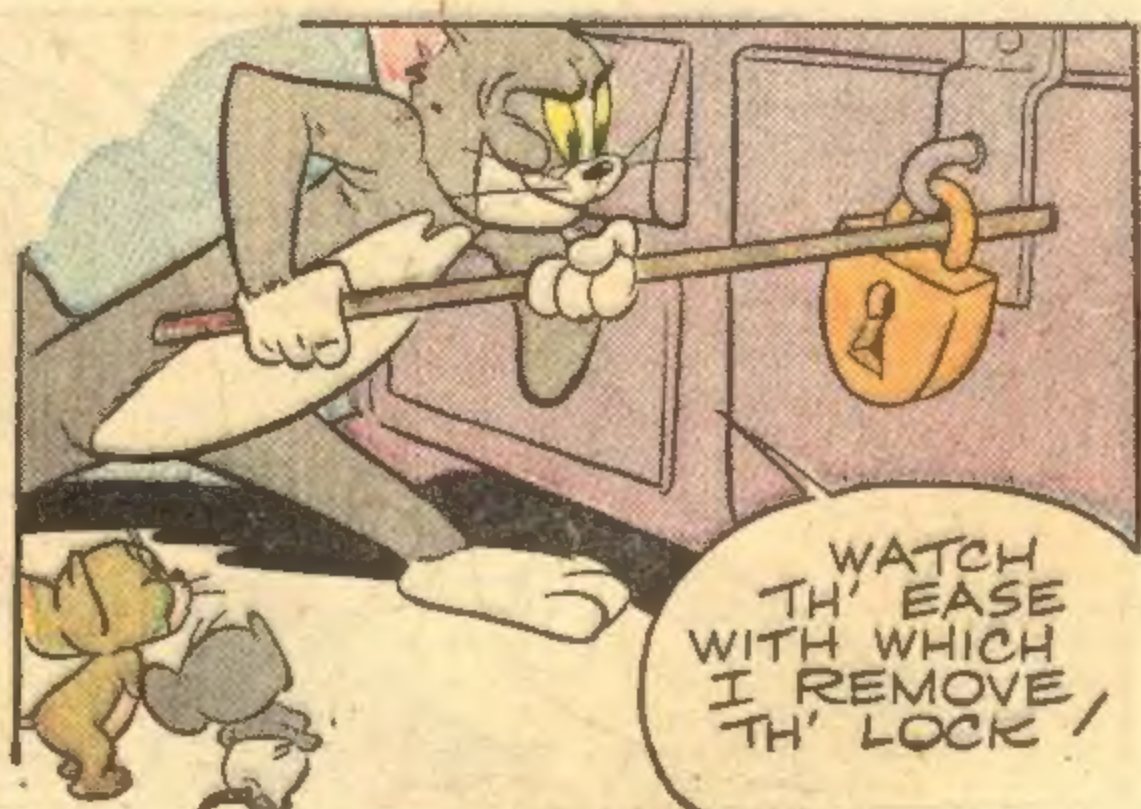


WELL, FIRST I'LL COOL OFF TH' STOVE!

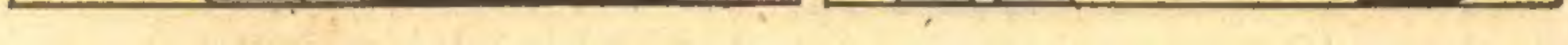
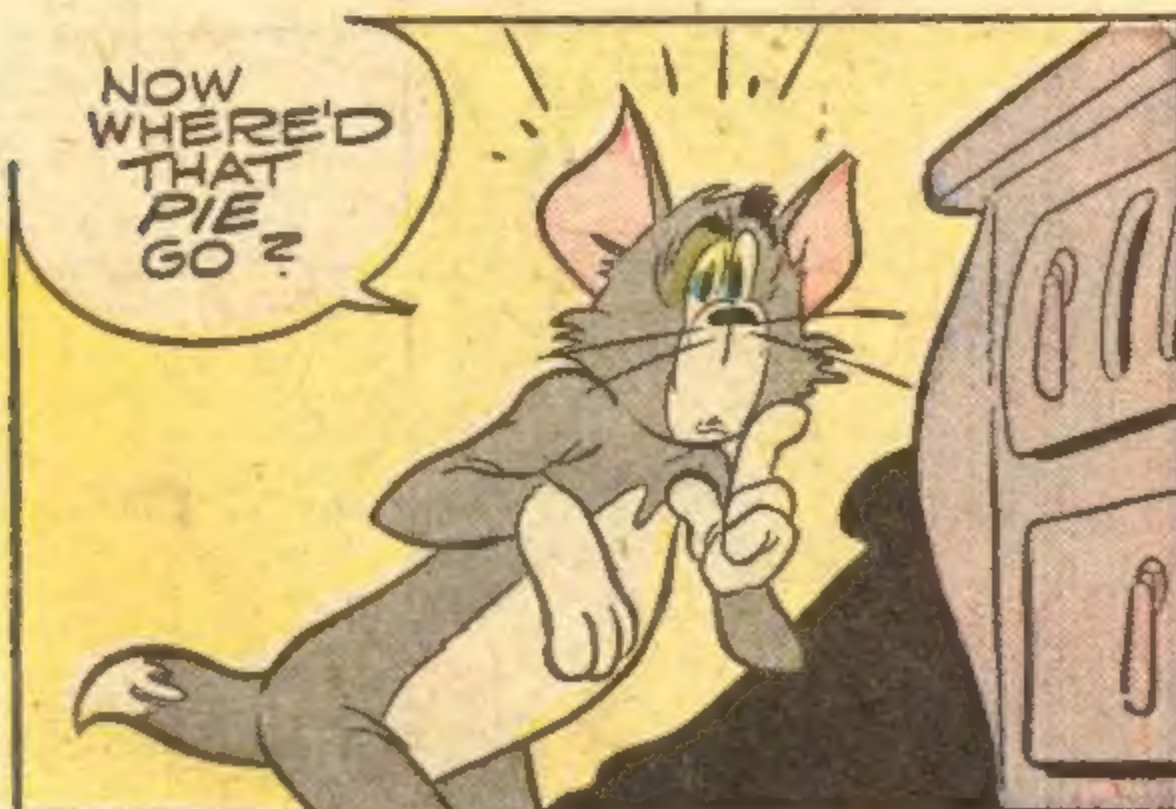
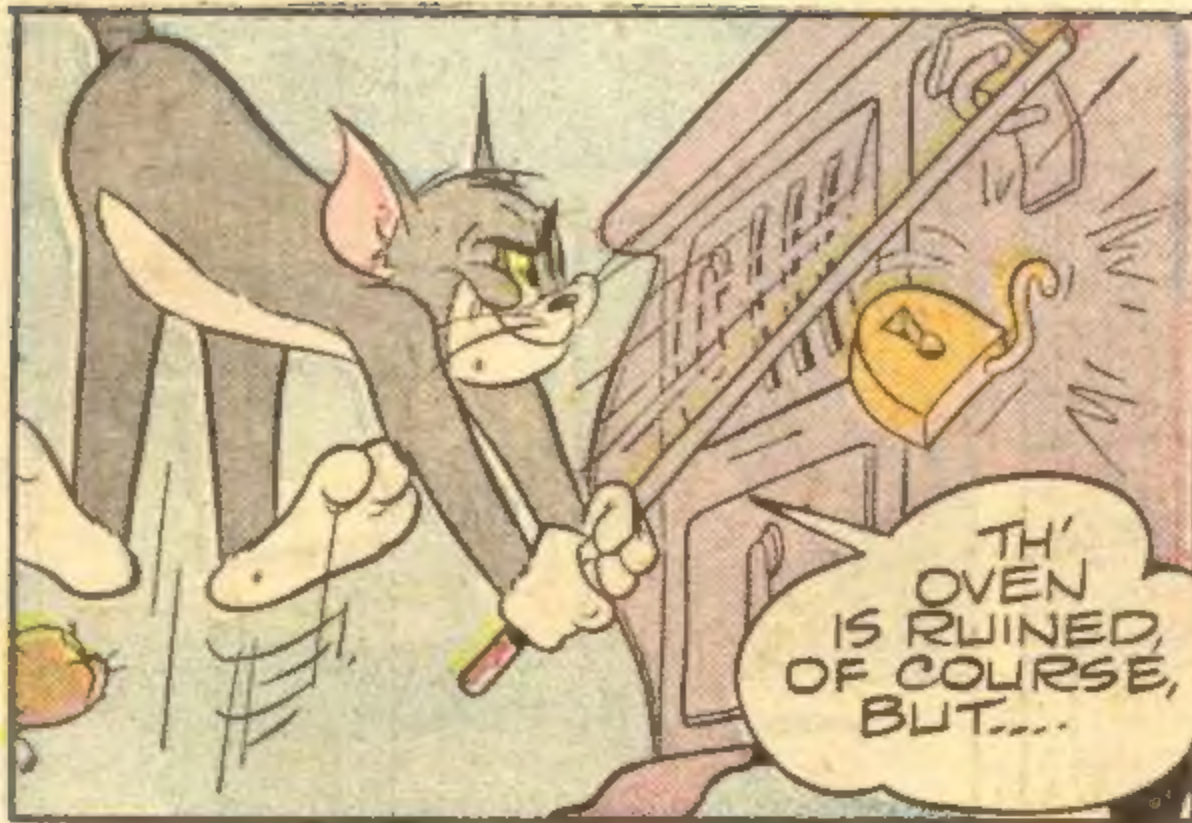
SPUTTER
SPUT

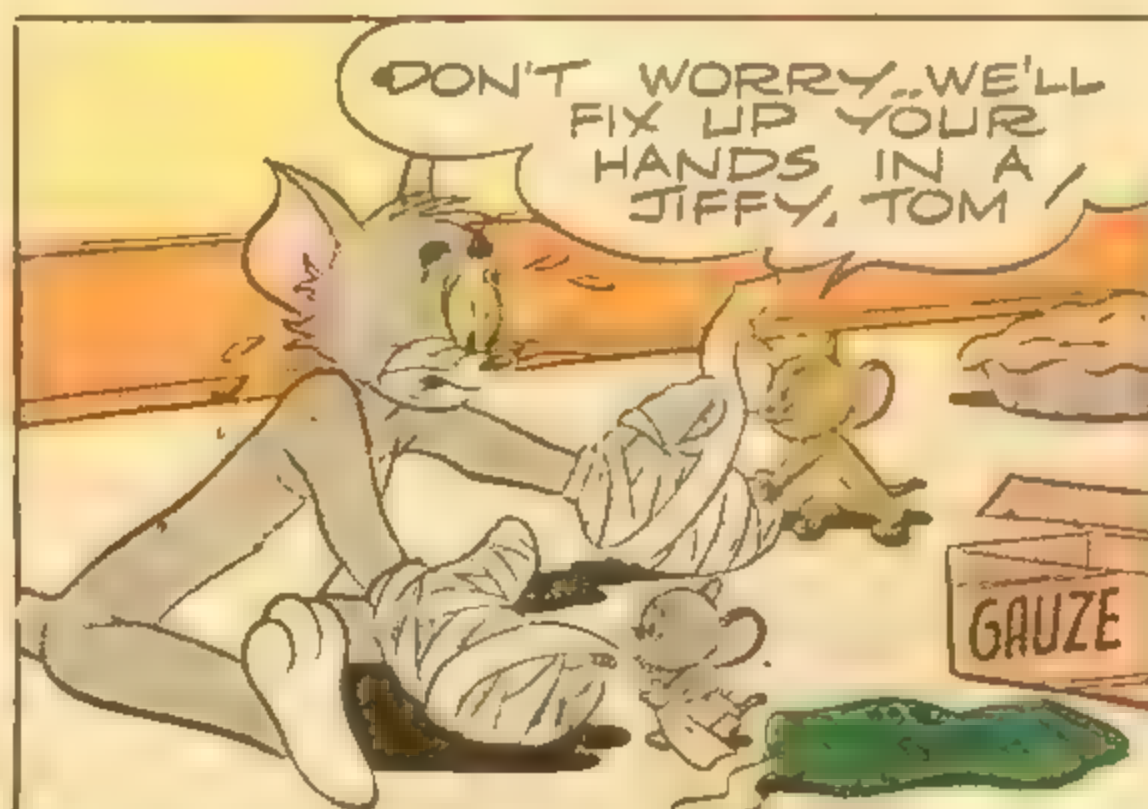
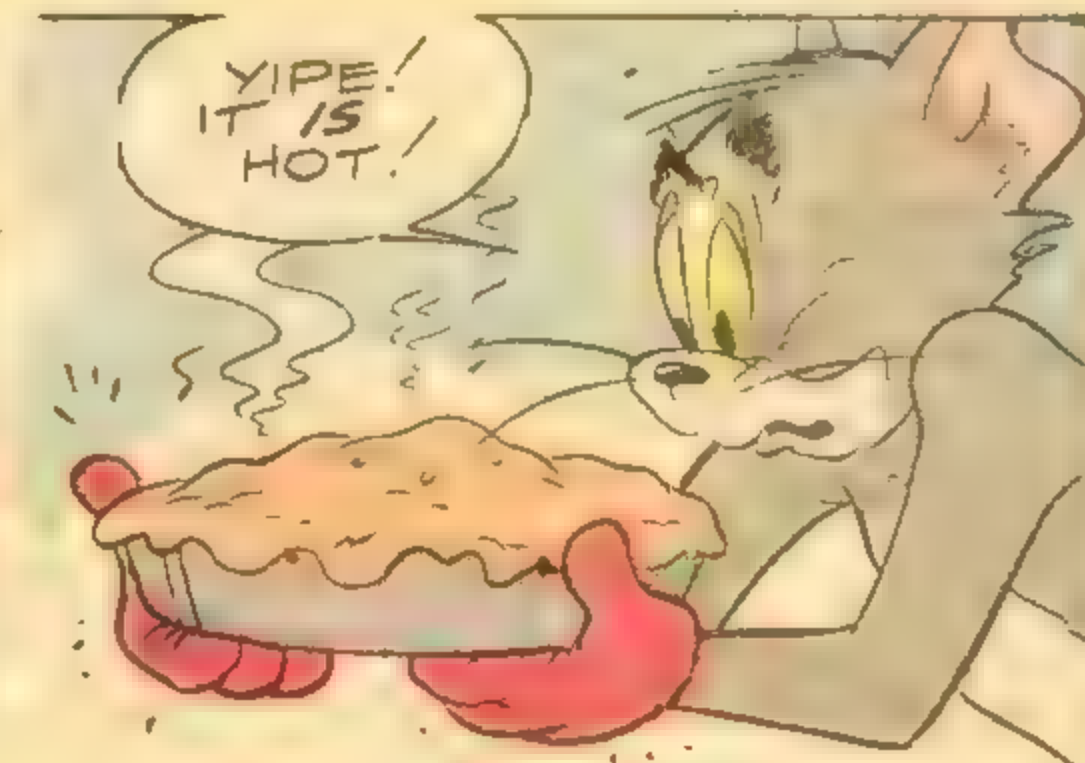
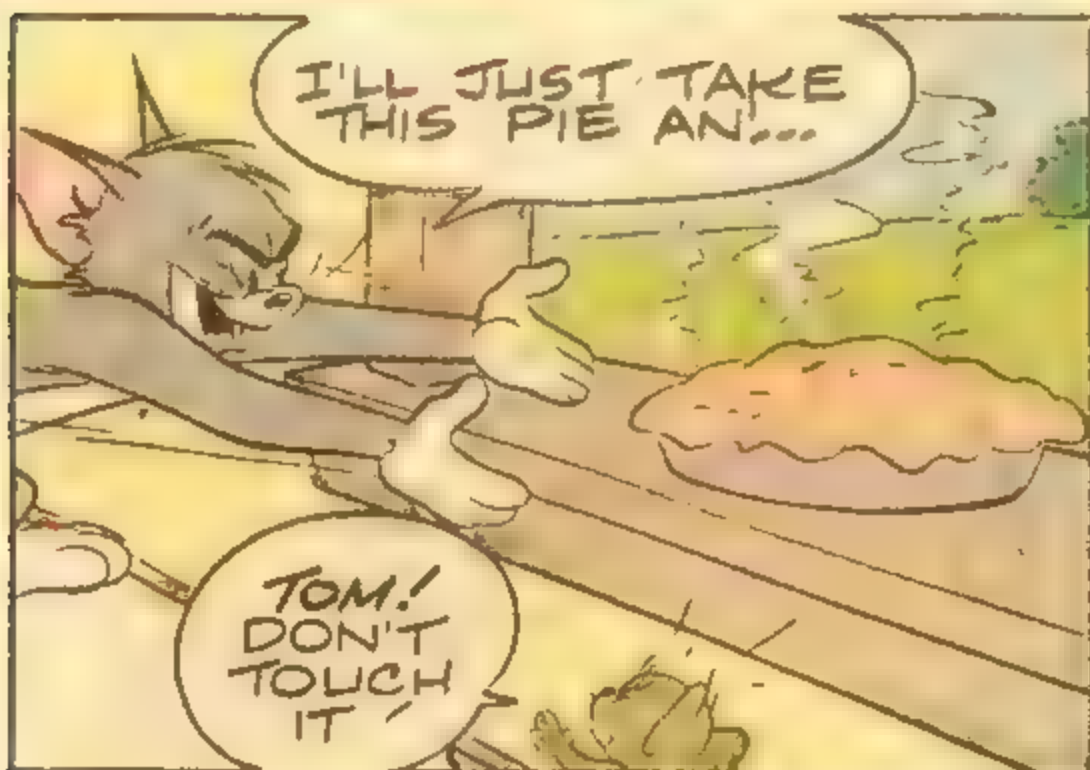
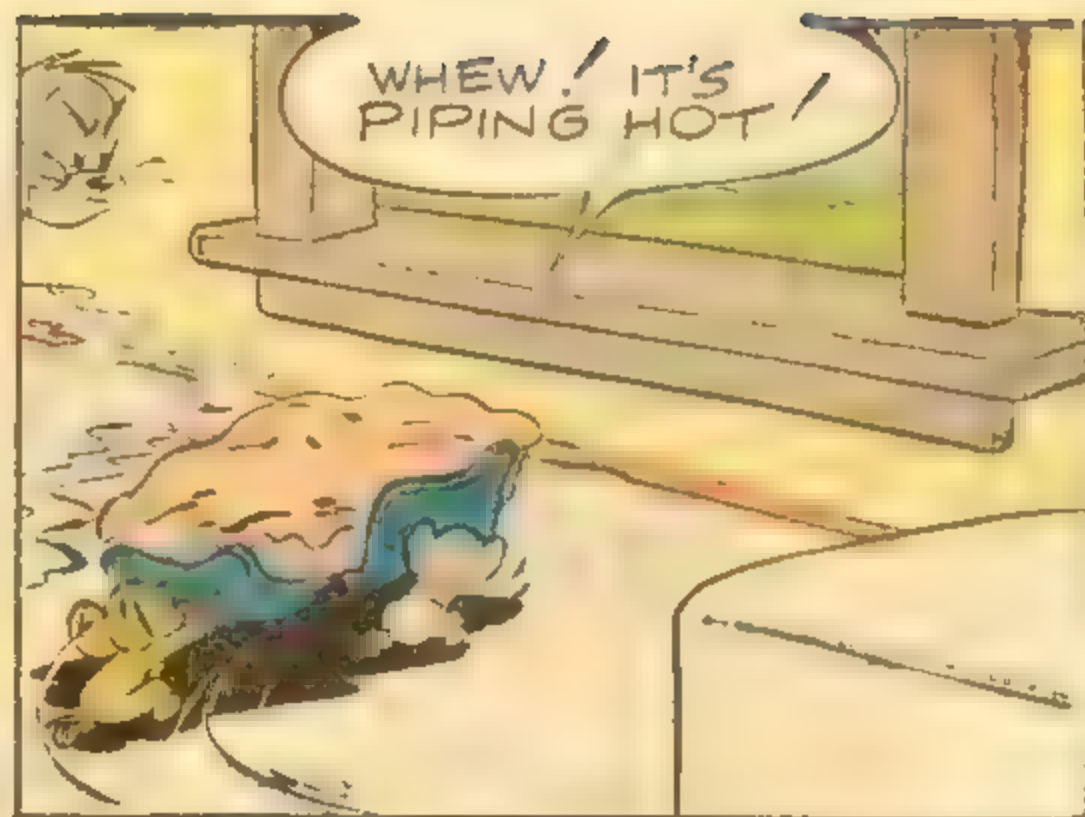
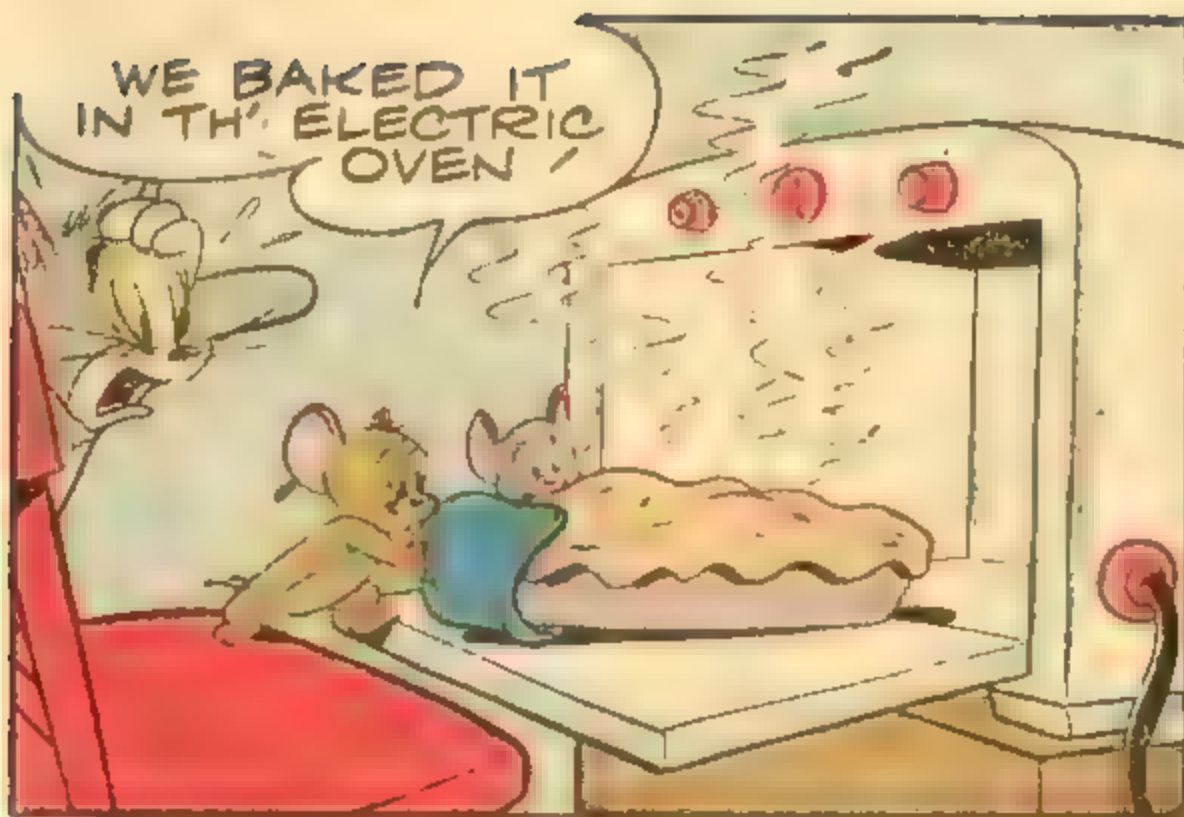


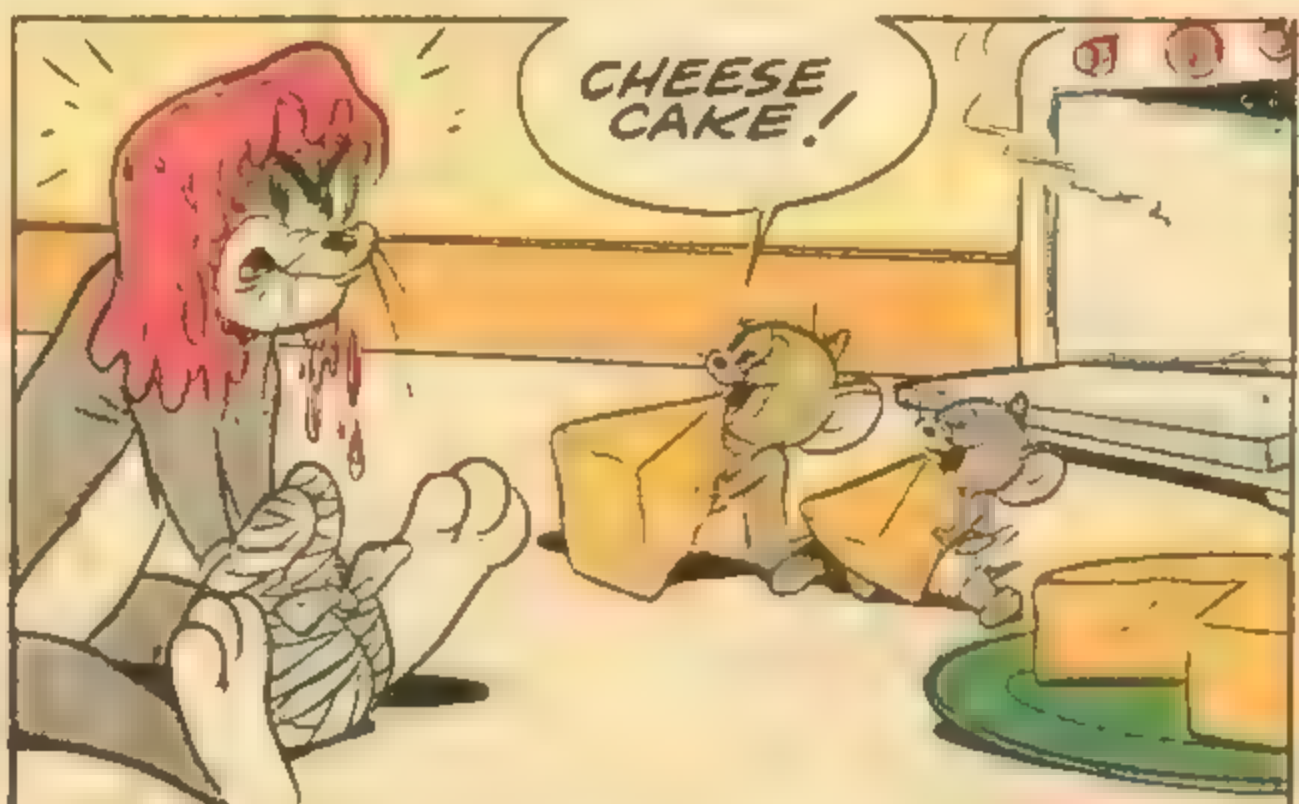
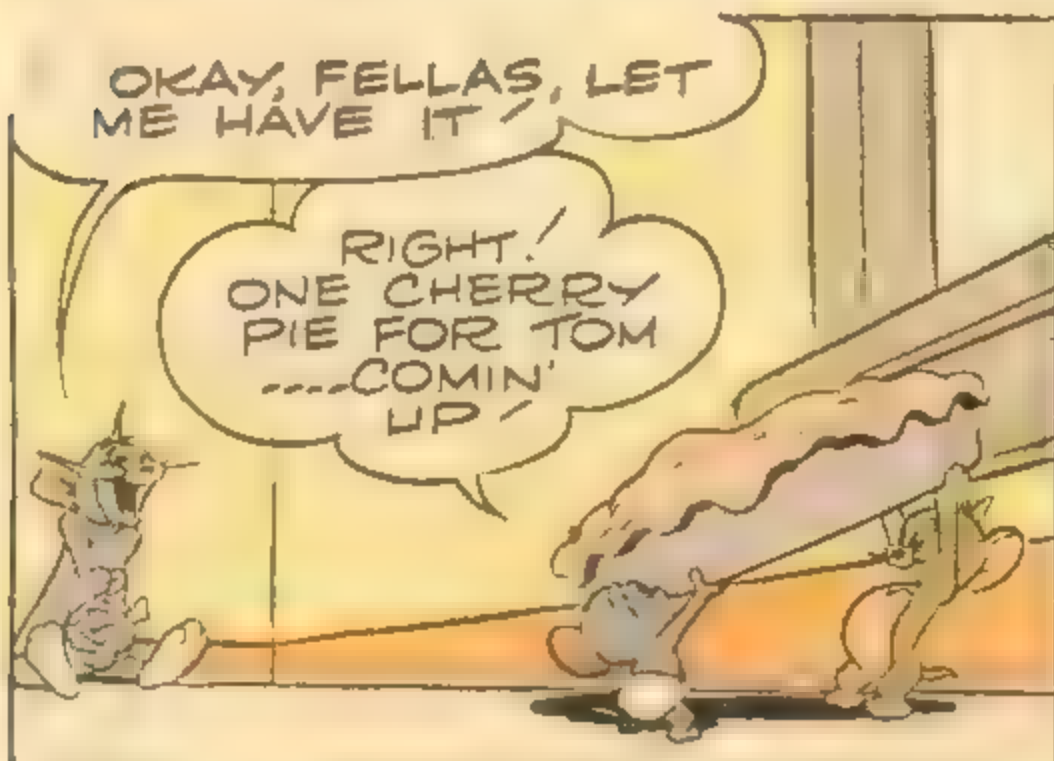
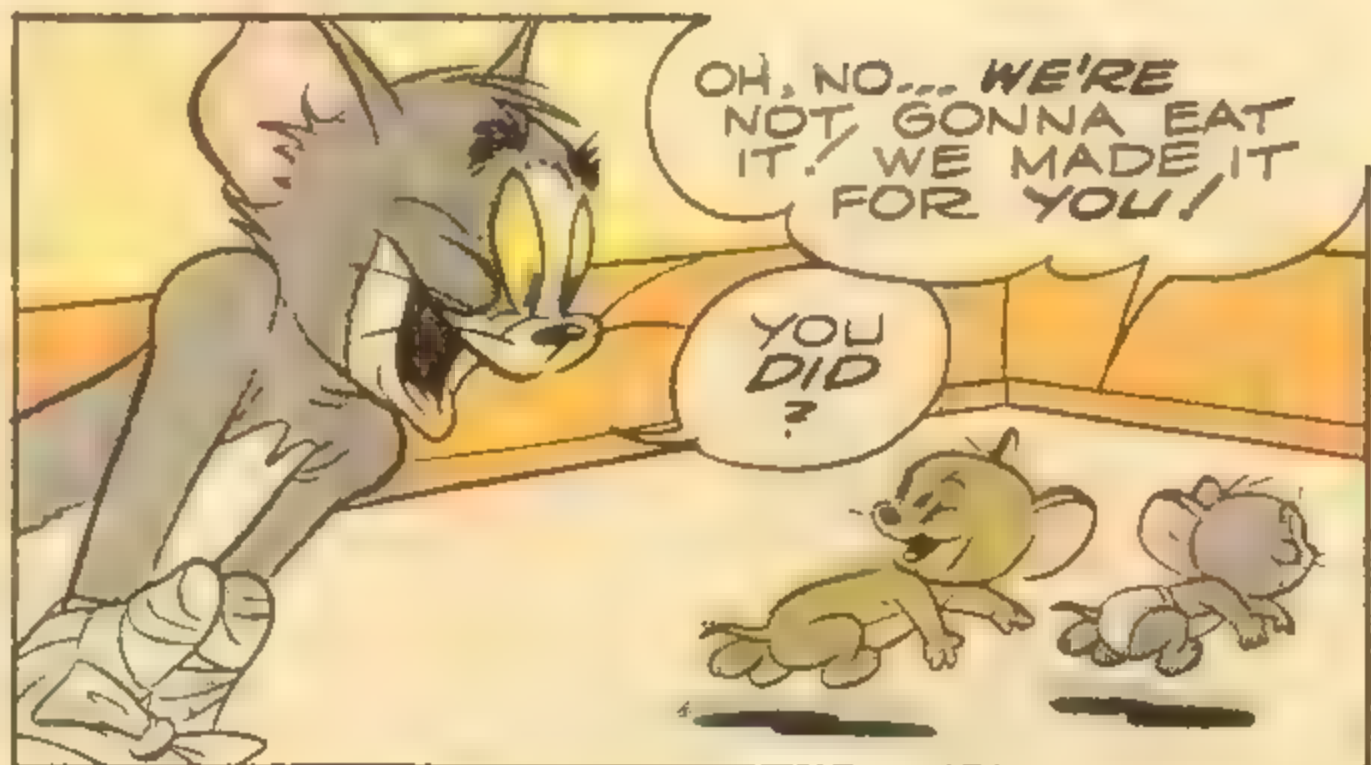
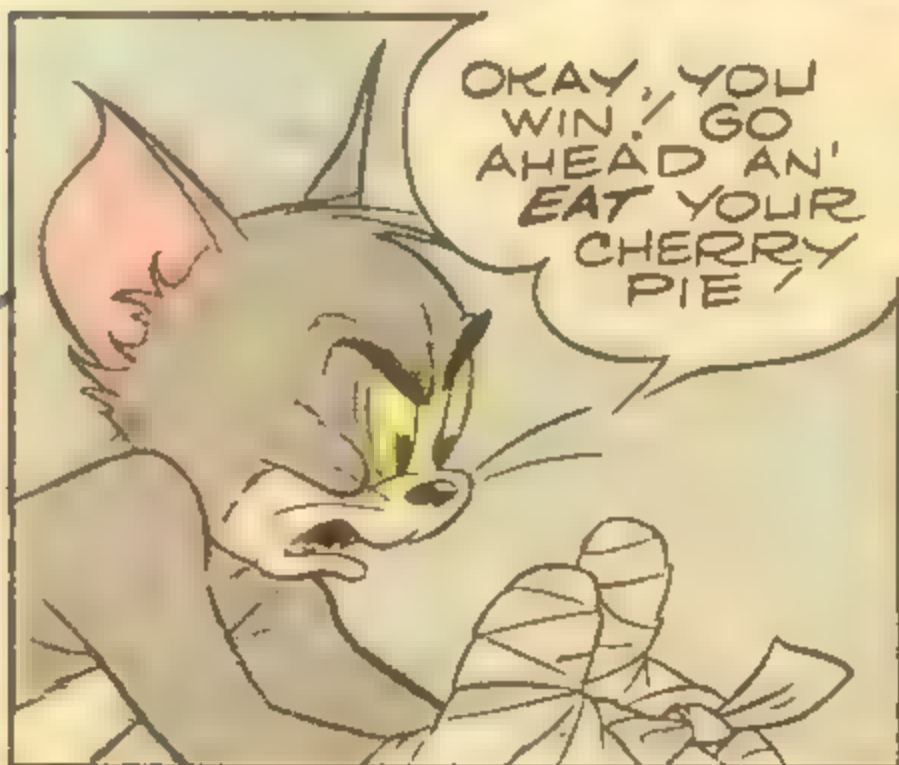
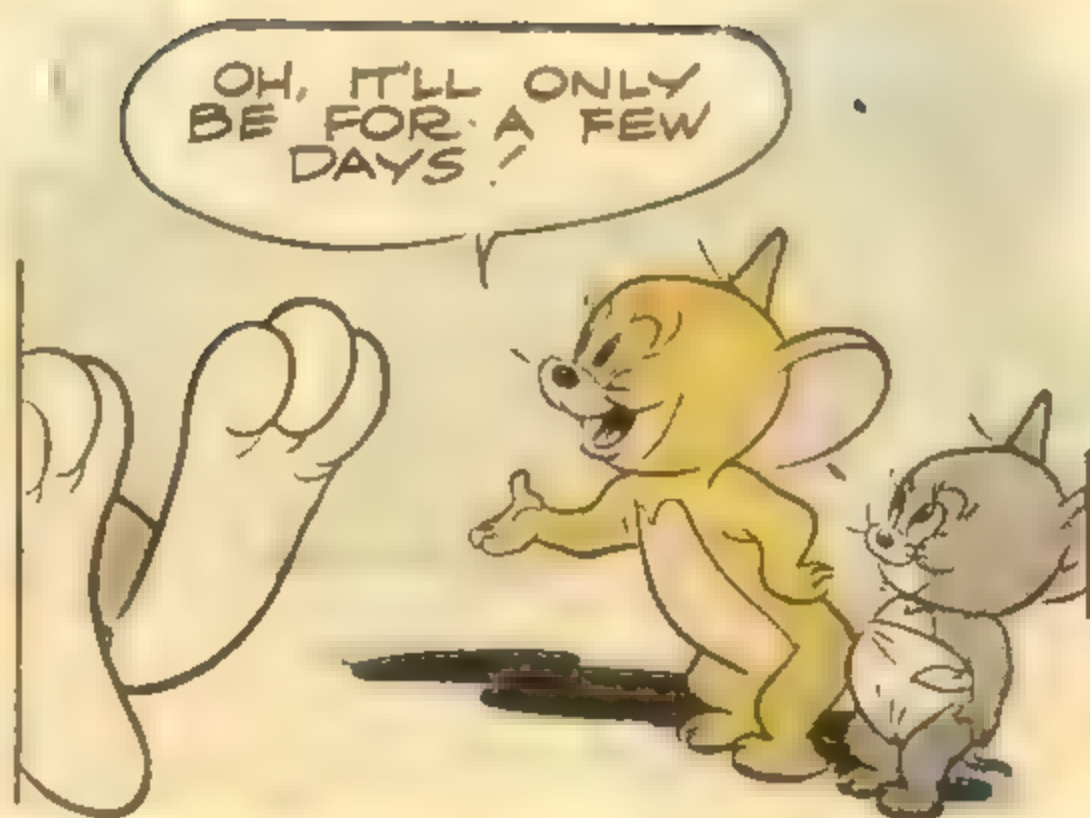
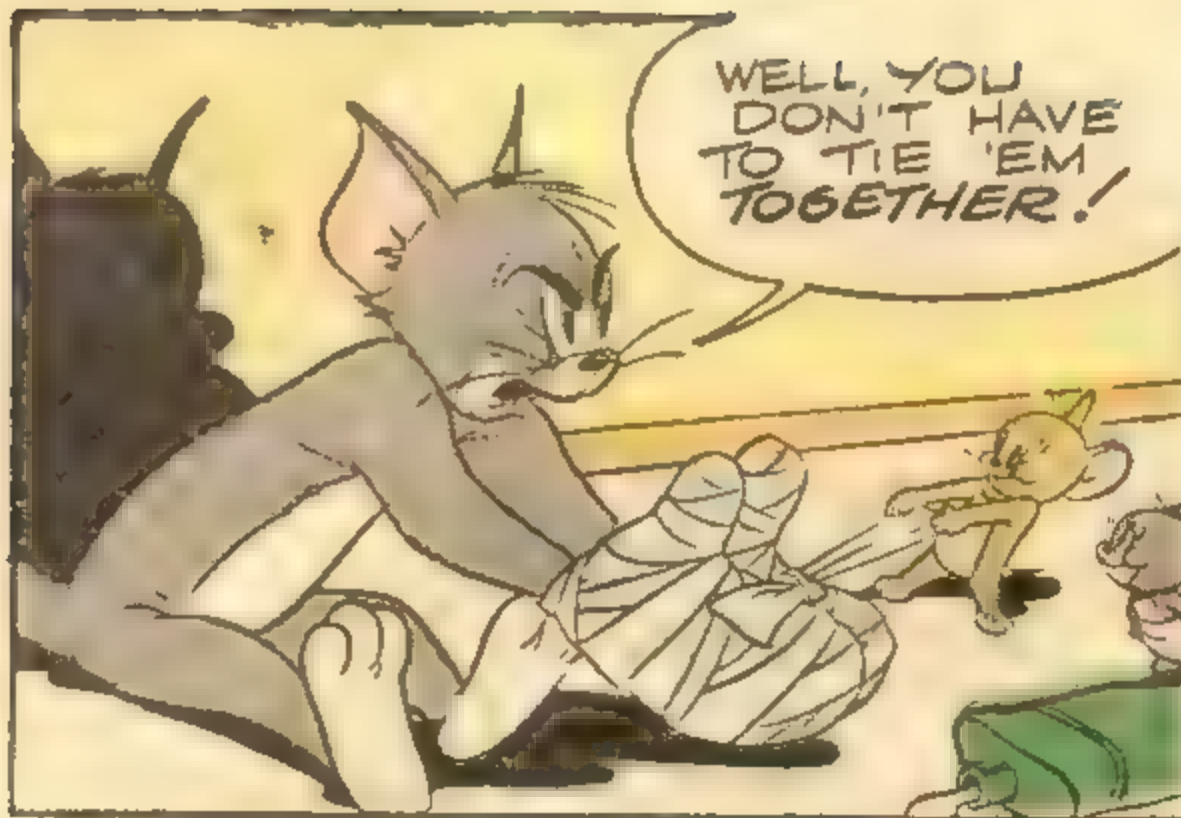
YOU WILL NOTE THAT NOW IT IS ABSOLUTELY COLD!



WATCH TH' EASE WITH WHICH I REMOVE TH' LOCK!







M.G.M.
CARTOONS
present
The
ADVENTURES
of
TOM

MY FINANCIAL
SITUATIONS GETTIN'
ROUGH / THERE MUST
BE SOME KINDA
PROFITABLE
BUSINESS I
CAN GET
INTO!

HMM? WHAT
LUCRATIVE
FIELD TAKES
ONLY A
SMALL
INVESTMENT?

JUNK!
THAT'S IT!
IT'S ALL
PROFIT!

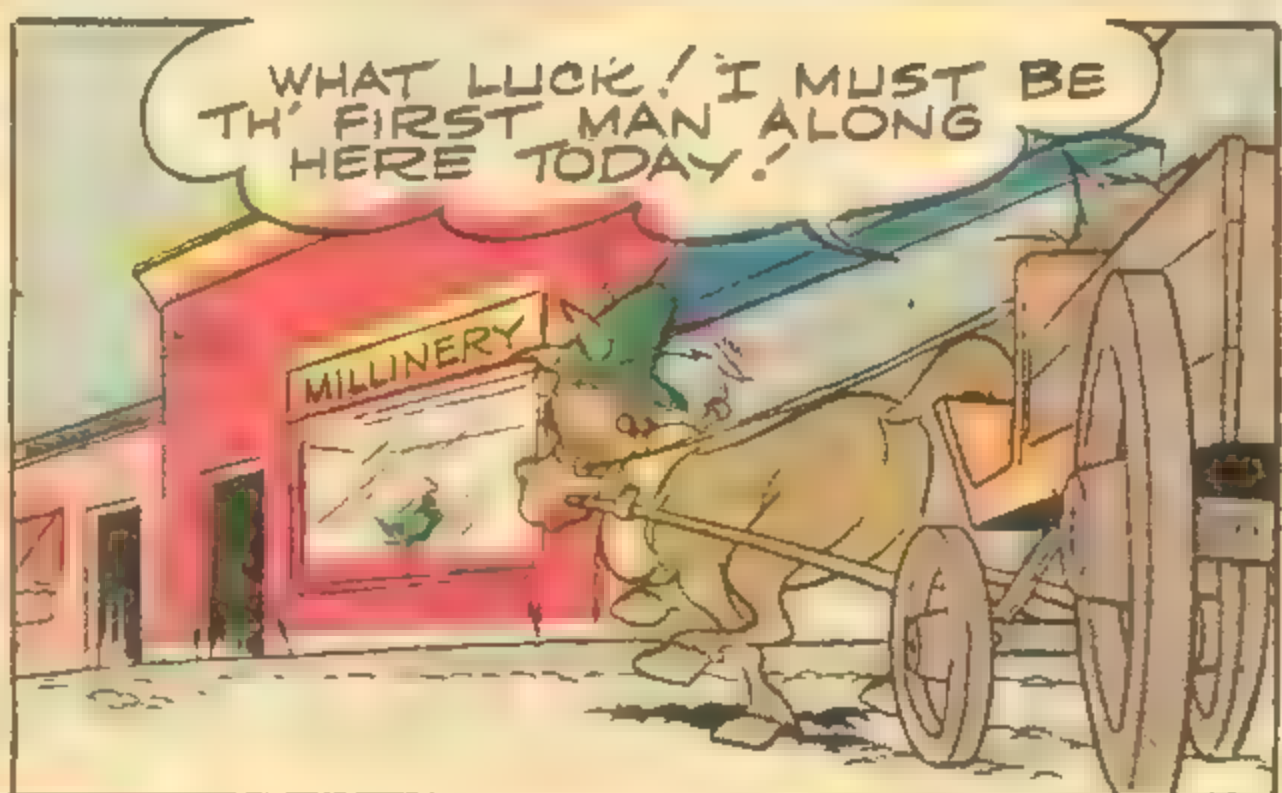
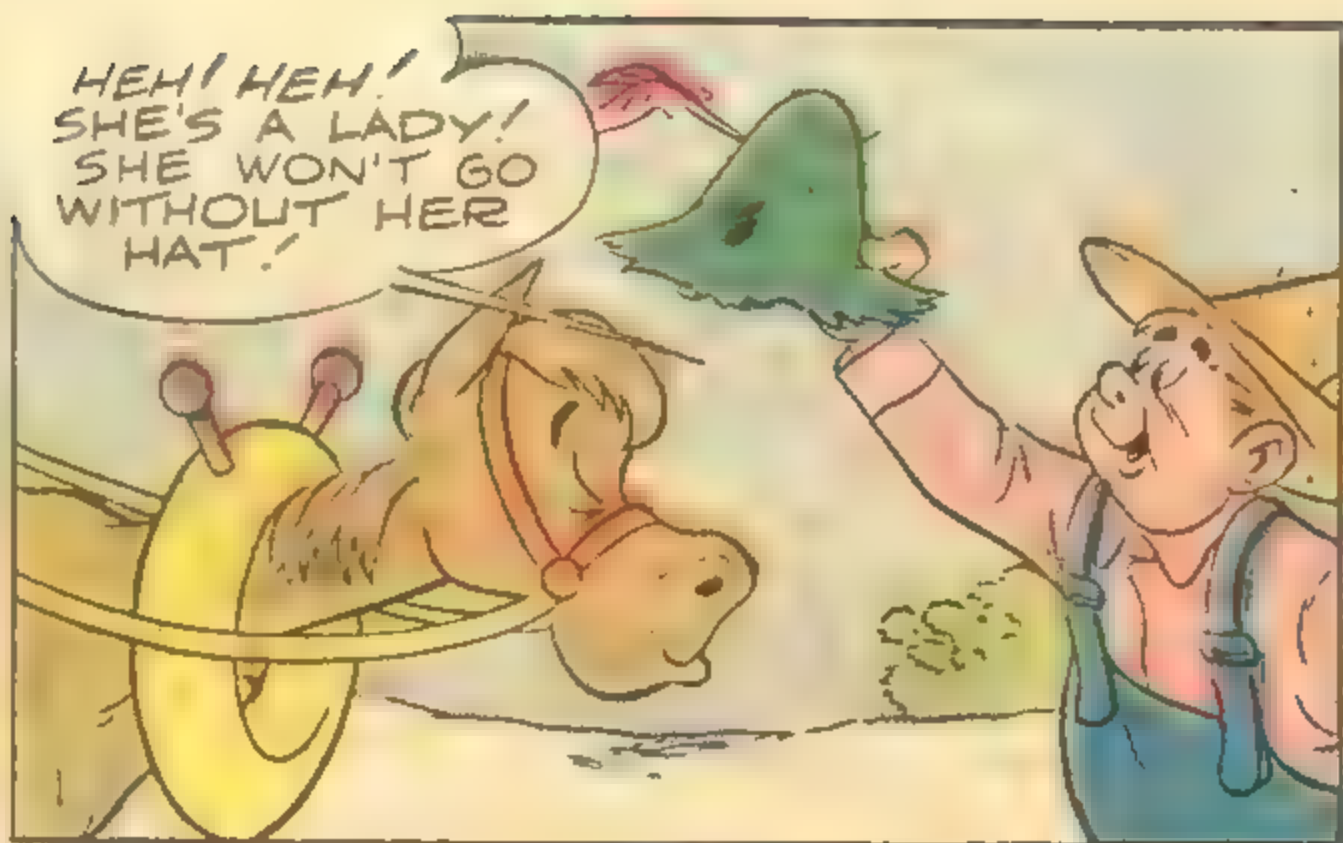
ALL I NEED
IS AN OL' HORSE
AN' WAGON!

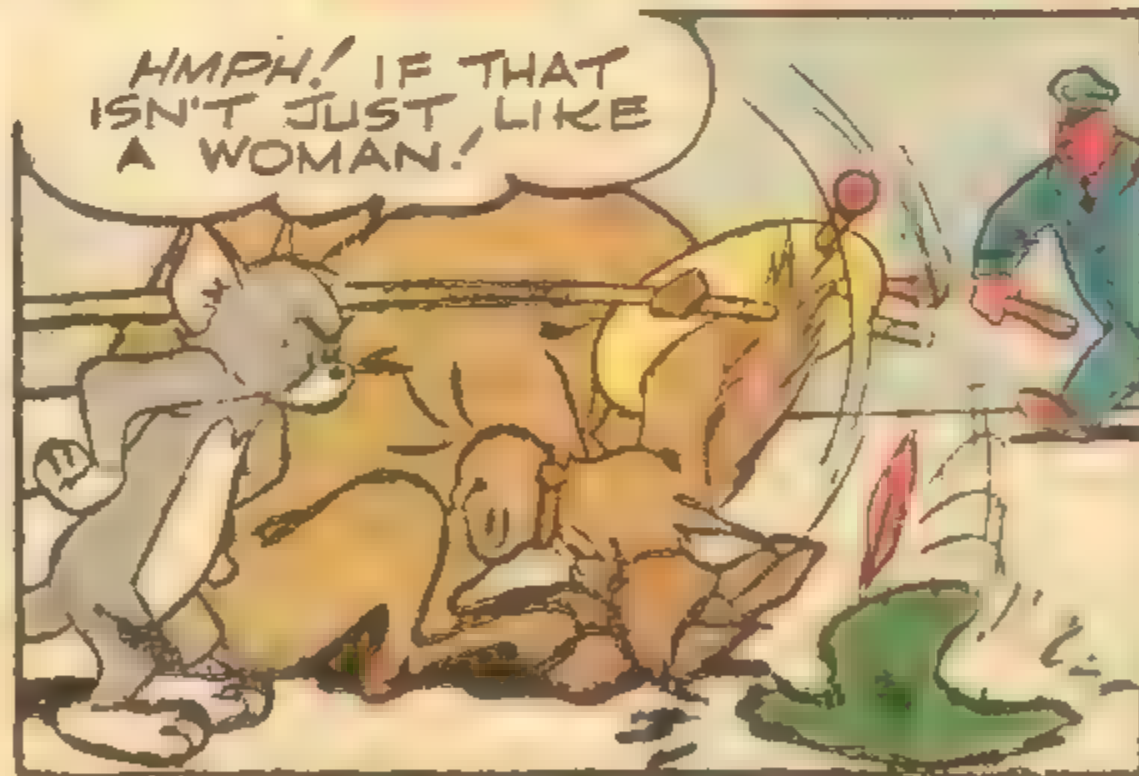
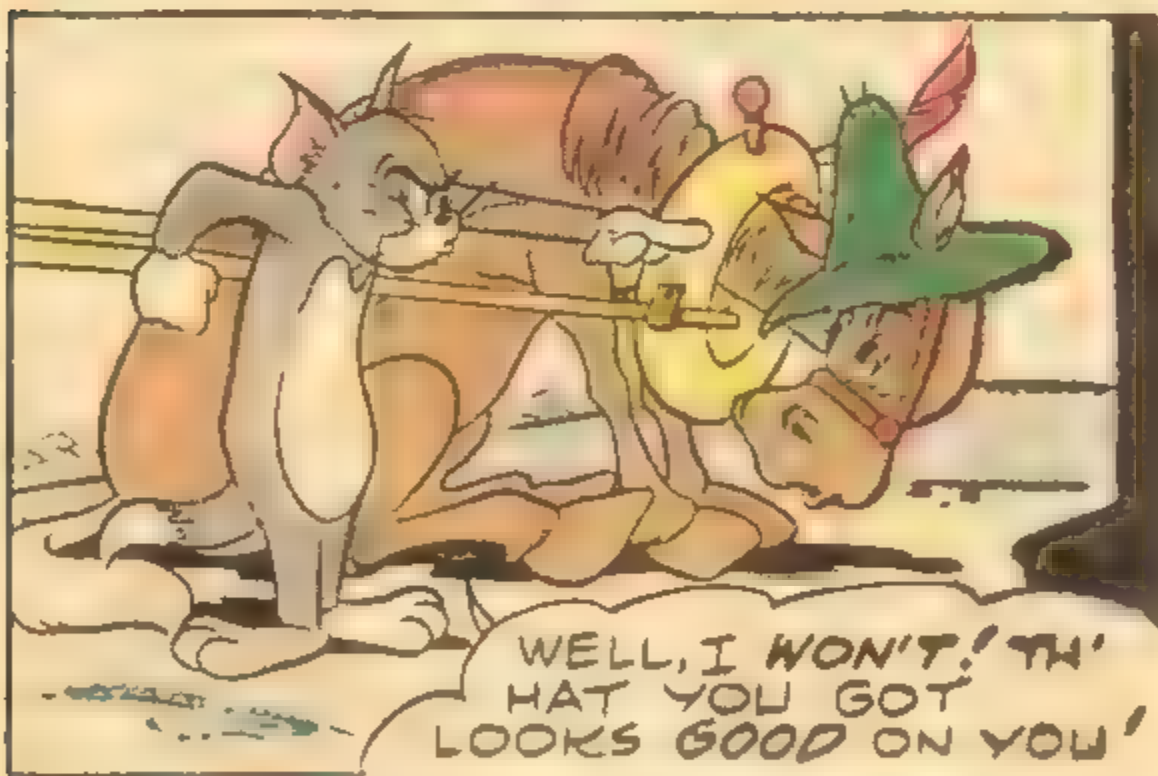
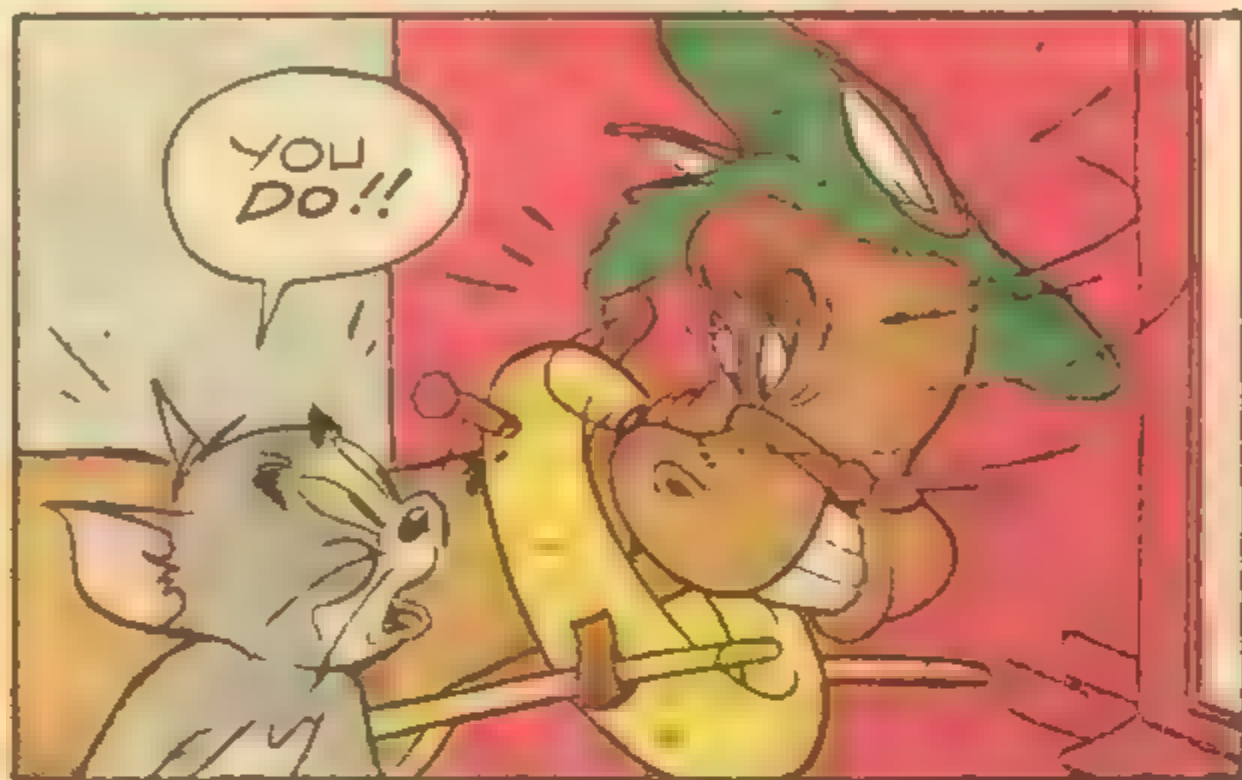
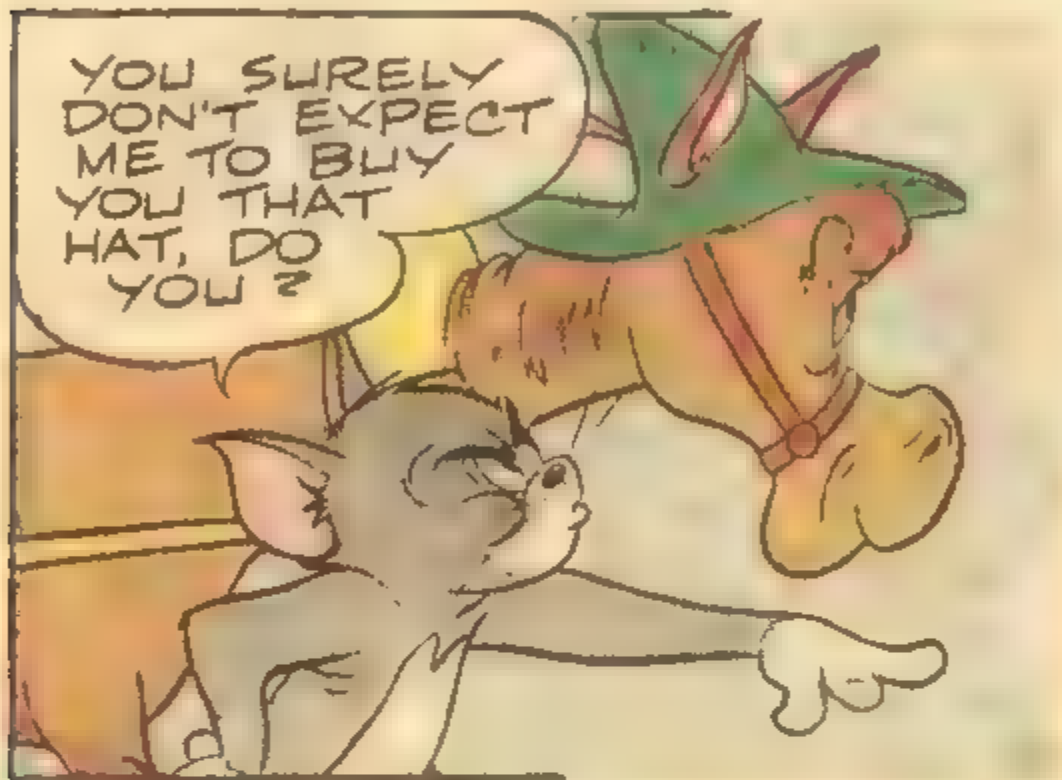
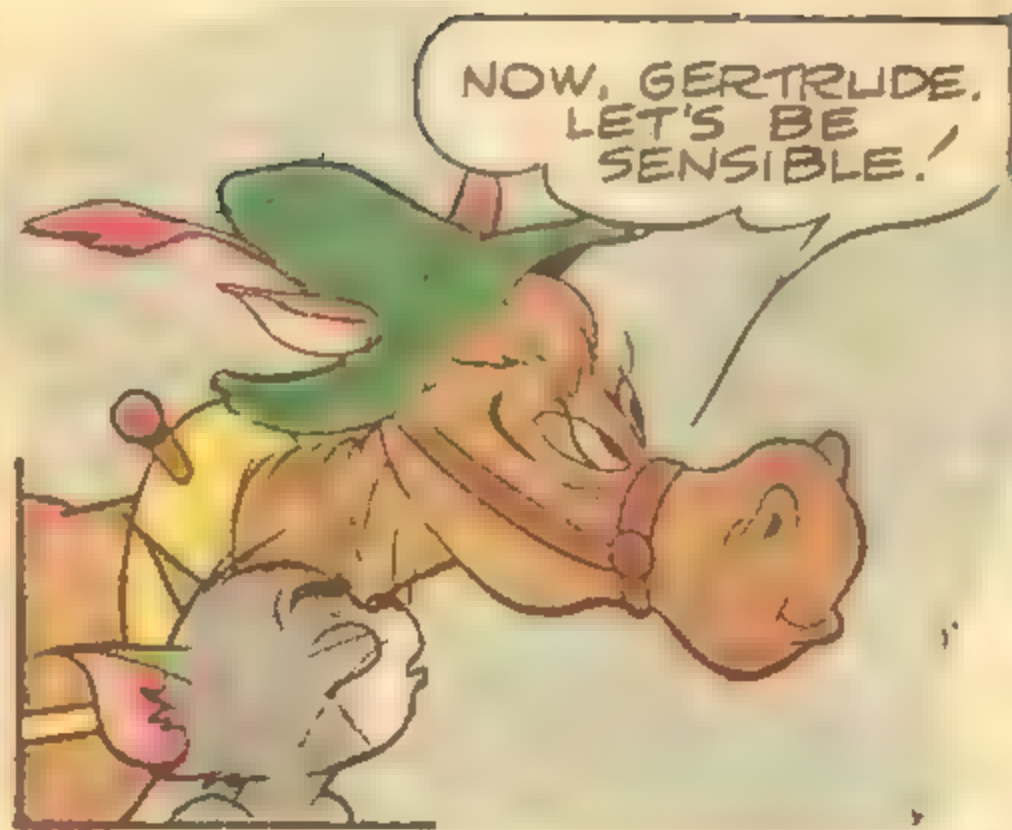
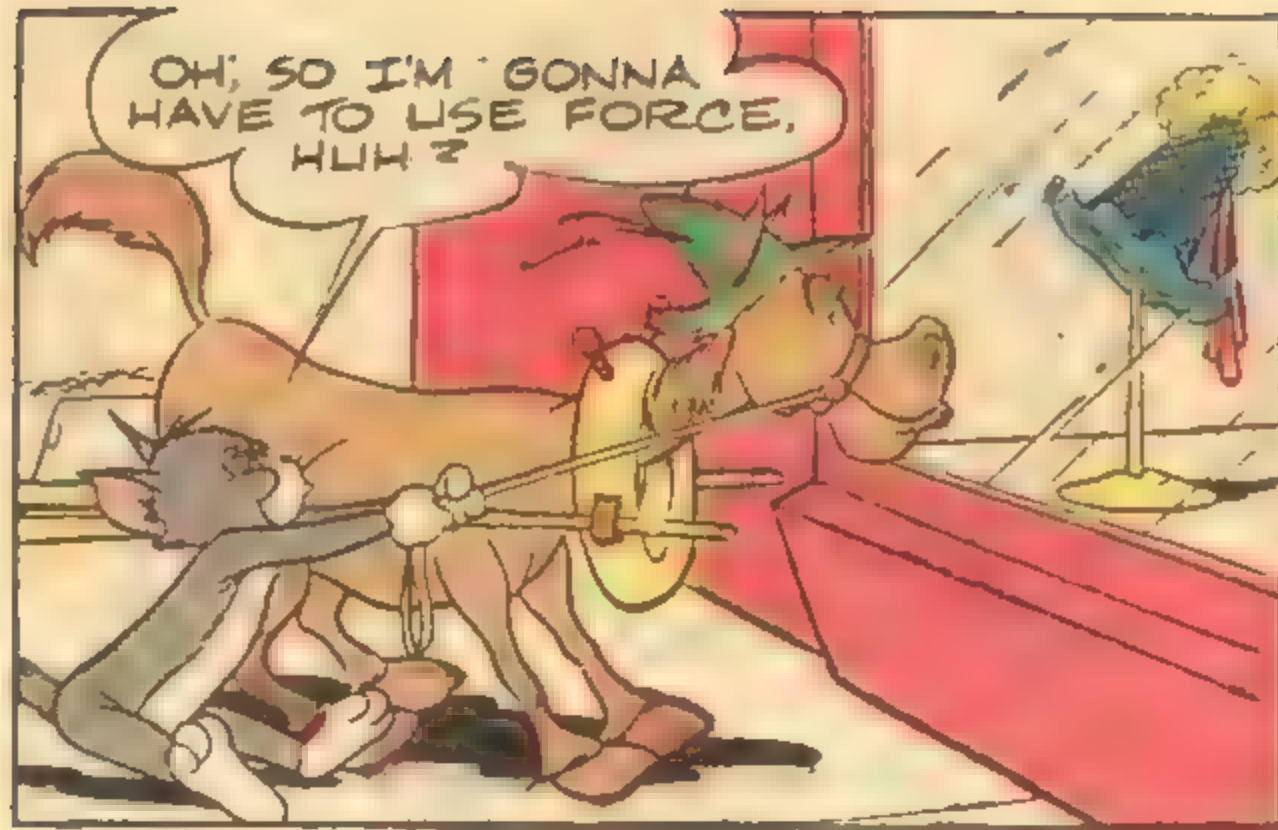
THERE YOU ARE
SIR!....I CAN LET
YOU HAVE THEM
CHEAP!

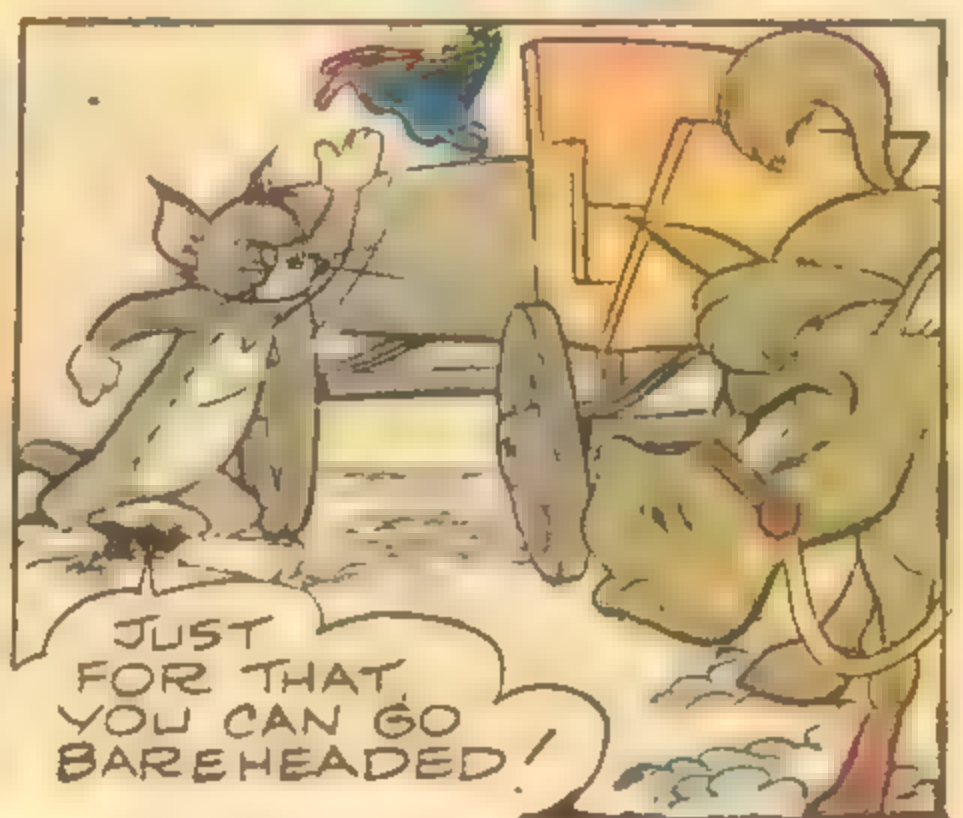
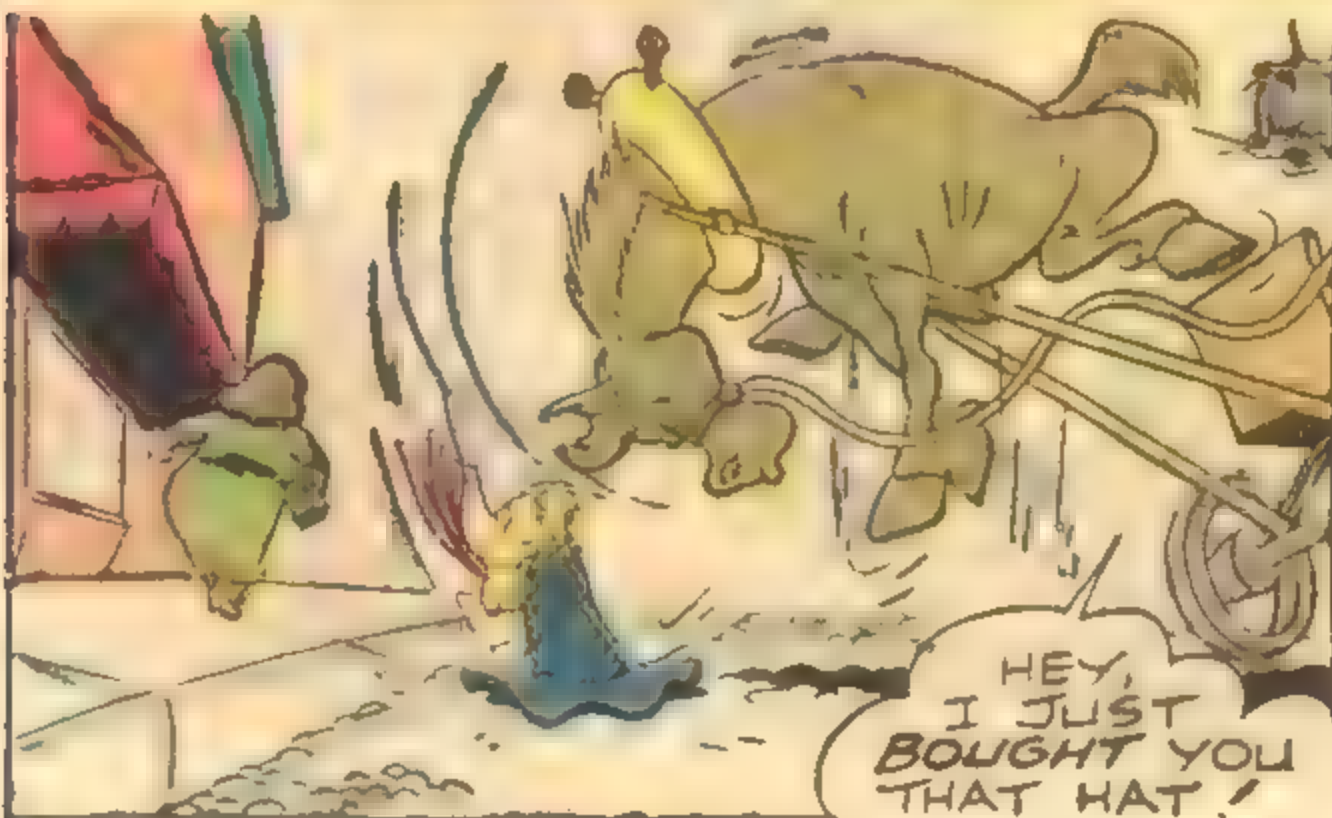
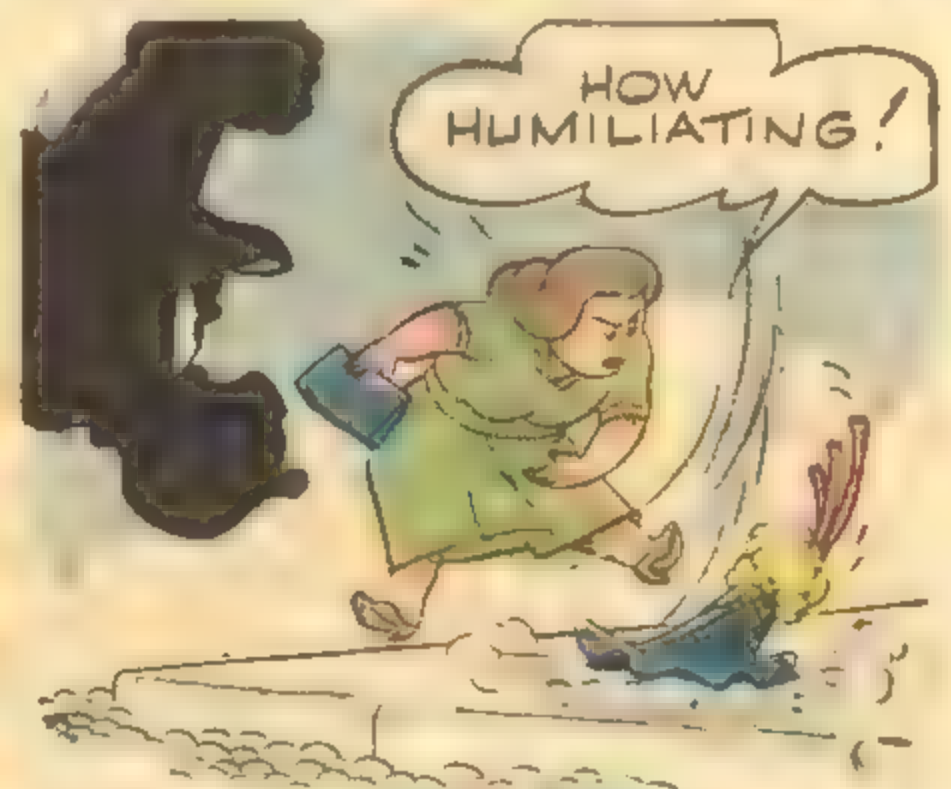
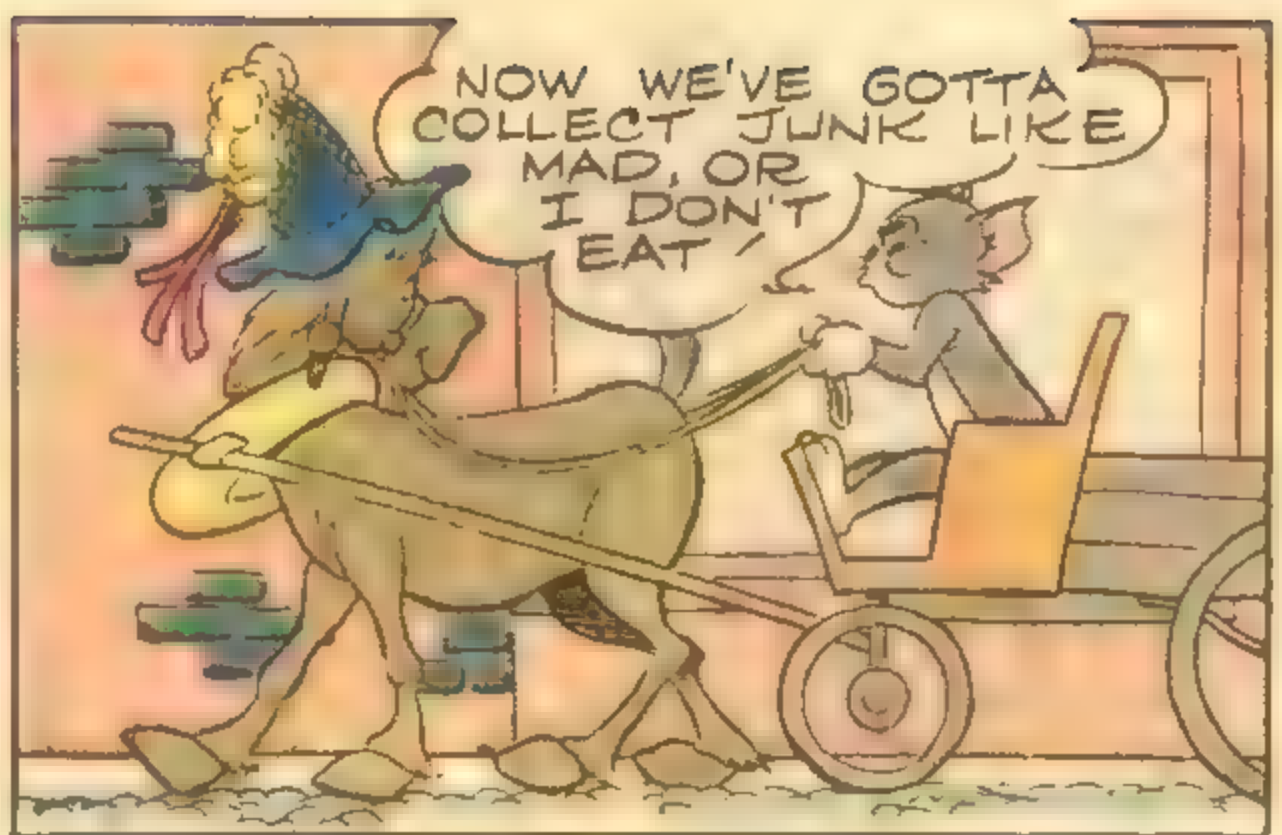
OH, BOY! I'M IN BUSINESS
AN' I STILL HAVE
TEN BUCKS LEFT!

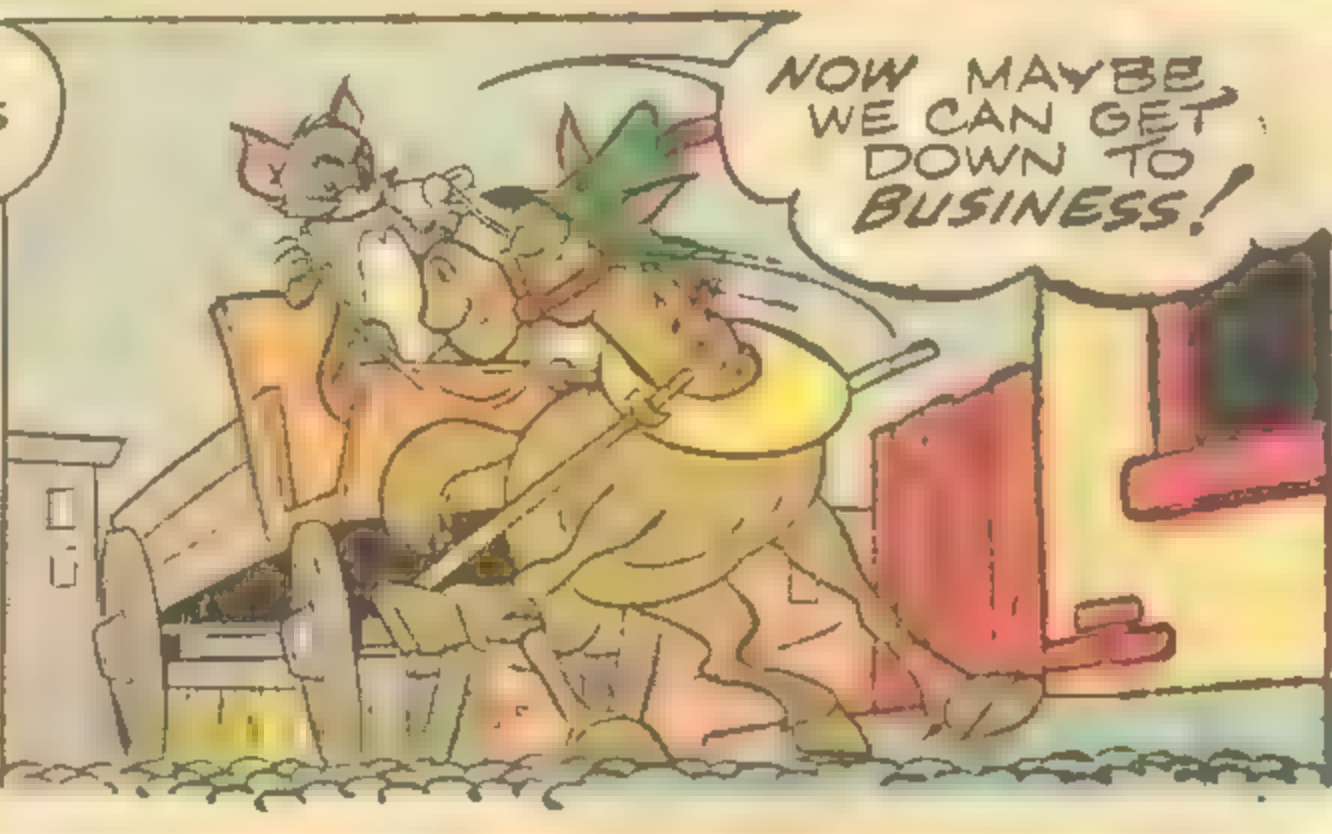
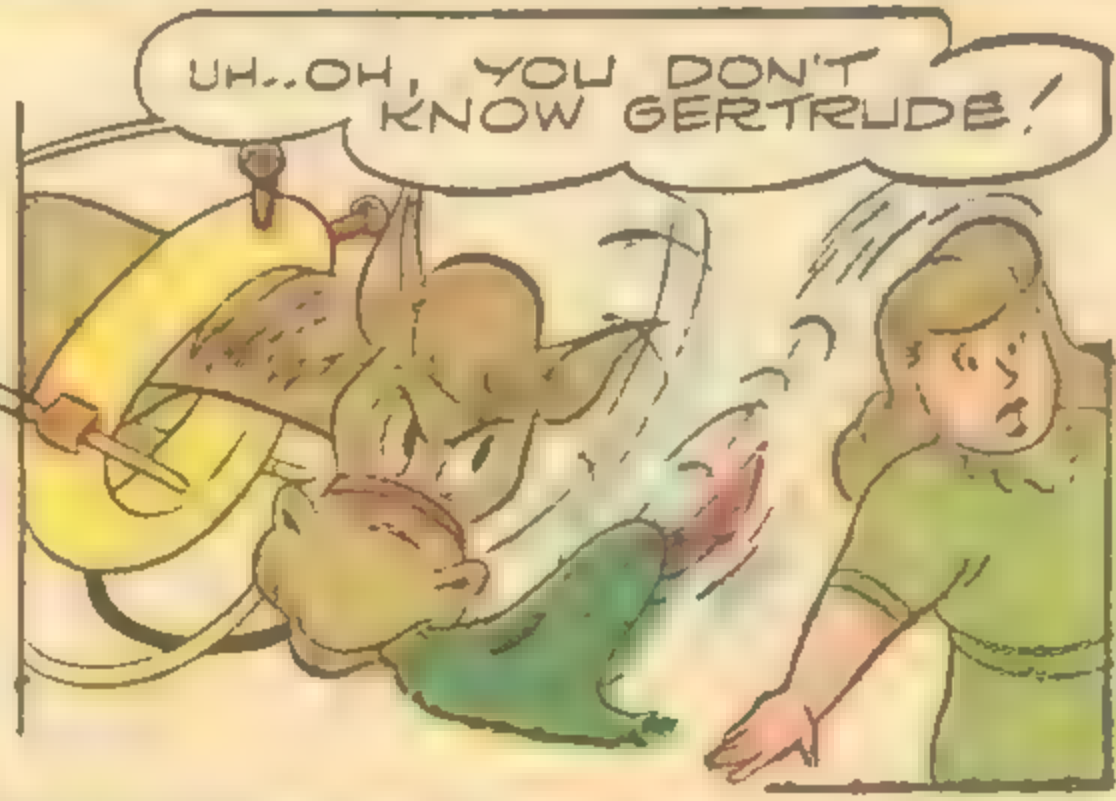
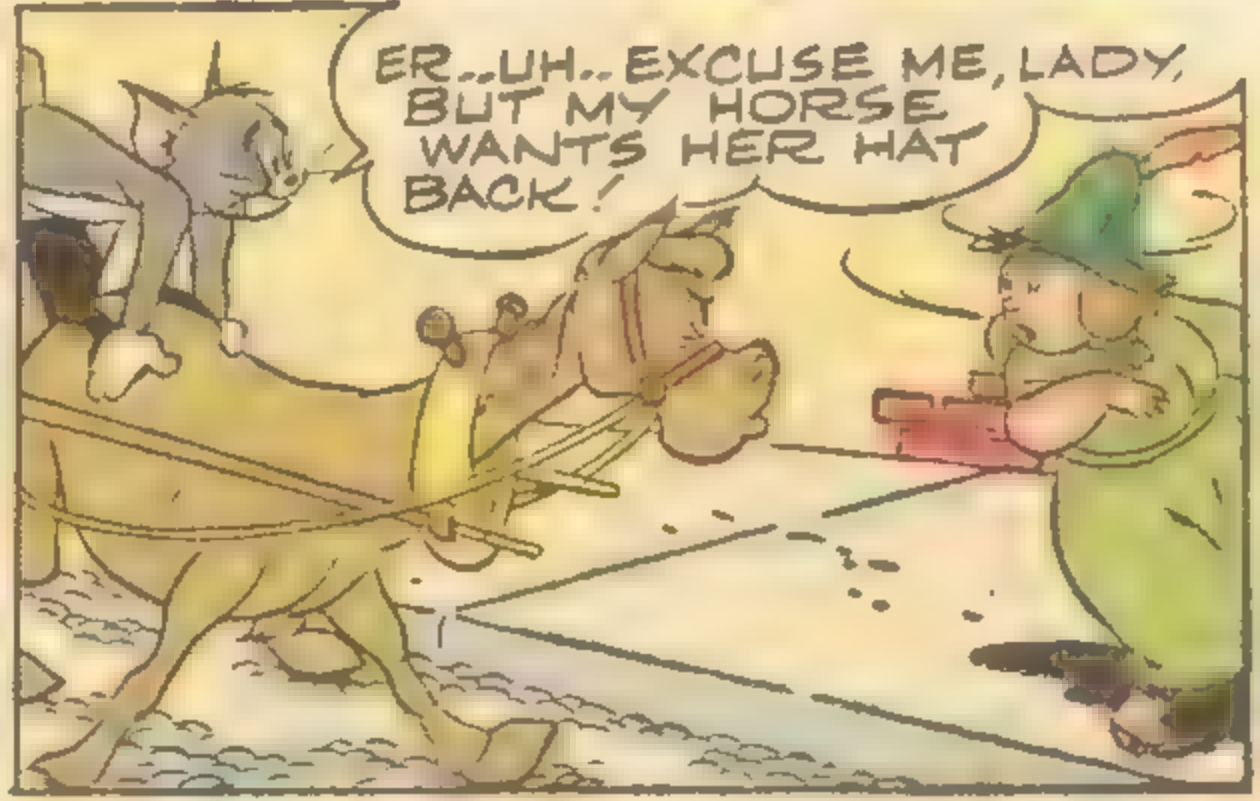
TH' NAG'S
NAME IS
GERTRUDE

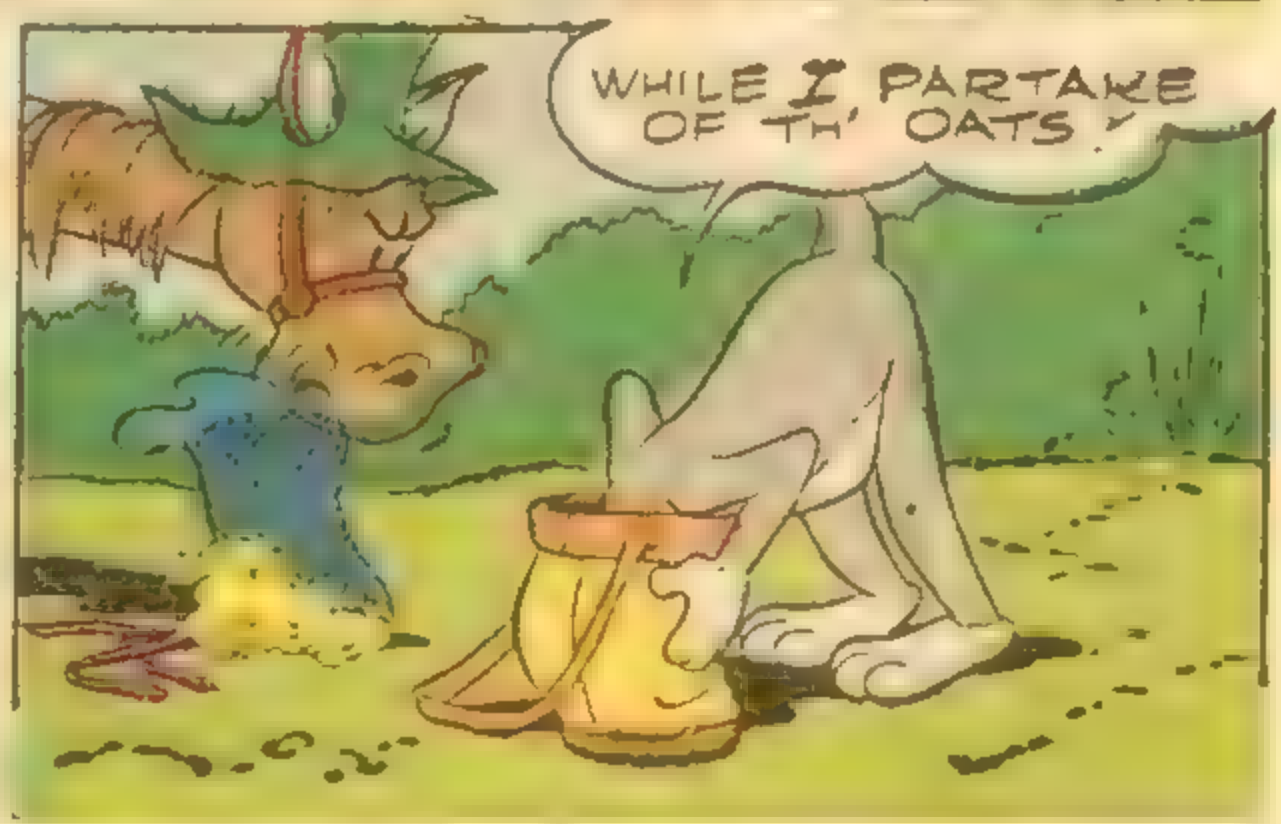
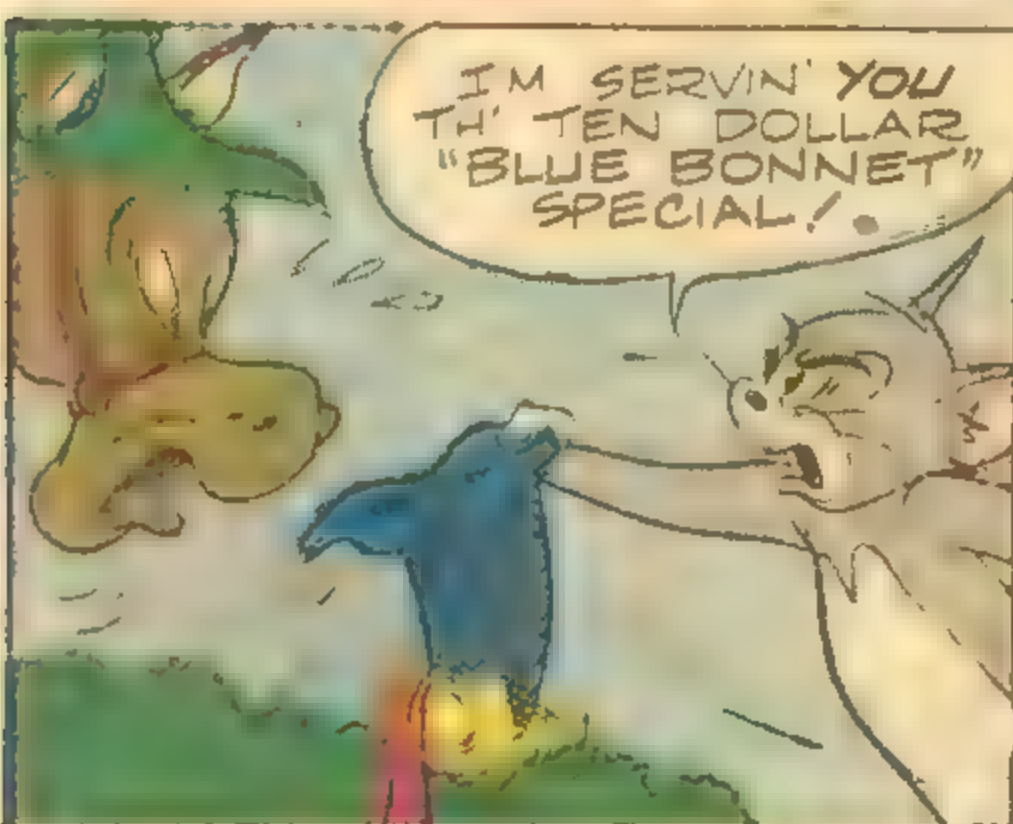
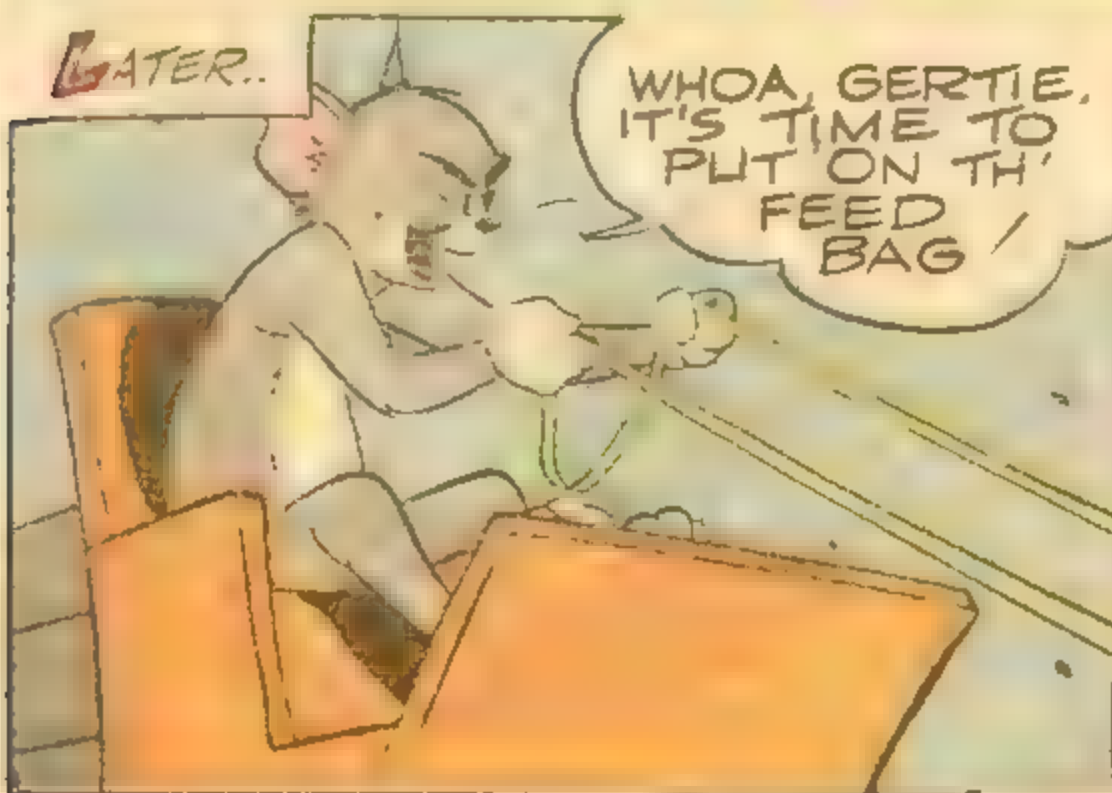
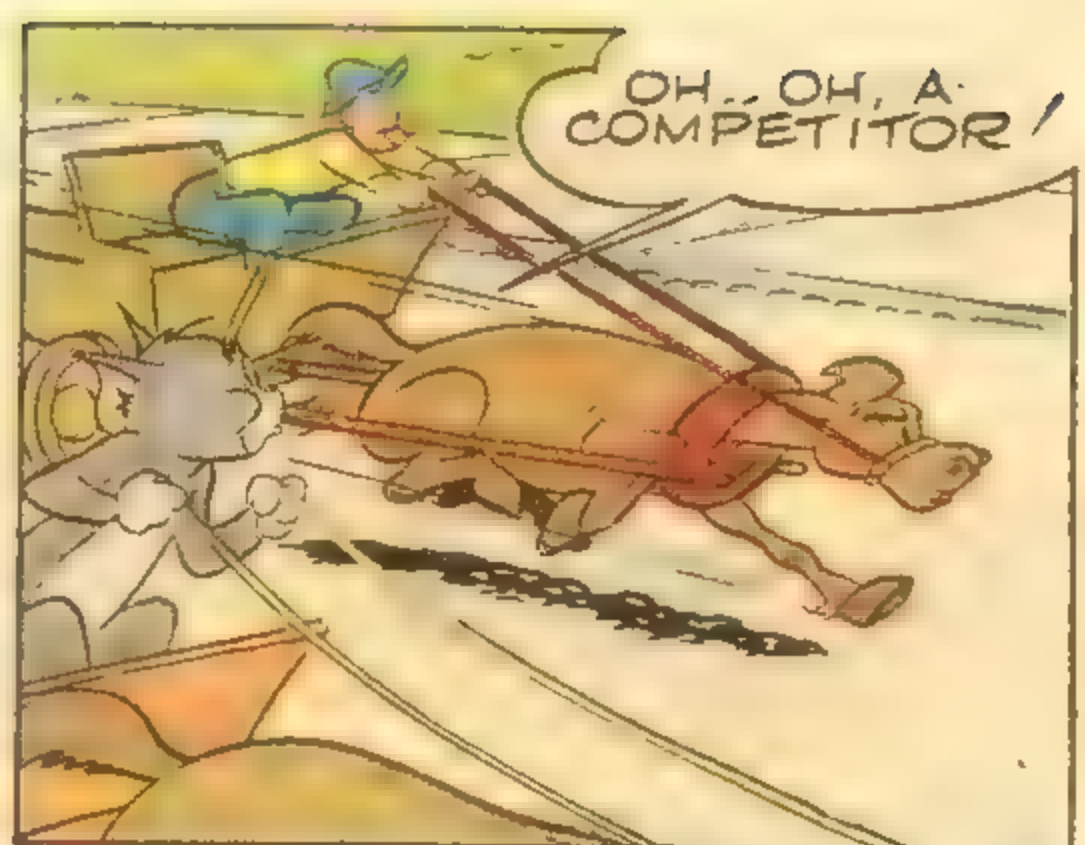
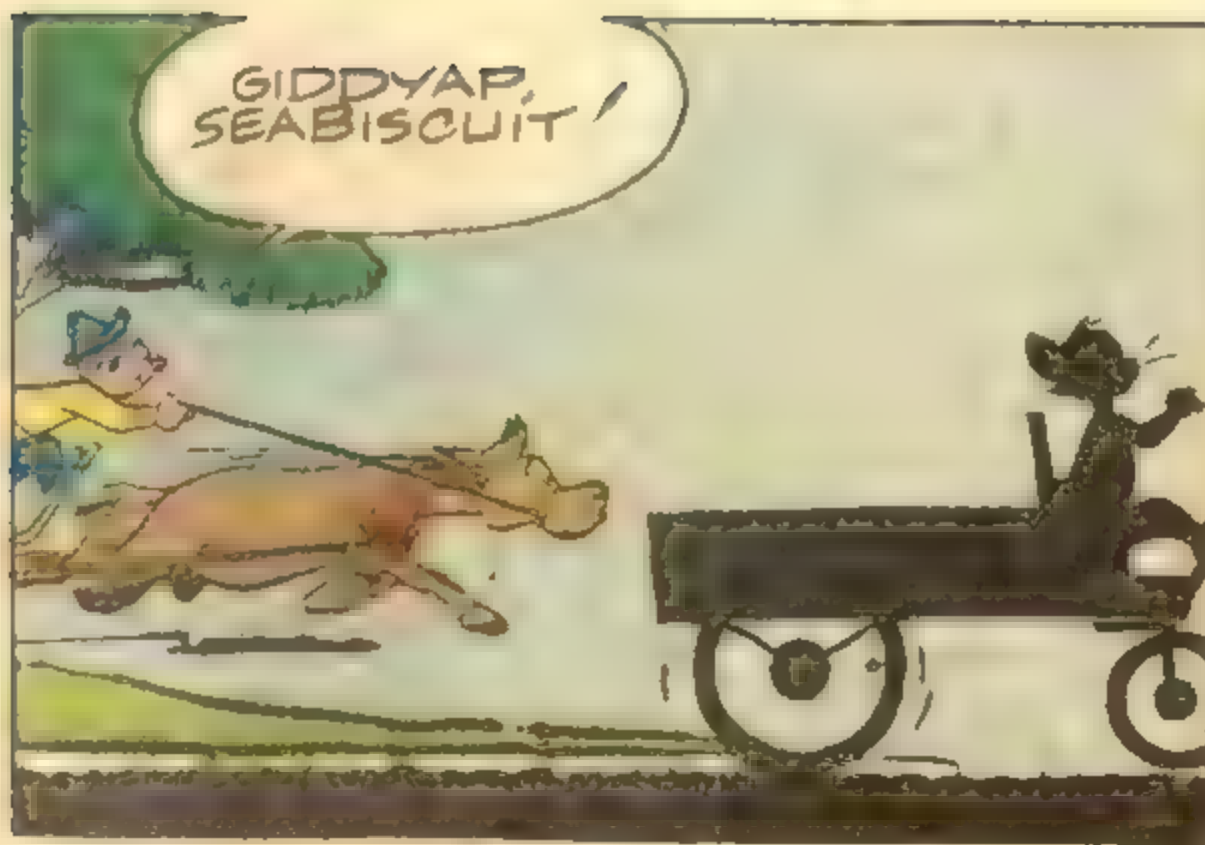
GIDDAP,
GERTRUDE!











M. G. M. CARTOONS

present

Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

A BIRD DOG! NOW
THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE
TO BE!

HUH?

ALL I NEED ARE A
FEW BLACK SPOTS!

HEY, WHAT'RE
YOU UP TO?

I'M GONNA BE A
BIRD DOG...LIKE
THE ONE IN
THAT PICTURE!

OH, NO, TYKE! YOU' WOULDNT
WANT TO BE THAT KIND OF
DOG! WHY, THEY
HUNT POOR
BIRDS!

YOU KNOW, BIRDS ARE
OUR LITTLE FEATHERED
FRIENDS!

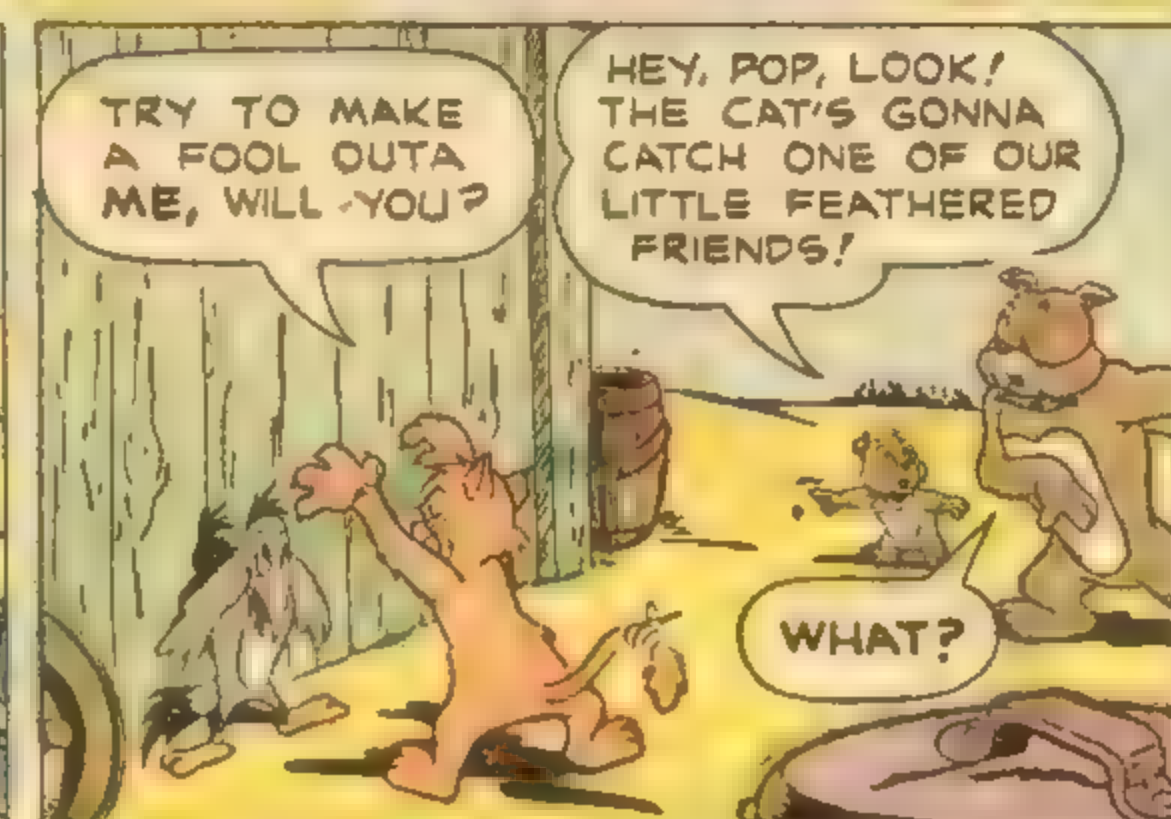
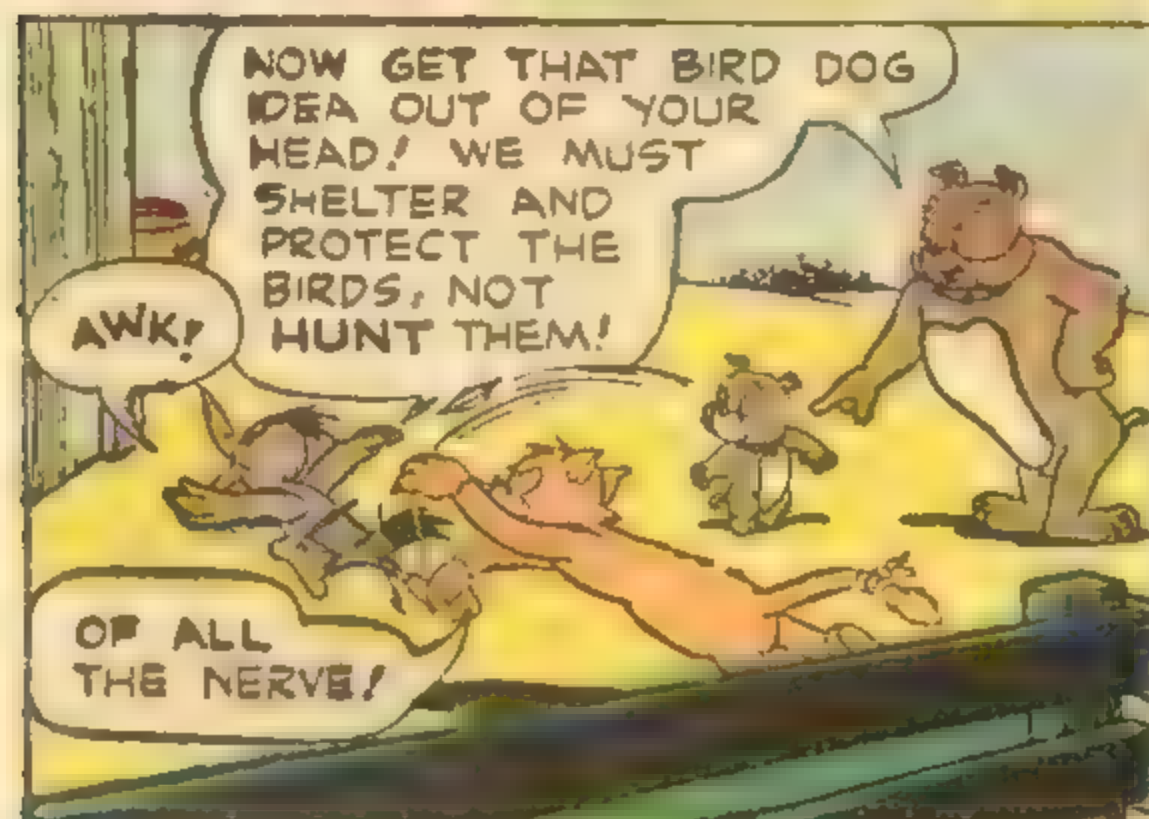
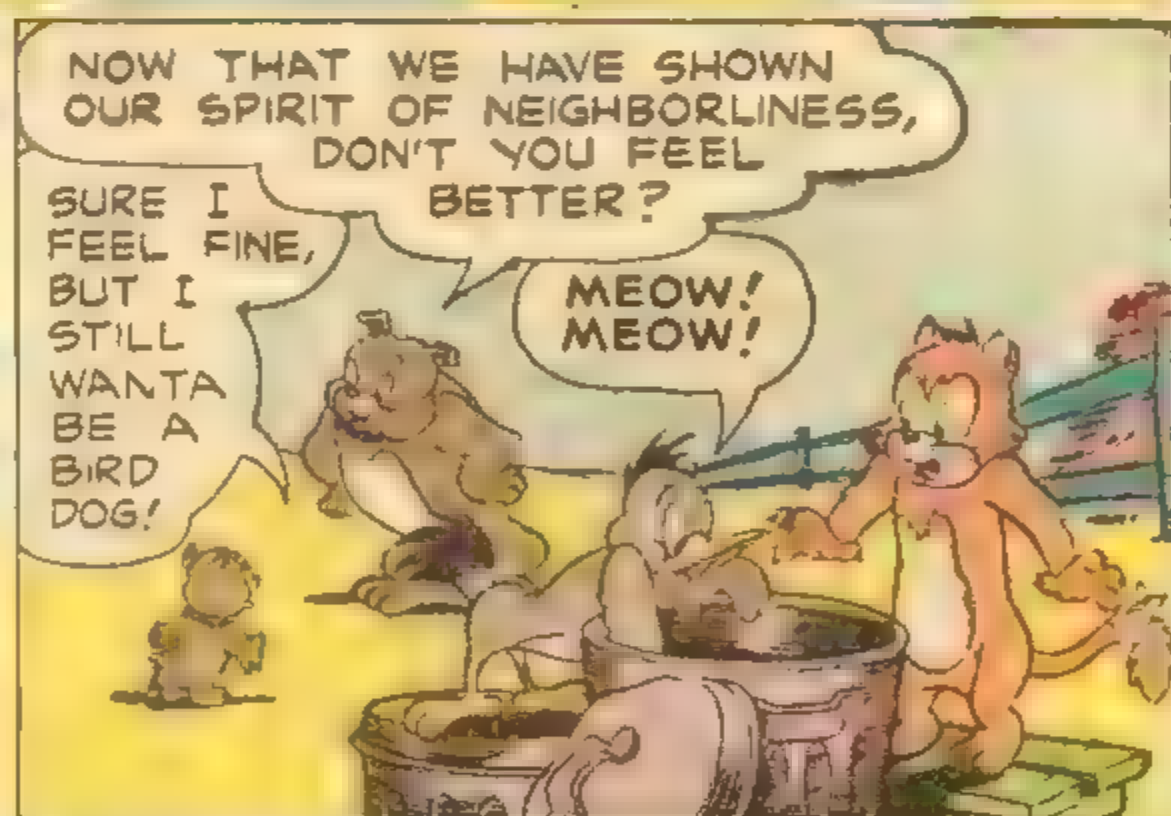
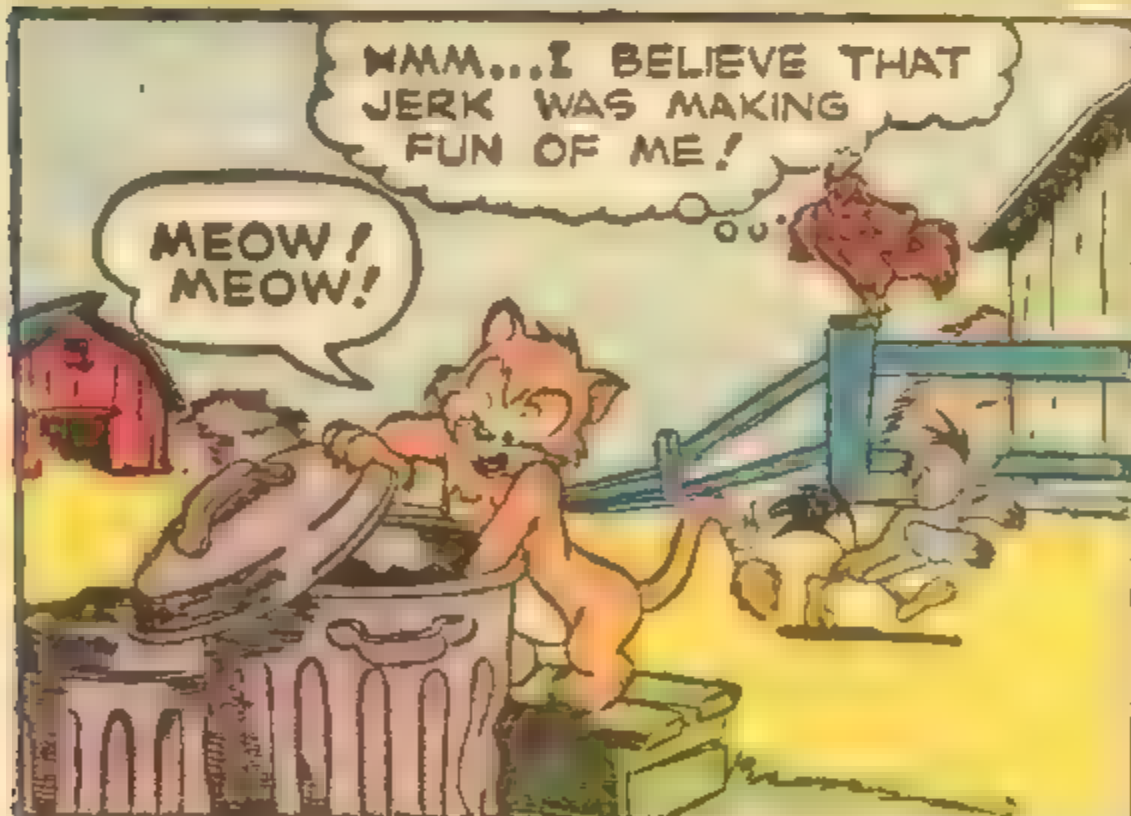
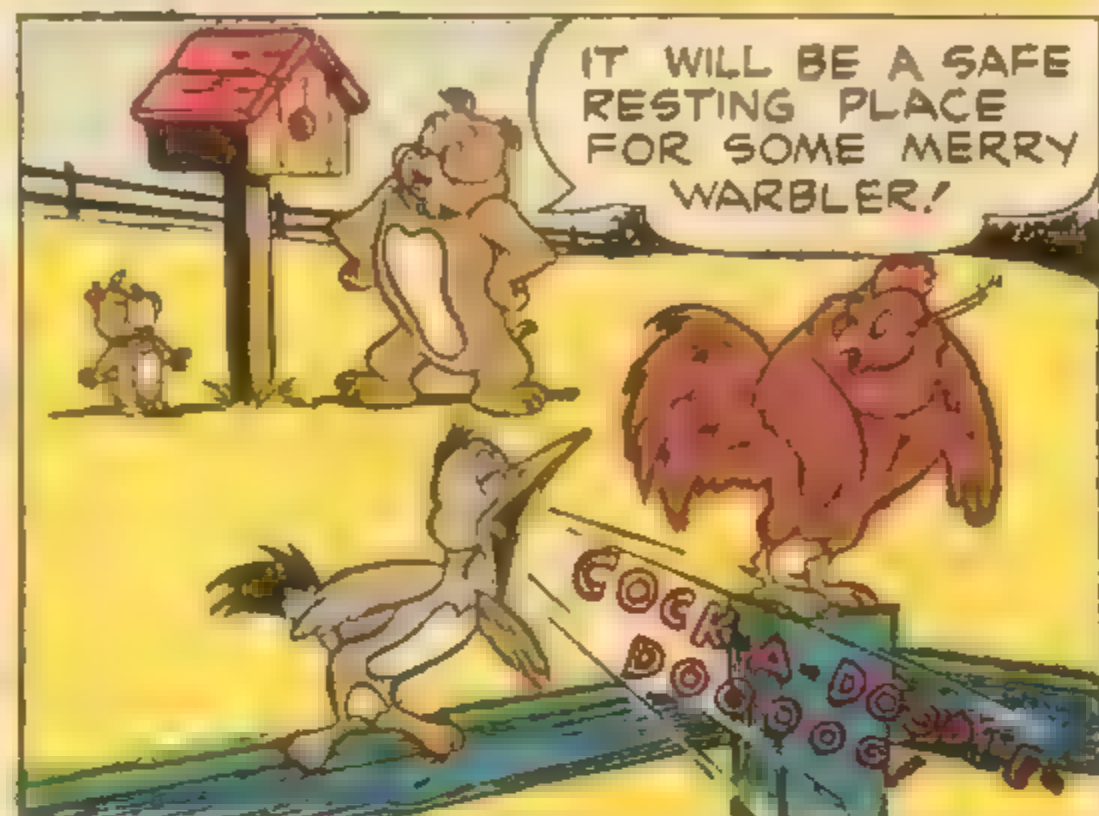
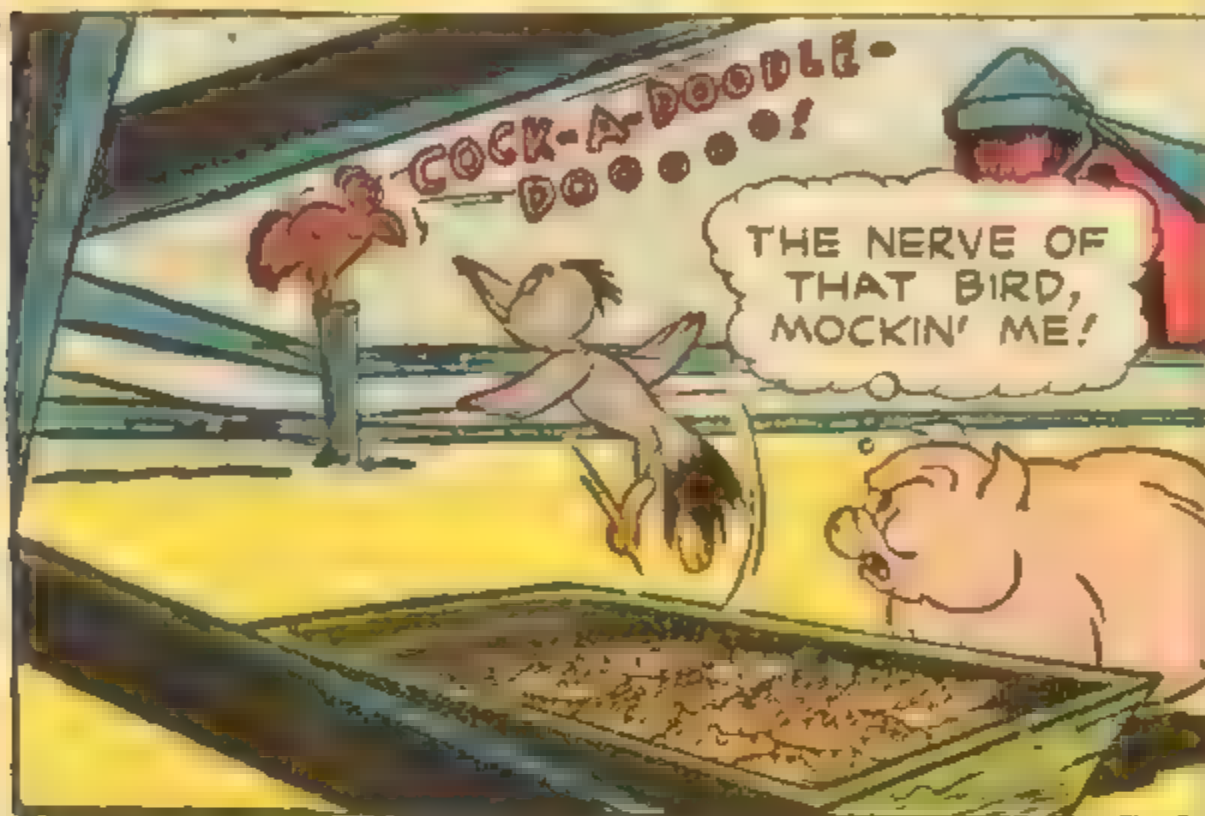
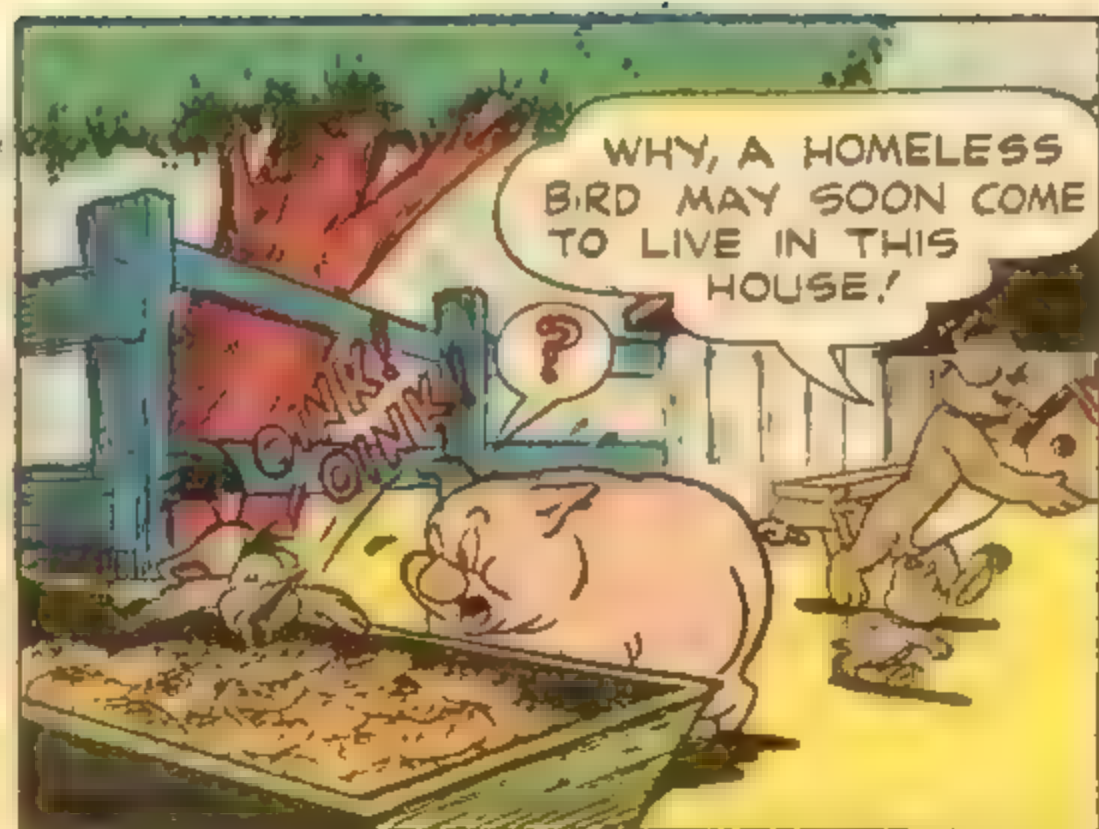
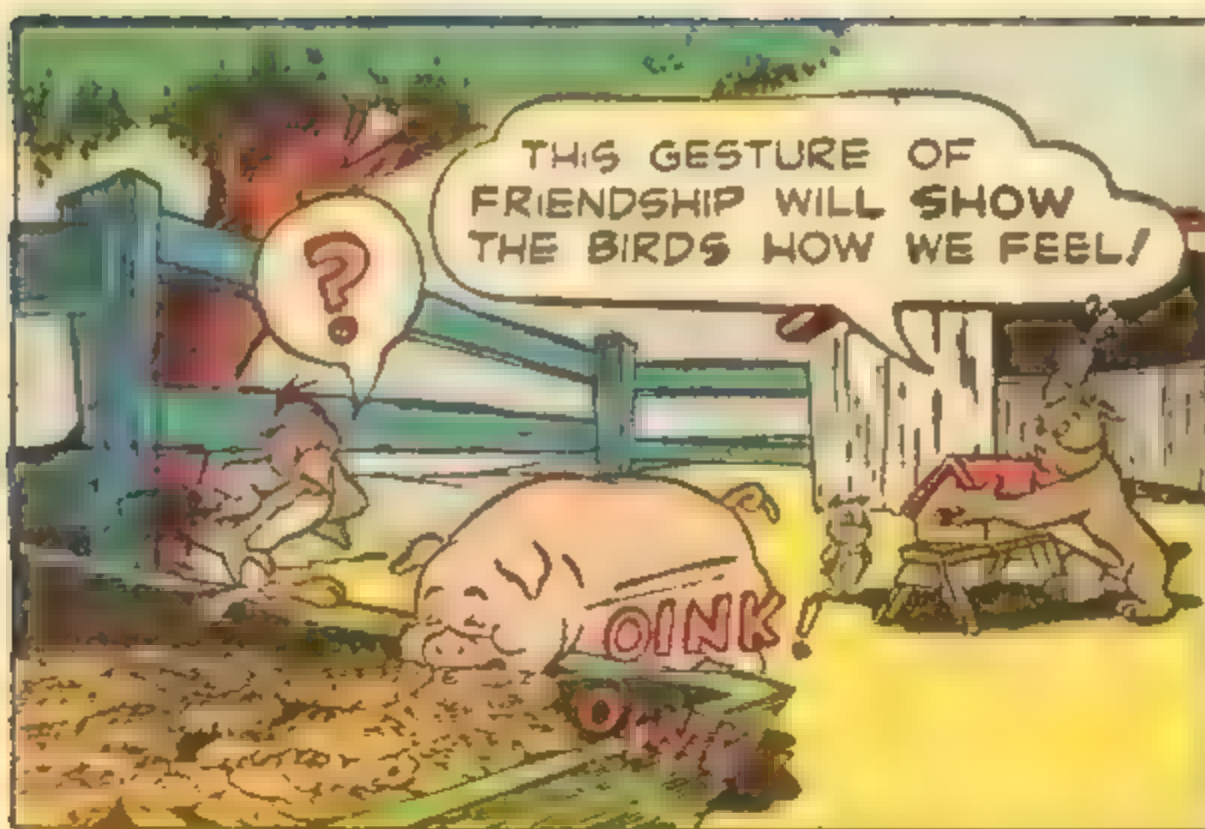
WELL, THEY
DON'T LIKE
ME! THEY
ALWAYS FLY
AWAY WHEN
I GO NEAR
'EM!

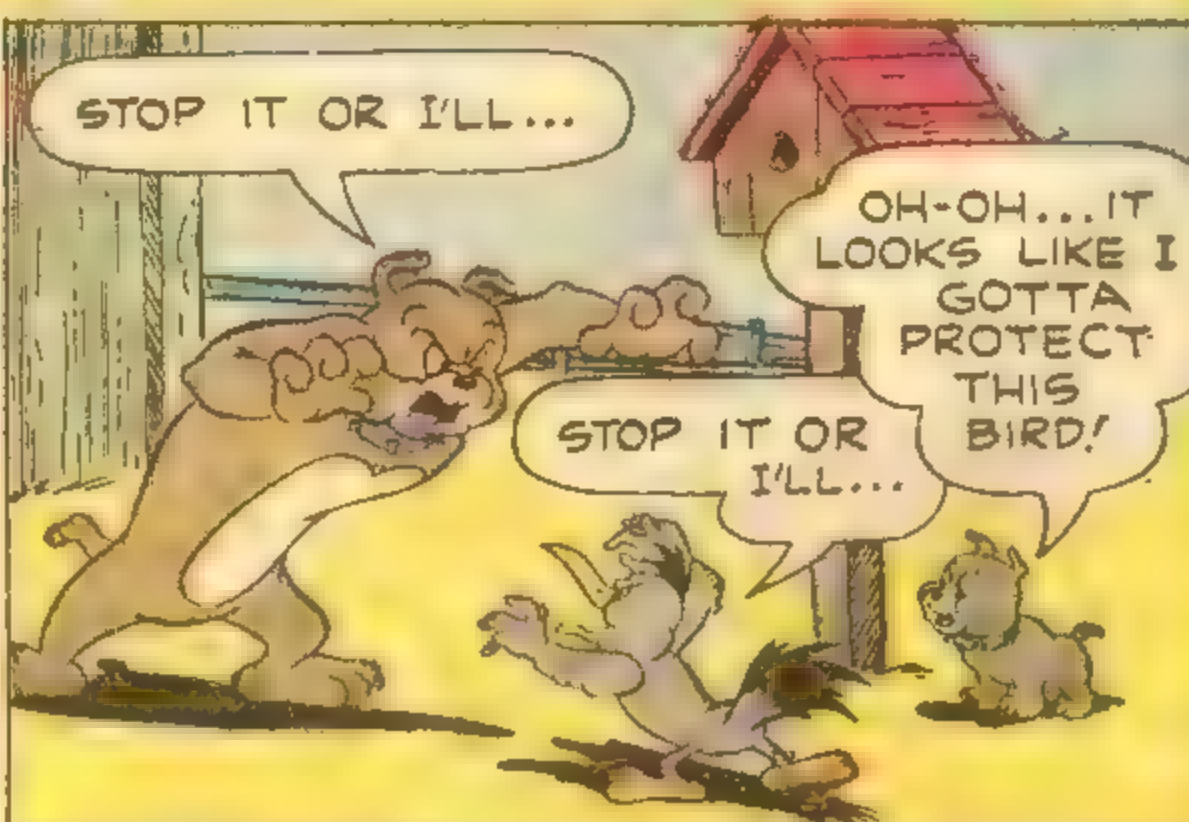
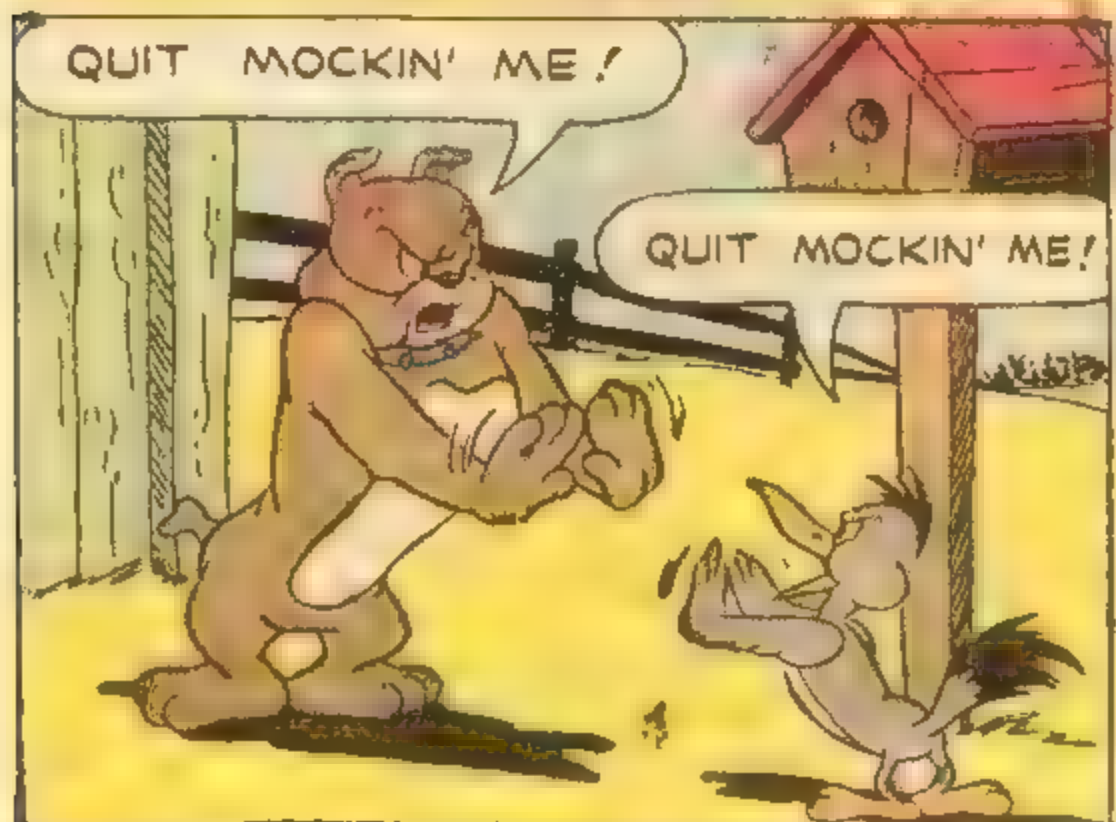
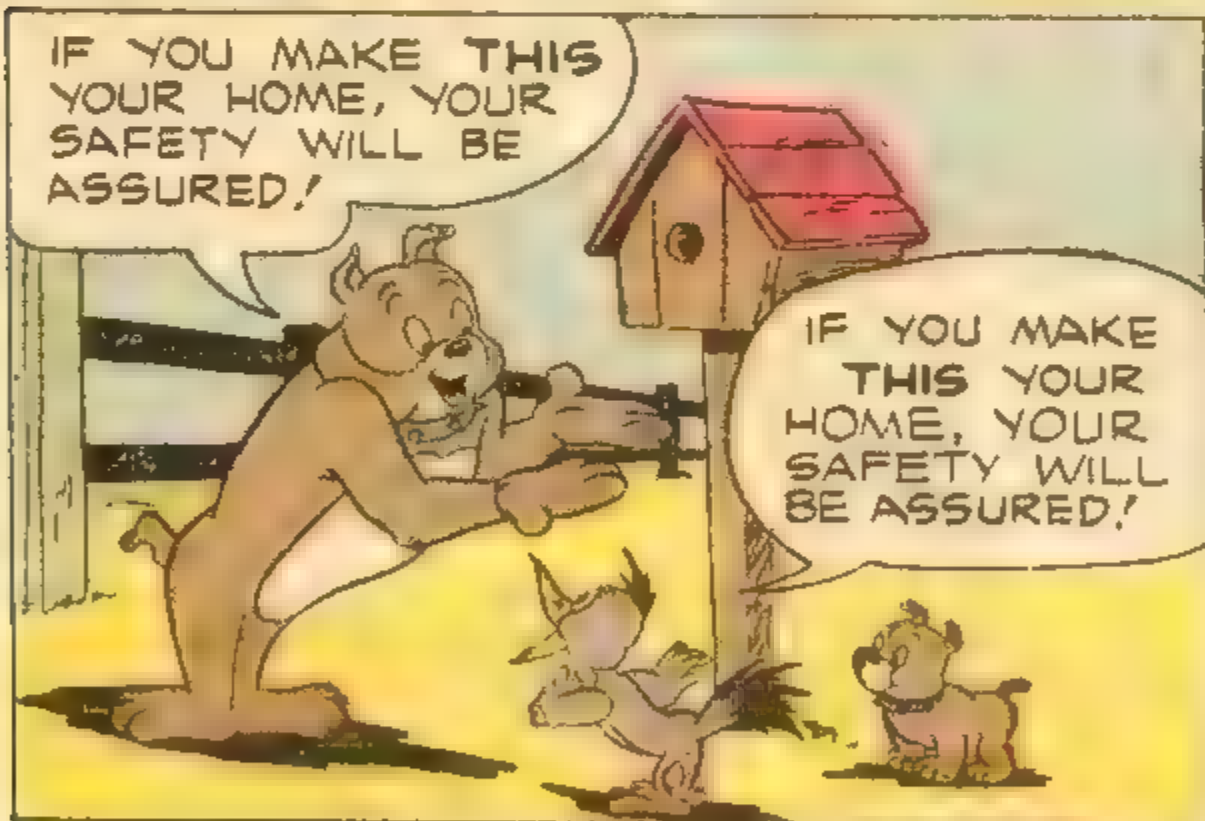
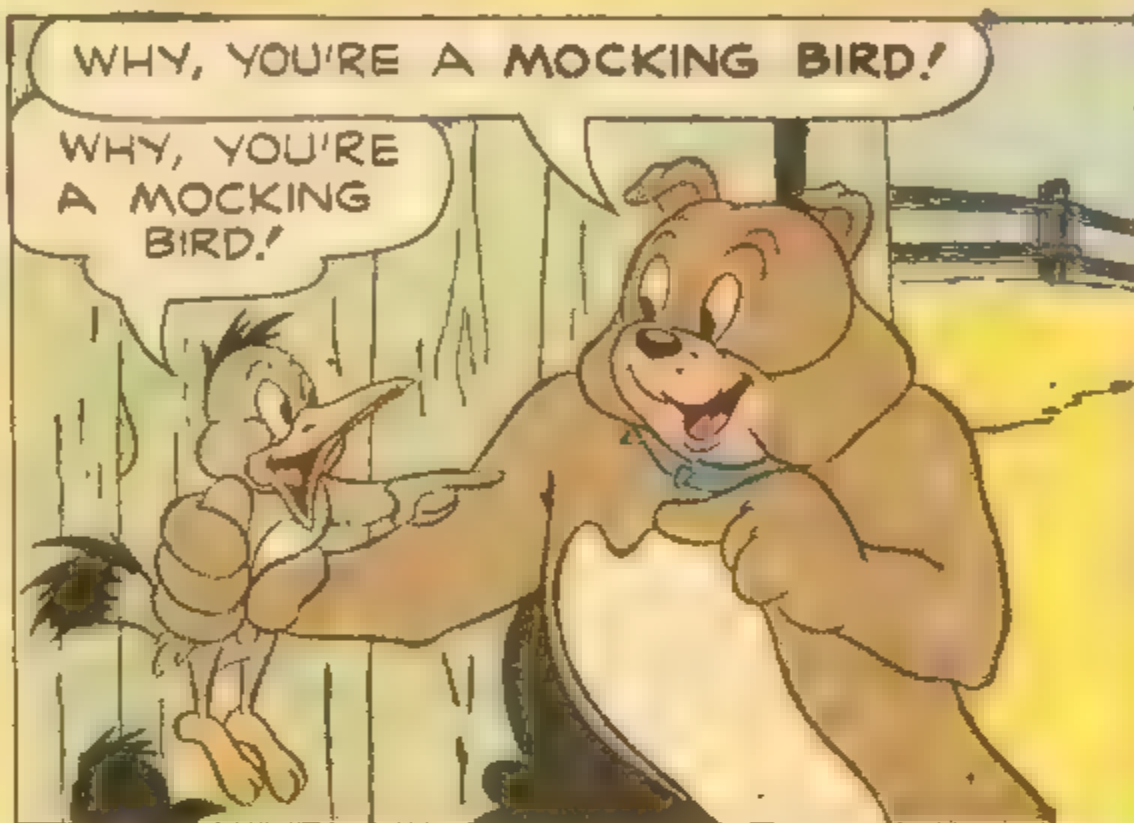
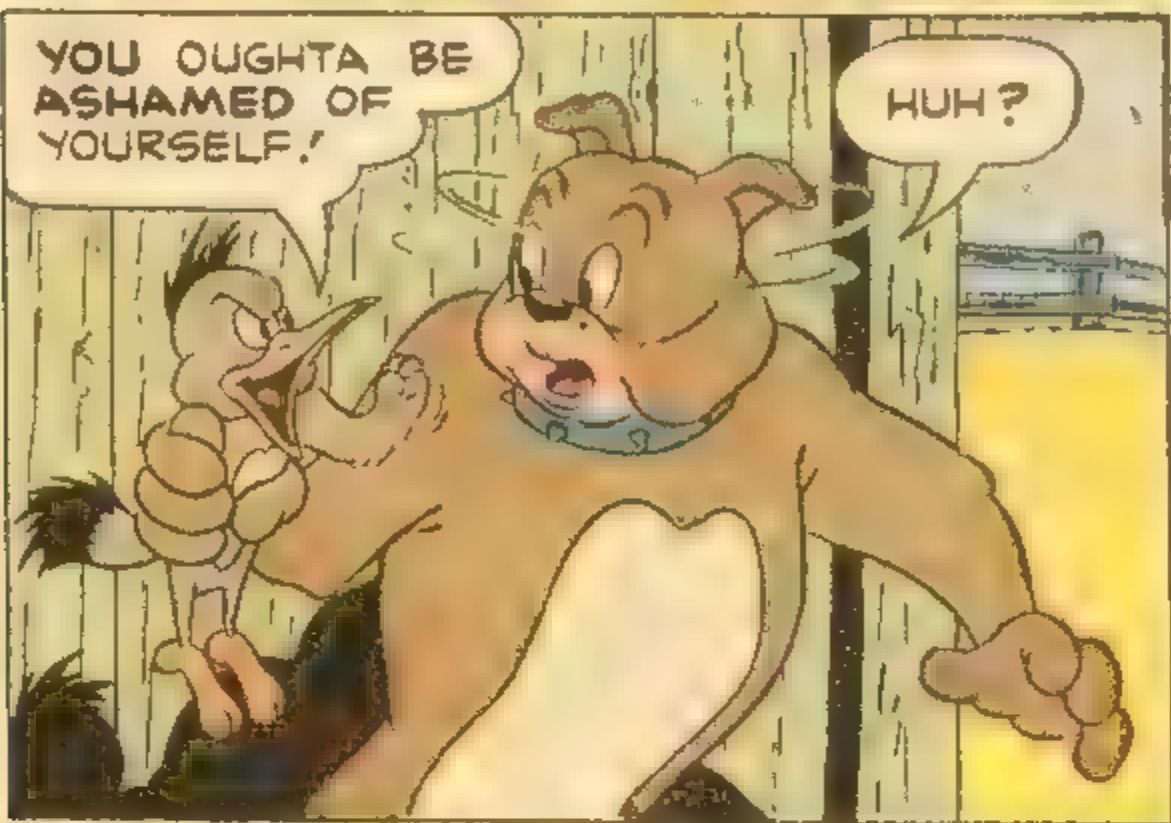
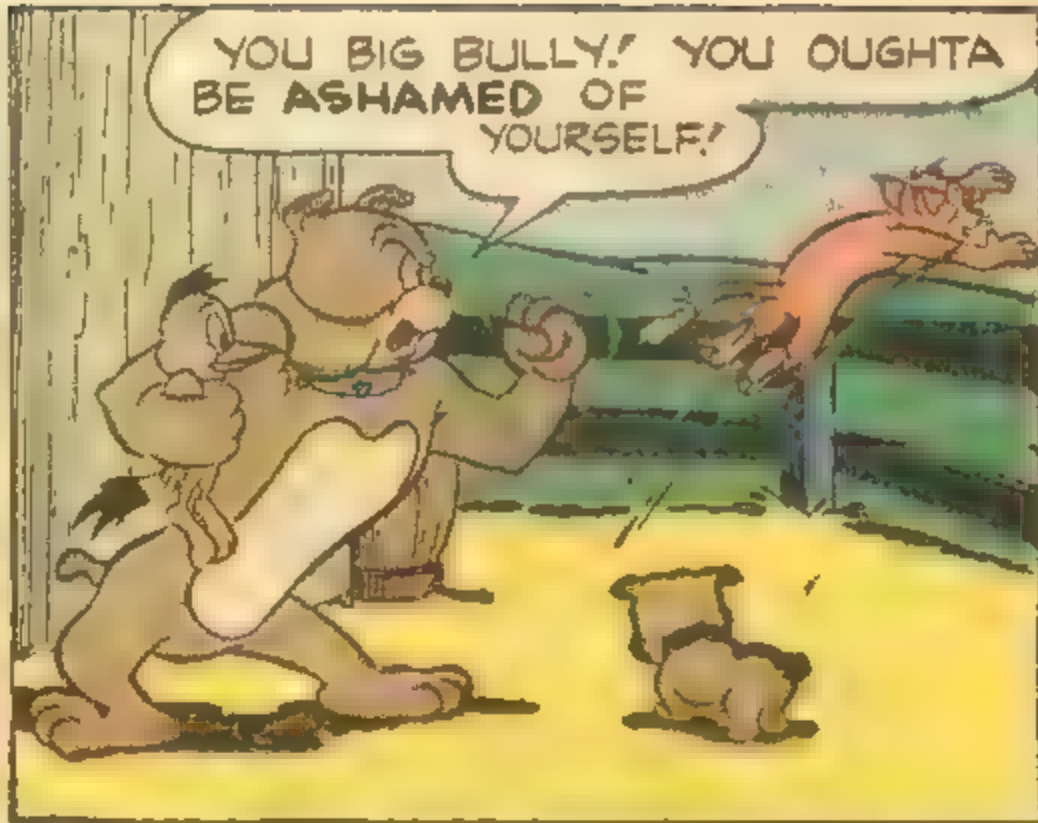
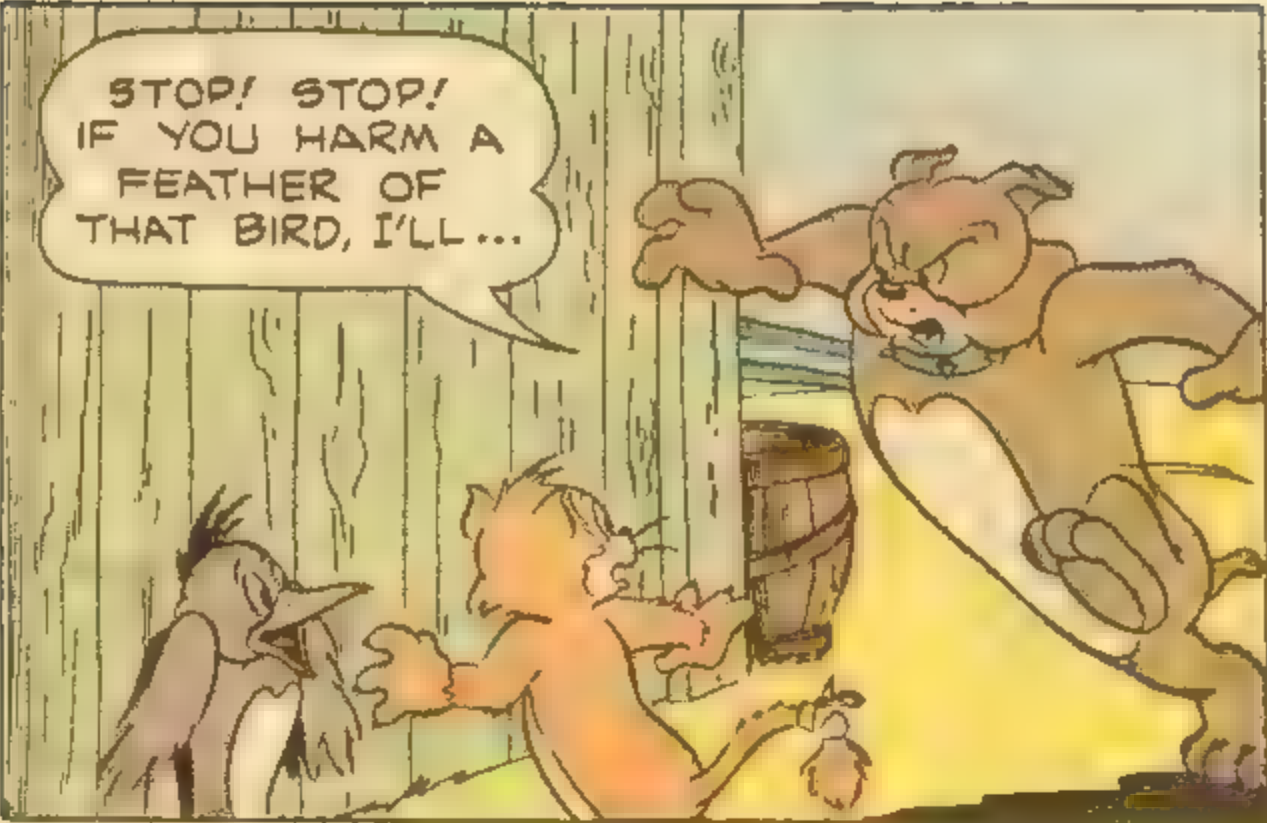
I CAN'T EVEN
GET CLOSE TO
'EM! HOW CAN
I BE FRIENDS
WITH 'EM?

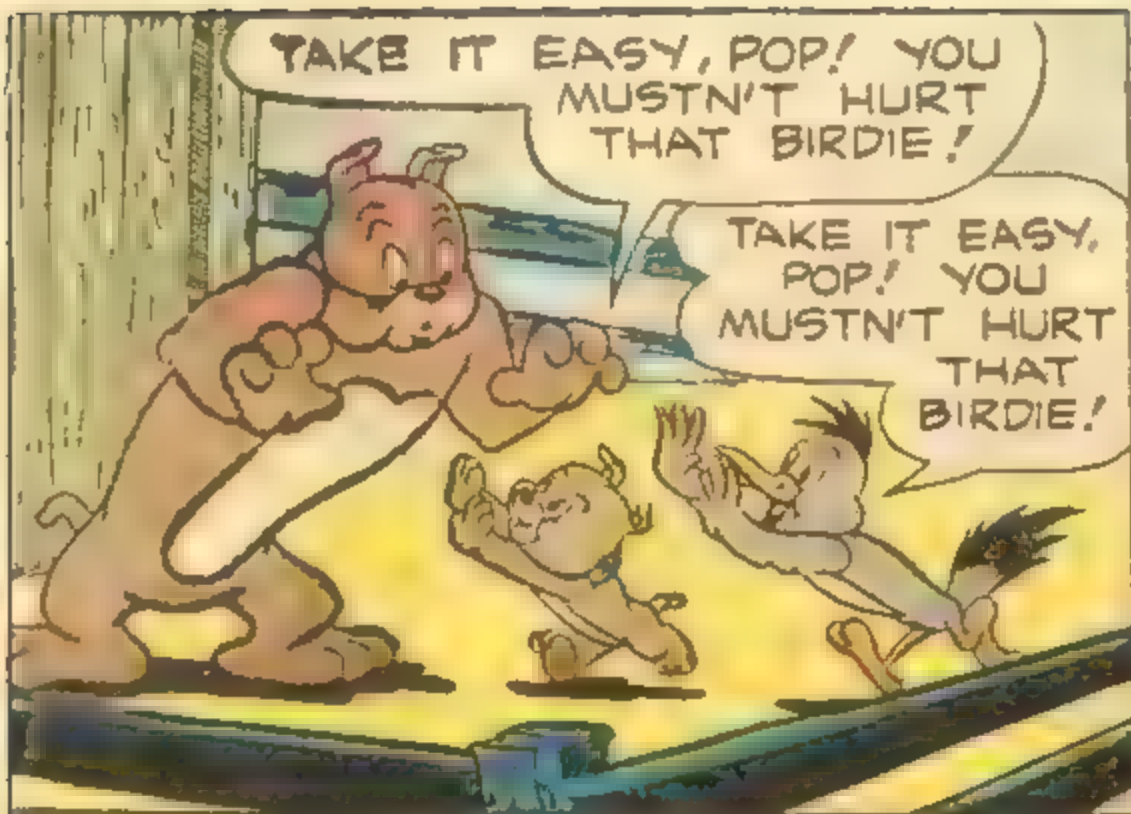
THAT'S BECAUSE
YOU' HAVEN'T
SHOWN THEM
THAT YOU ARE
THEIR FRIEND!

I'LL SHOW YOU, TYKE!
FIRST, WE'LL BUILD A
BIRDHOUSE!

OINK!
OINK!

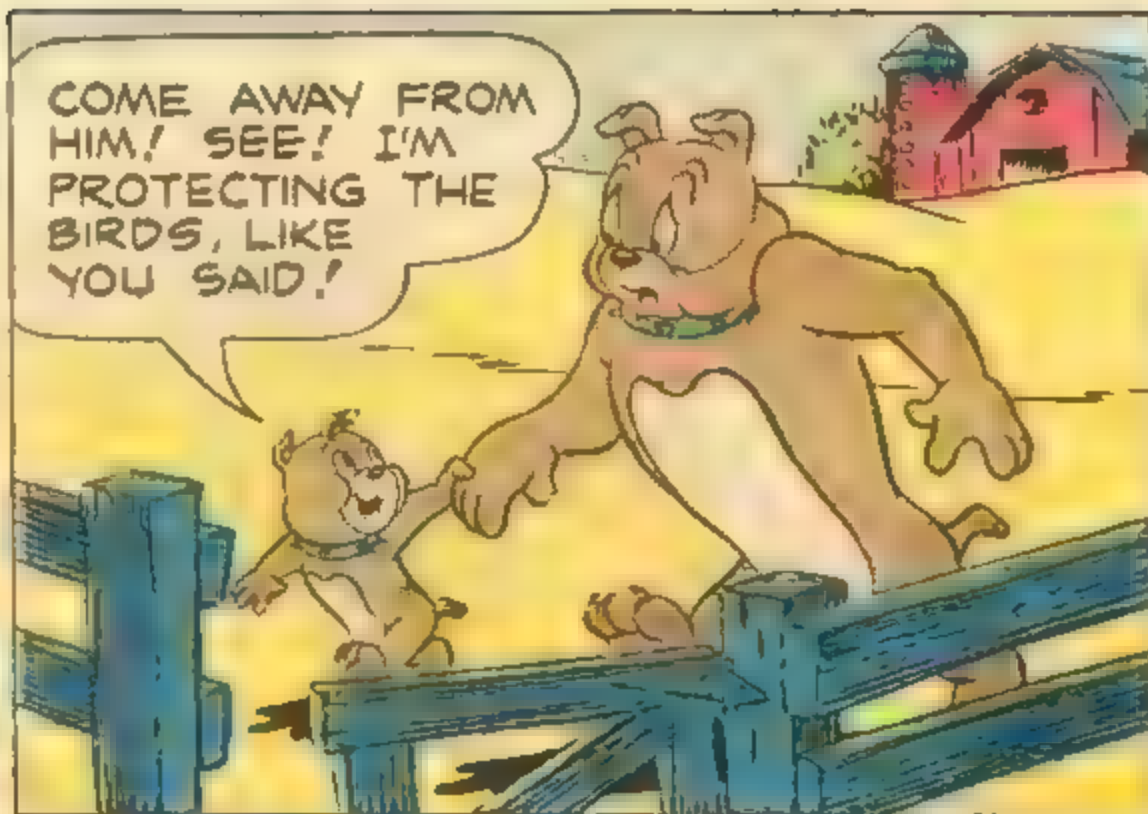




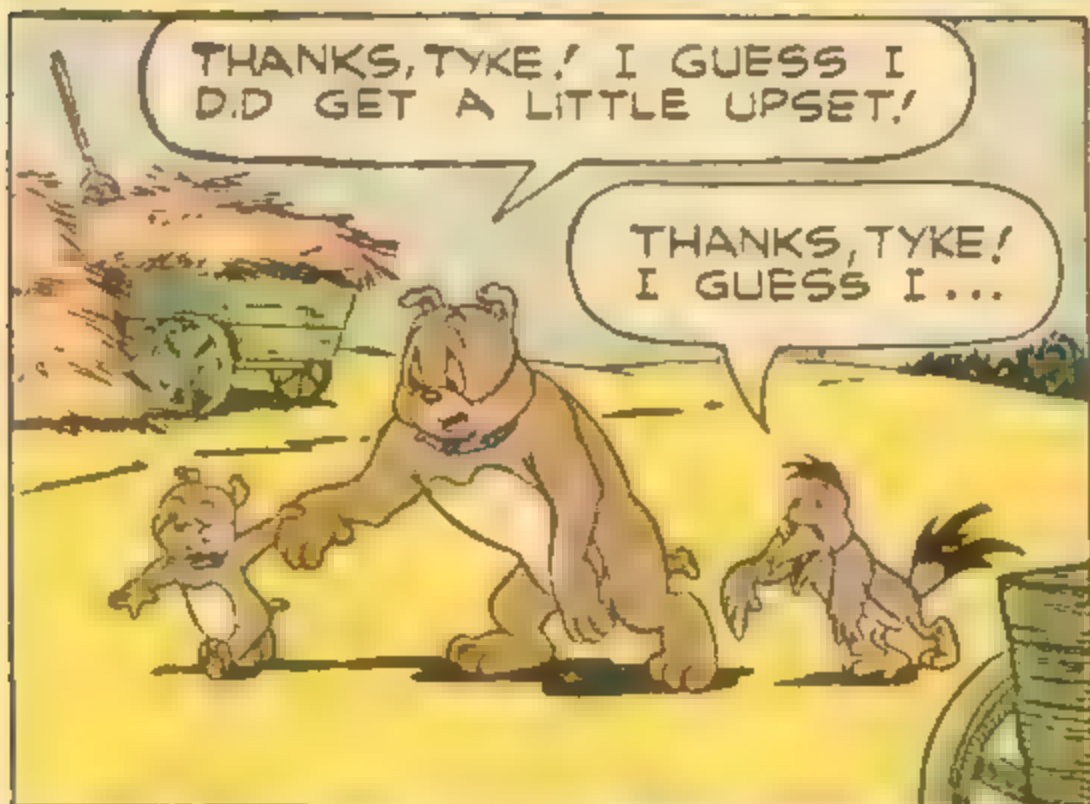


TAKE IT EASY, POP! YOU MUSTN'T HURT THAT BIRDIE!

TAKE IT EASY, POP! YOU MUSTN'T HURT THAT BIRDIE!

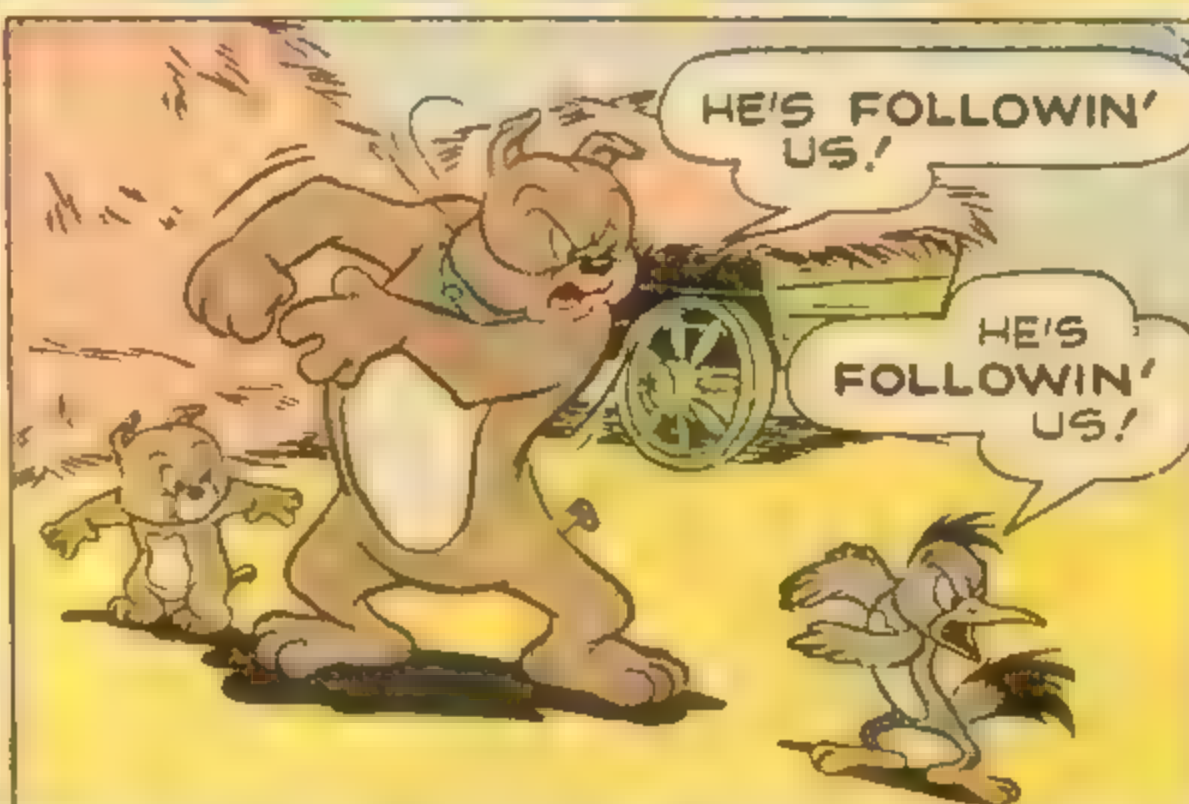


COME AWAY FROM HIM! SEE! I'M PROTECTING THE BIRDS, LIKE YOU SAID!



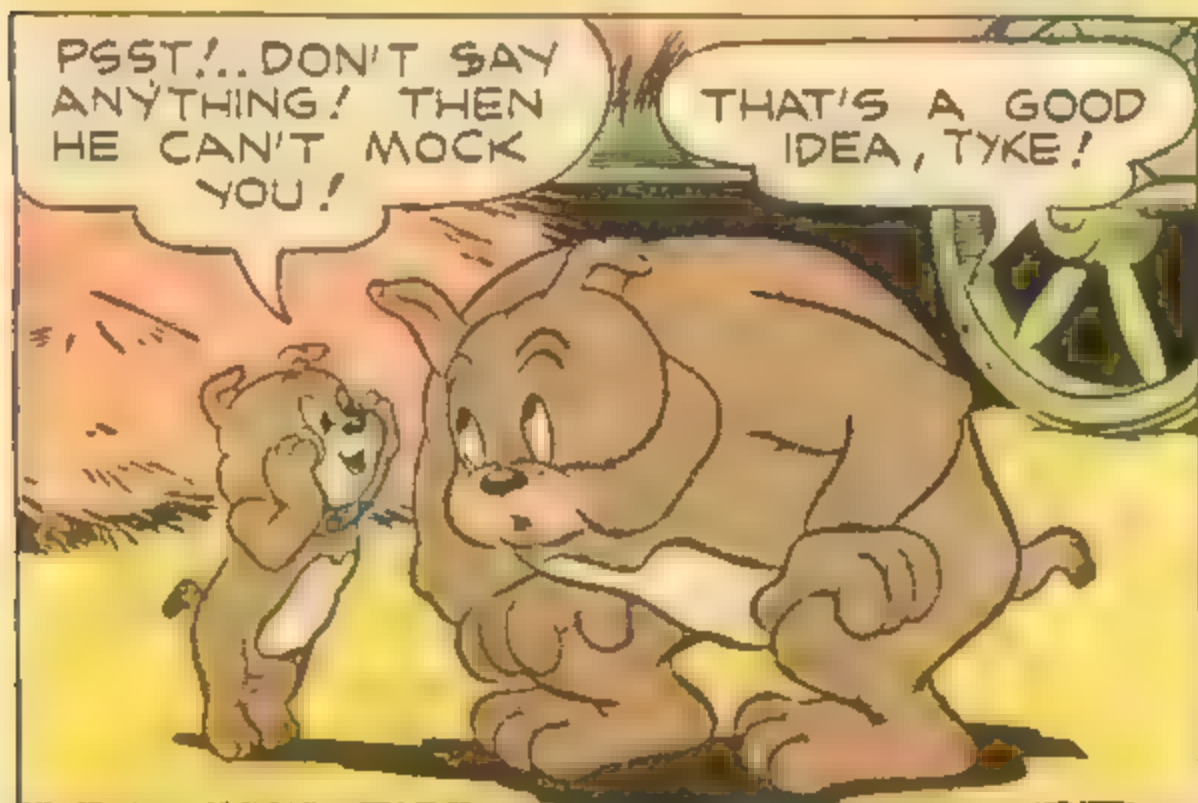
THANKS, TYKE! I GUESS I DID GET A LITTLE UPSET!

THANKS, TYKE! I GUESS I...



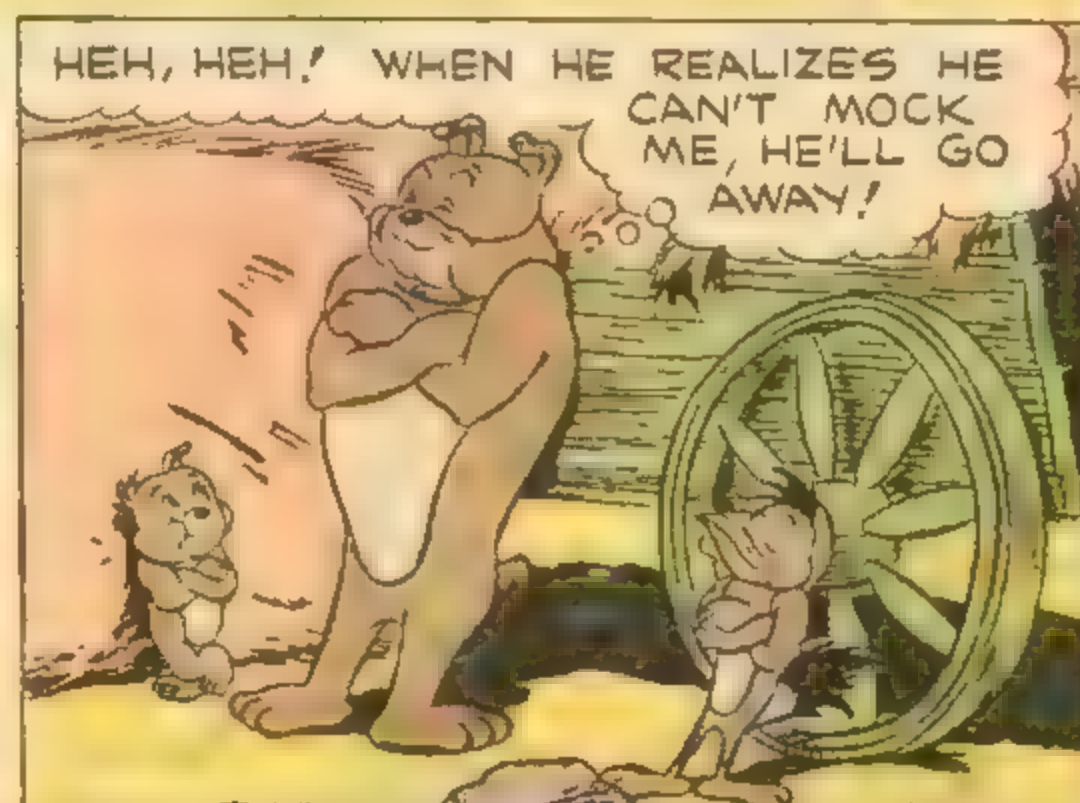
HE'S FOLLOWIN' US!

HE'S FOLLOWIN' US!

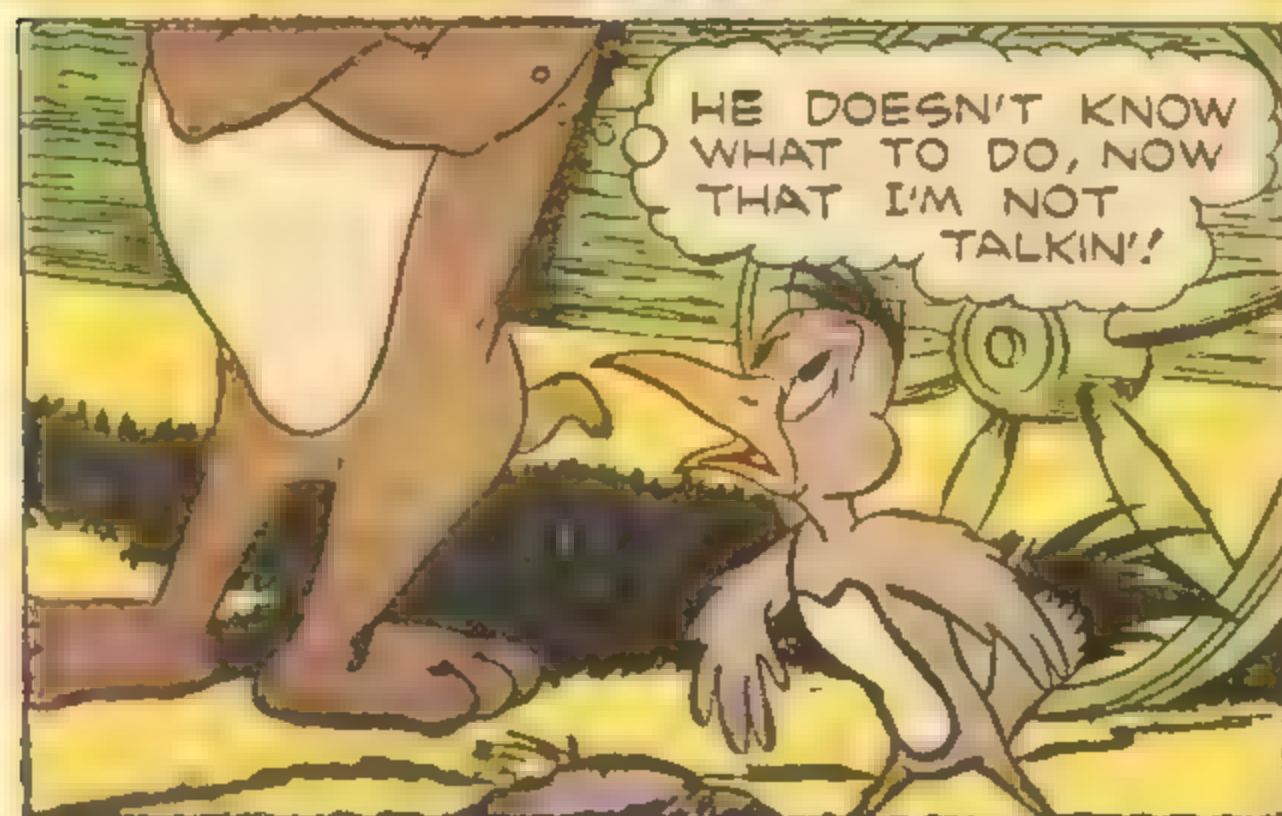


PSST!...DON'T SAY ANYTHING! THEN HE CAN'T MOCK YOU!

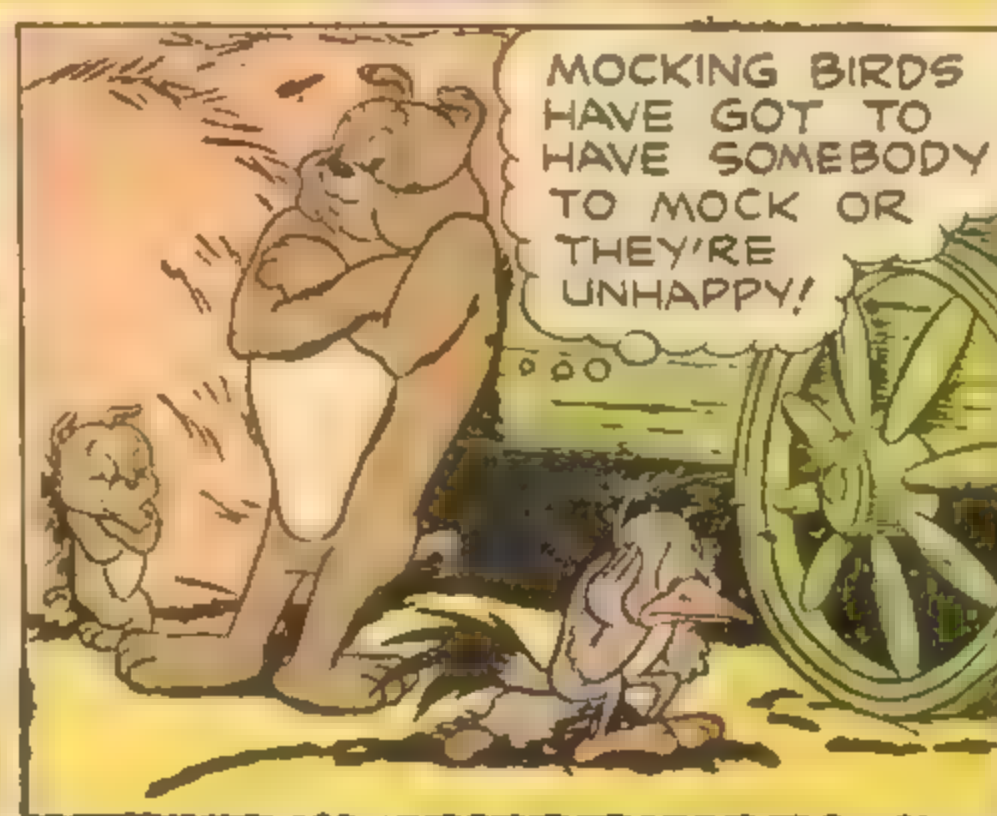
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, TYKE!



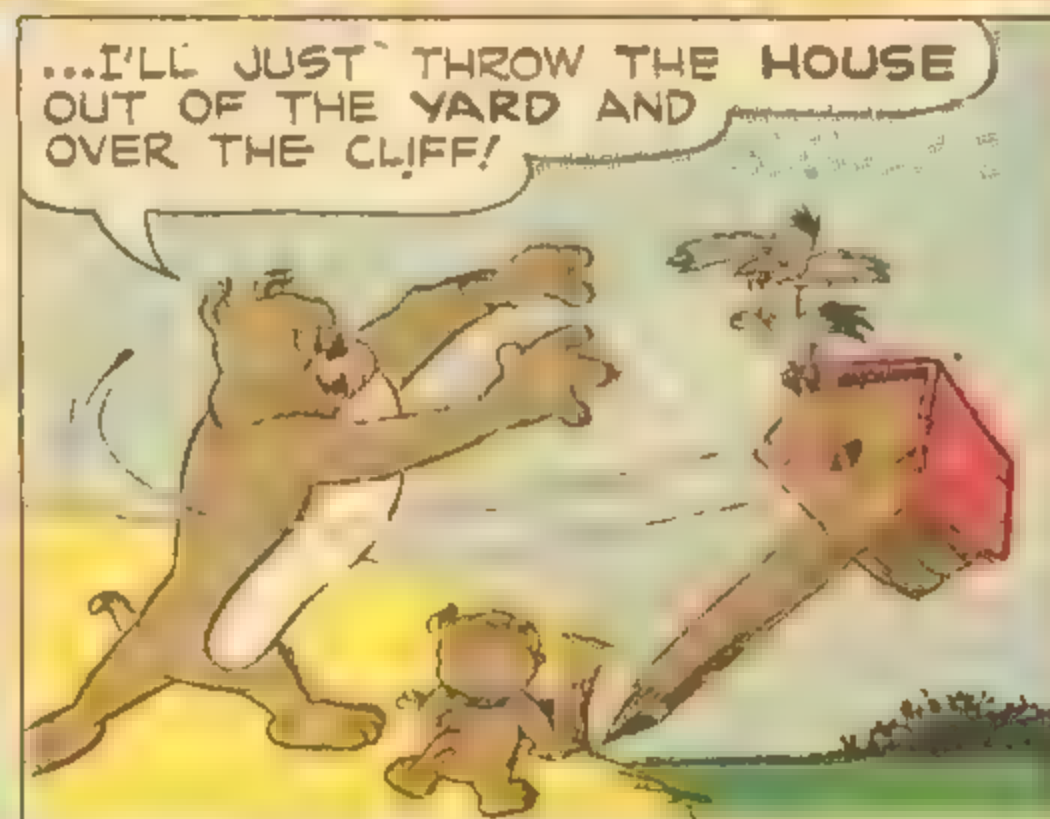
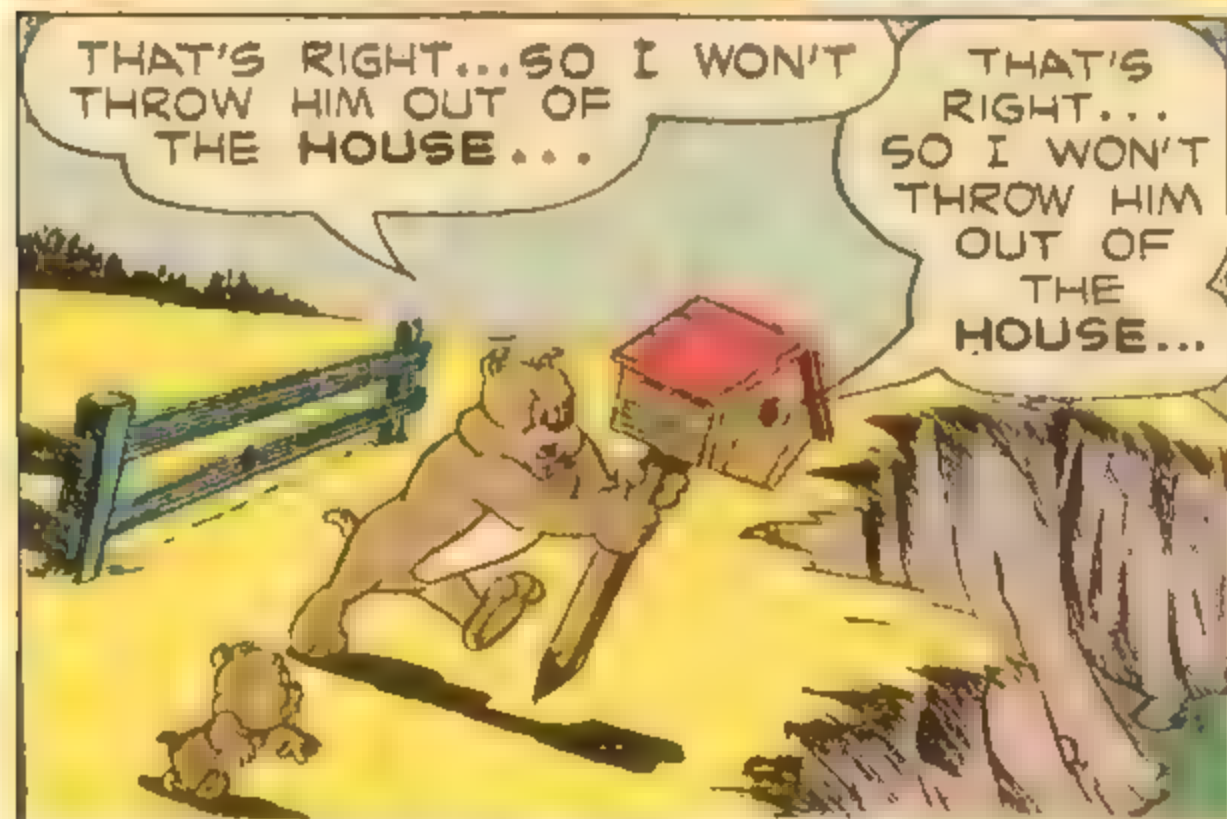
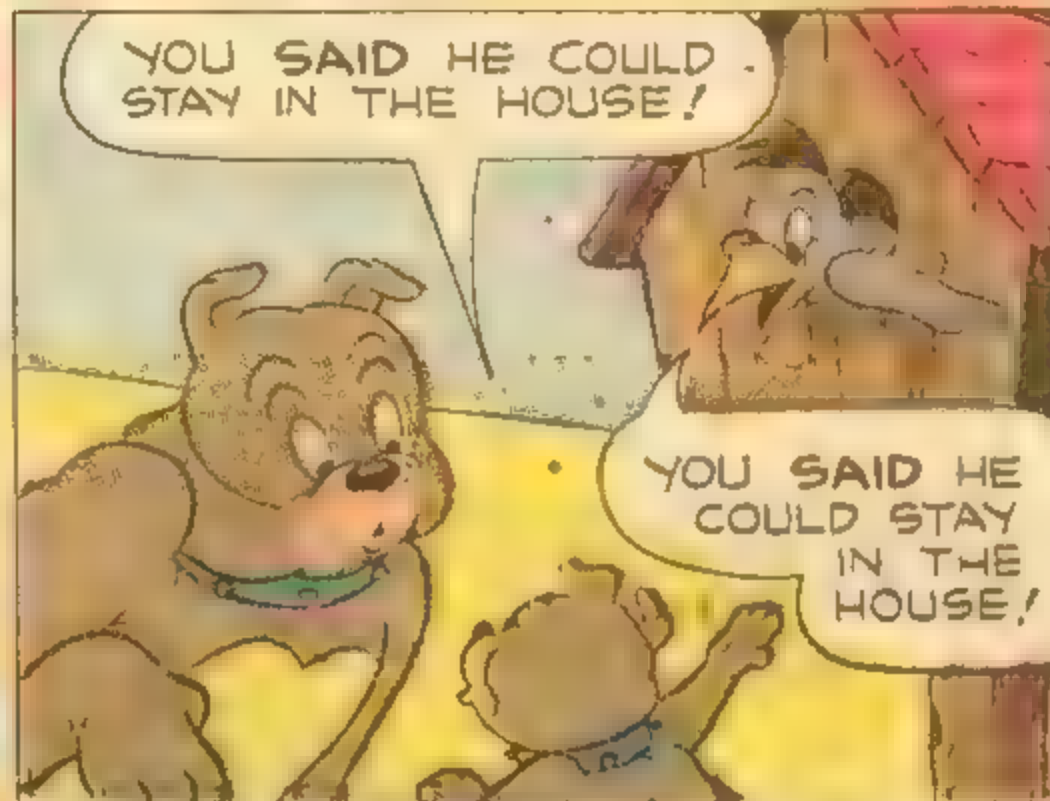
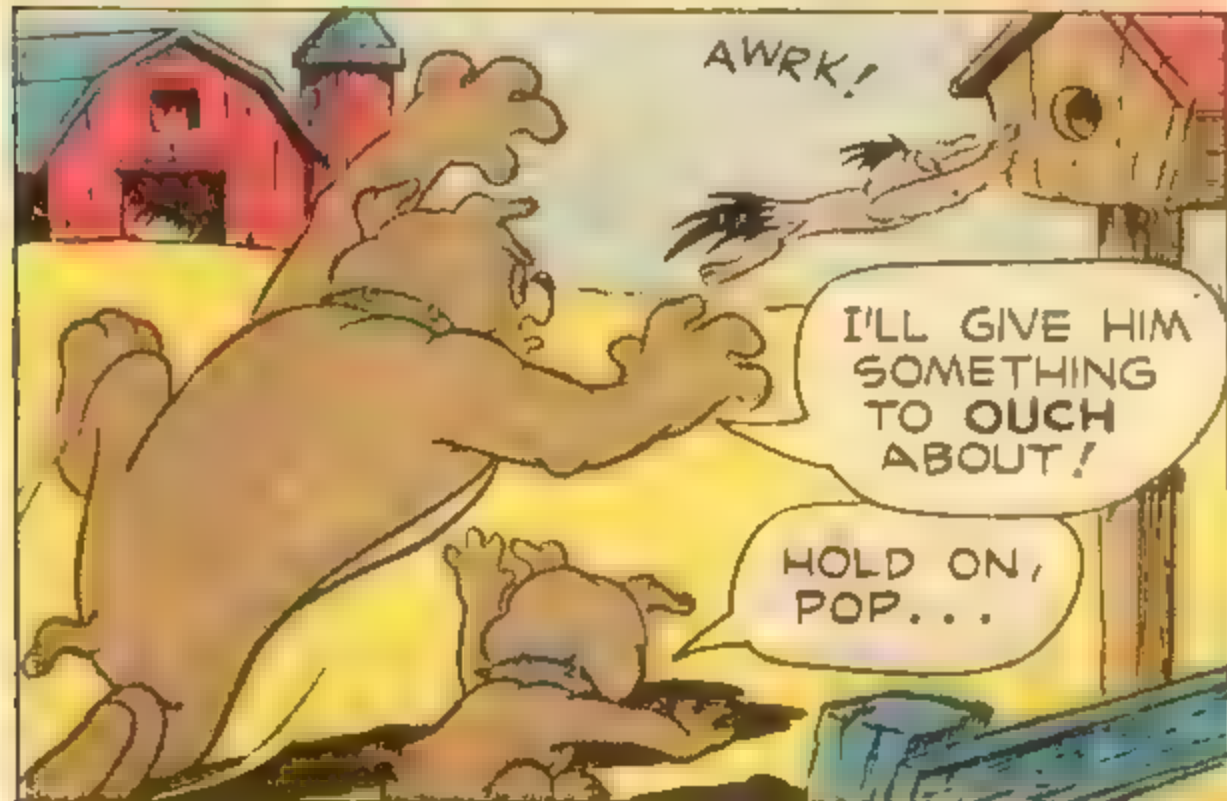
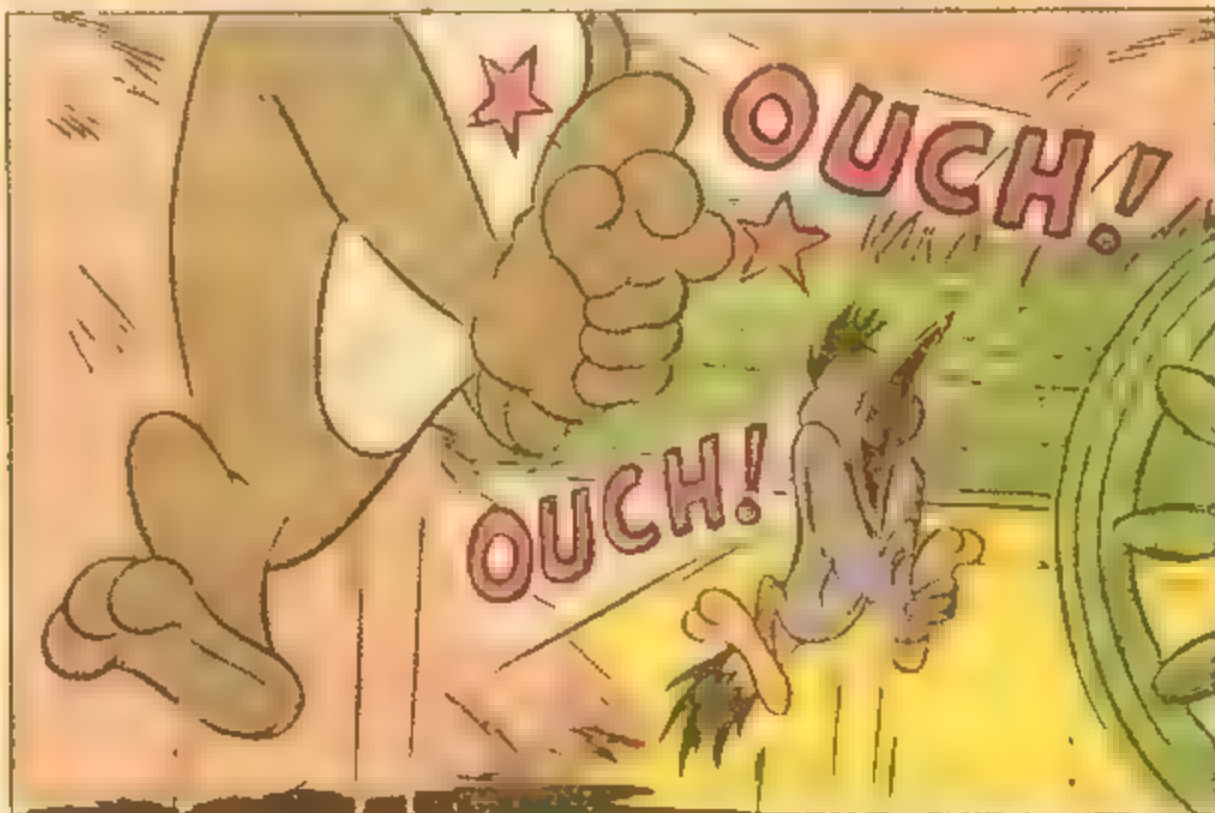
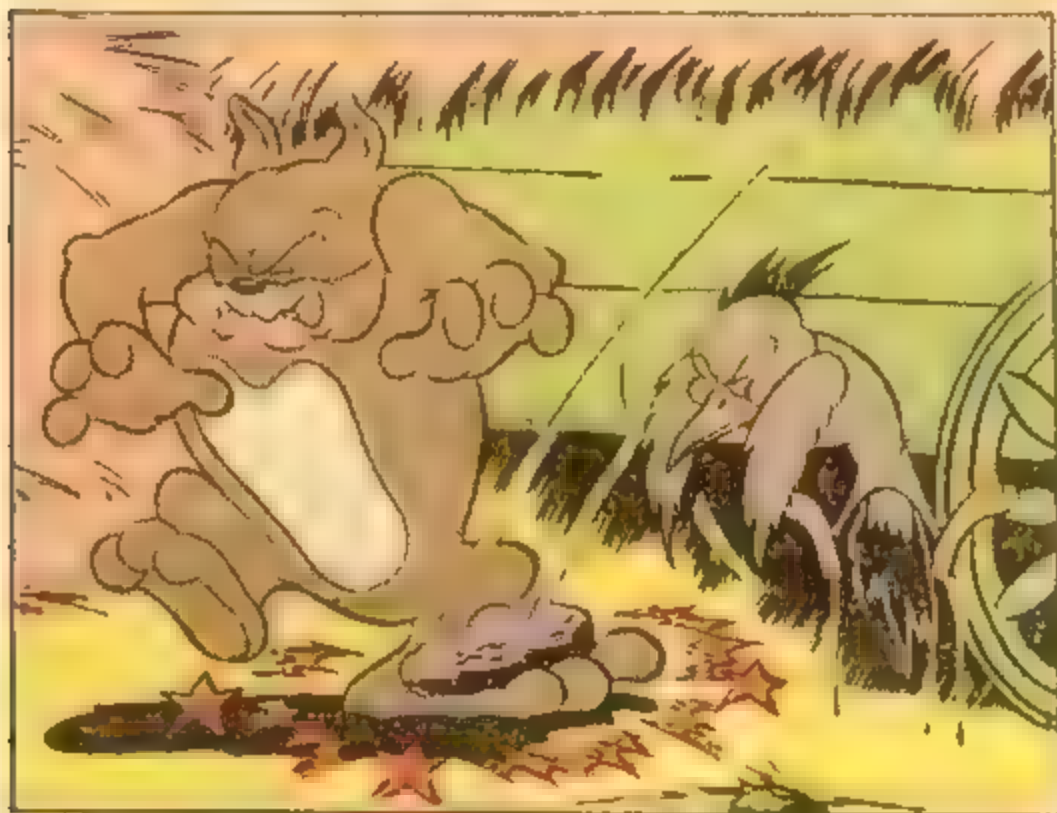
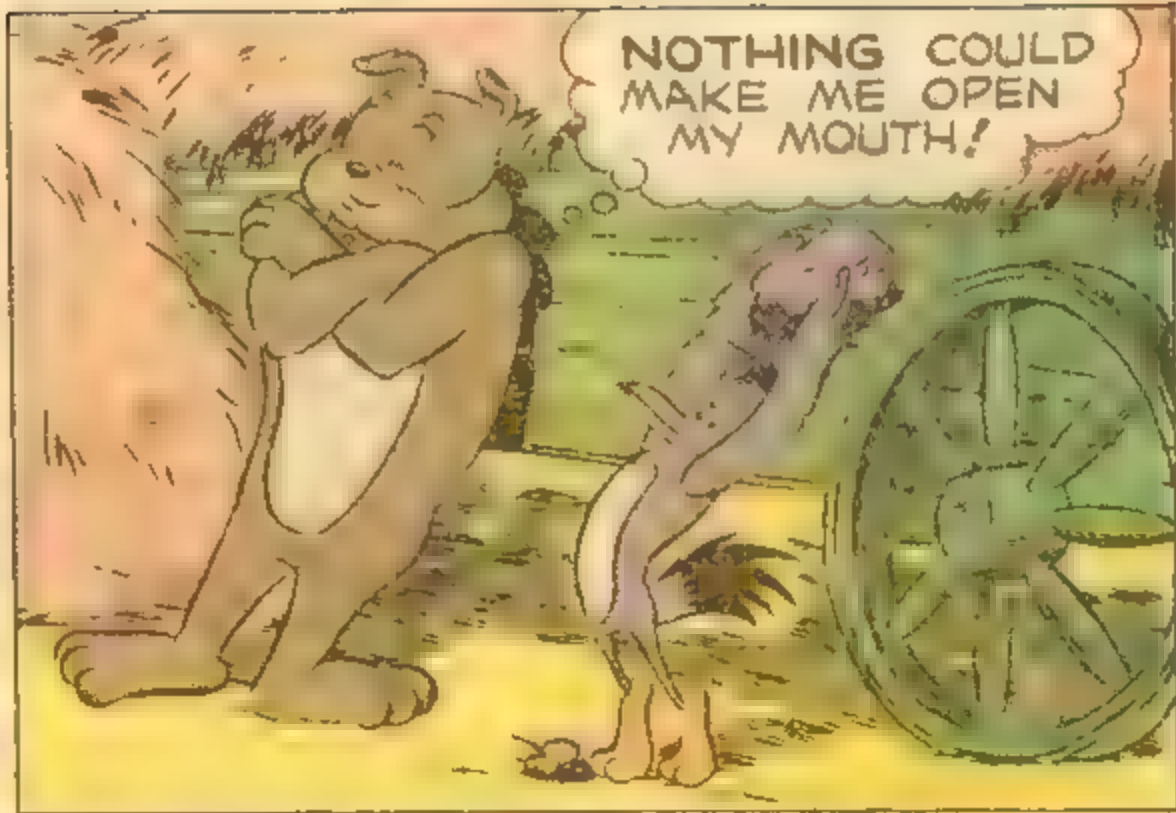
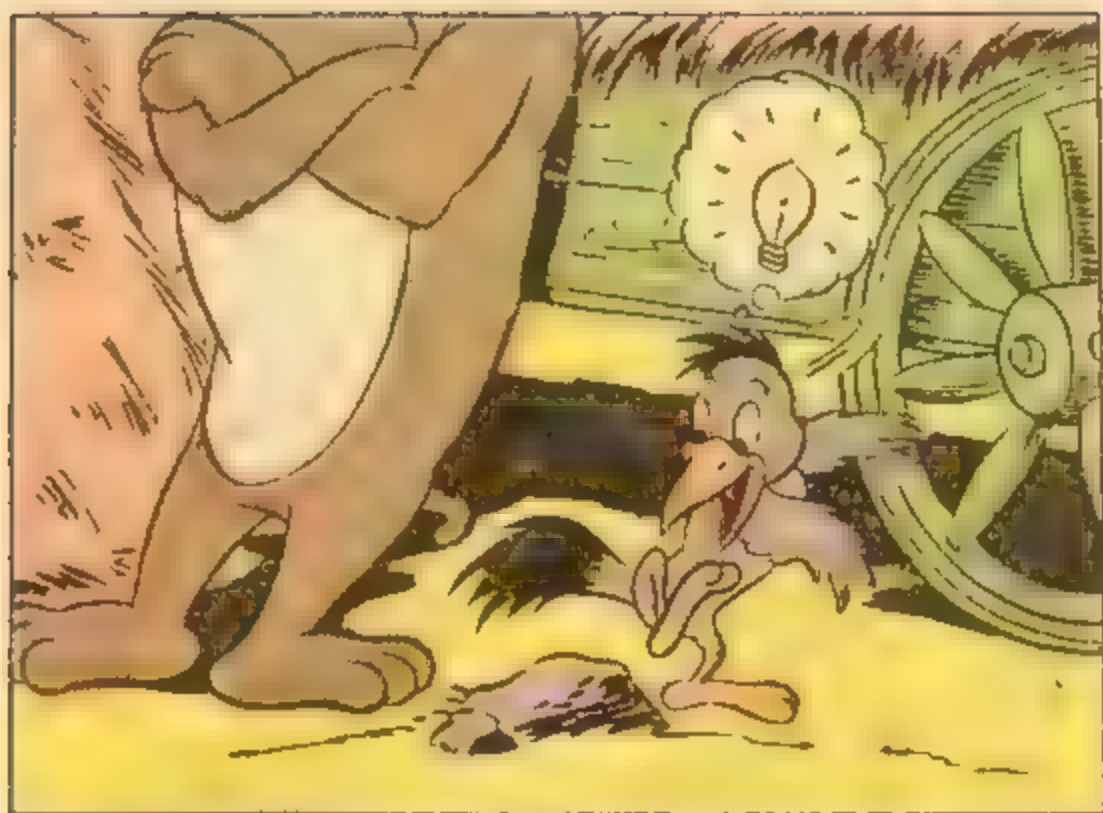
HEH, HEH! WHEN HE REALIZES HE CAN'T MOCK ME, HE'LL GO AWAY!

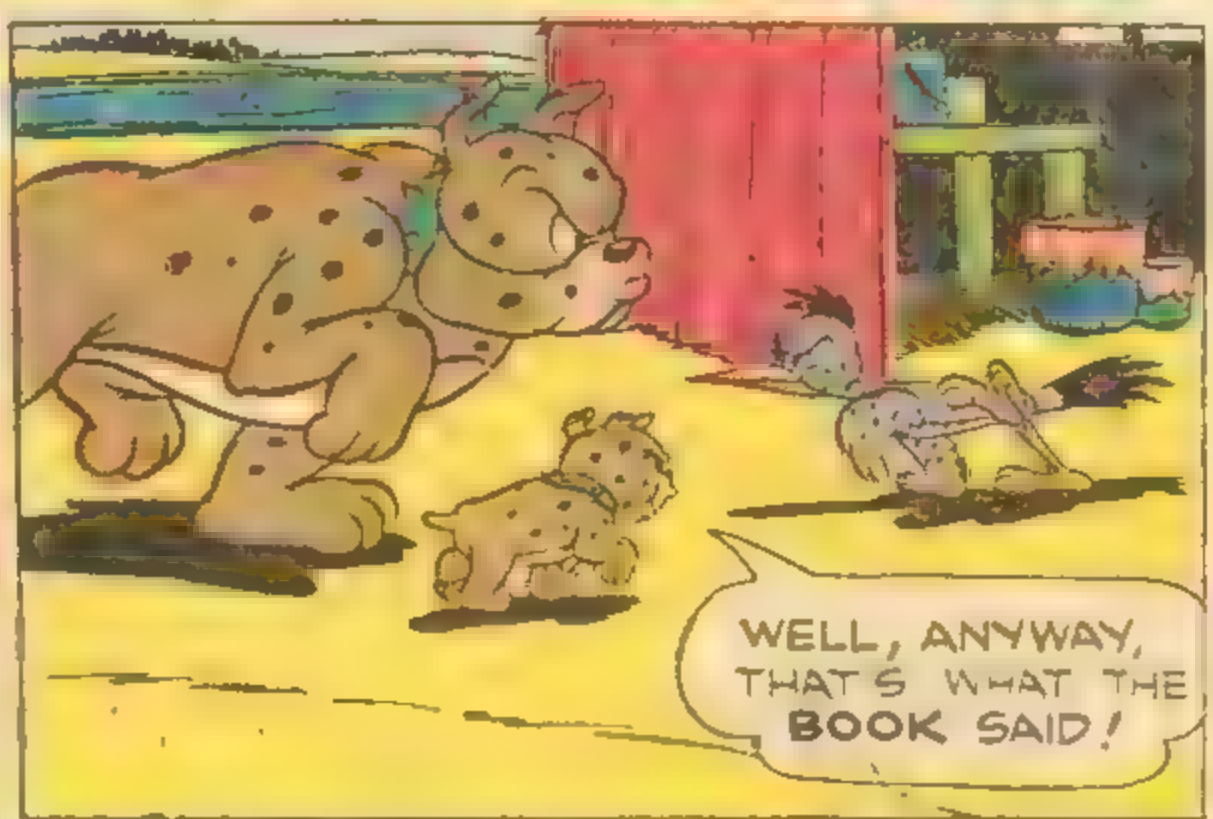
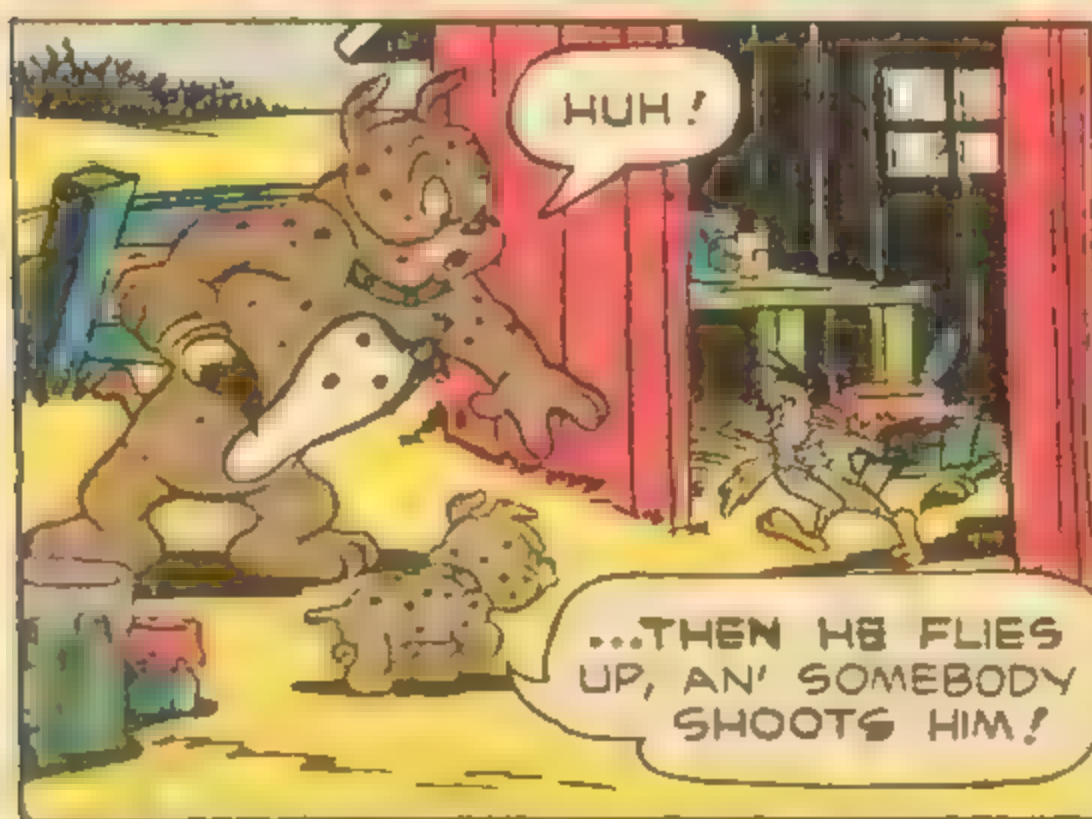
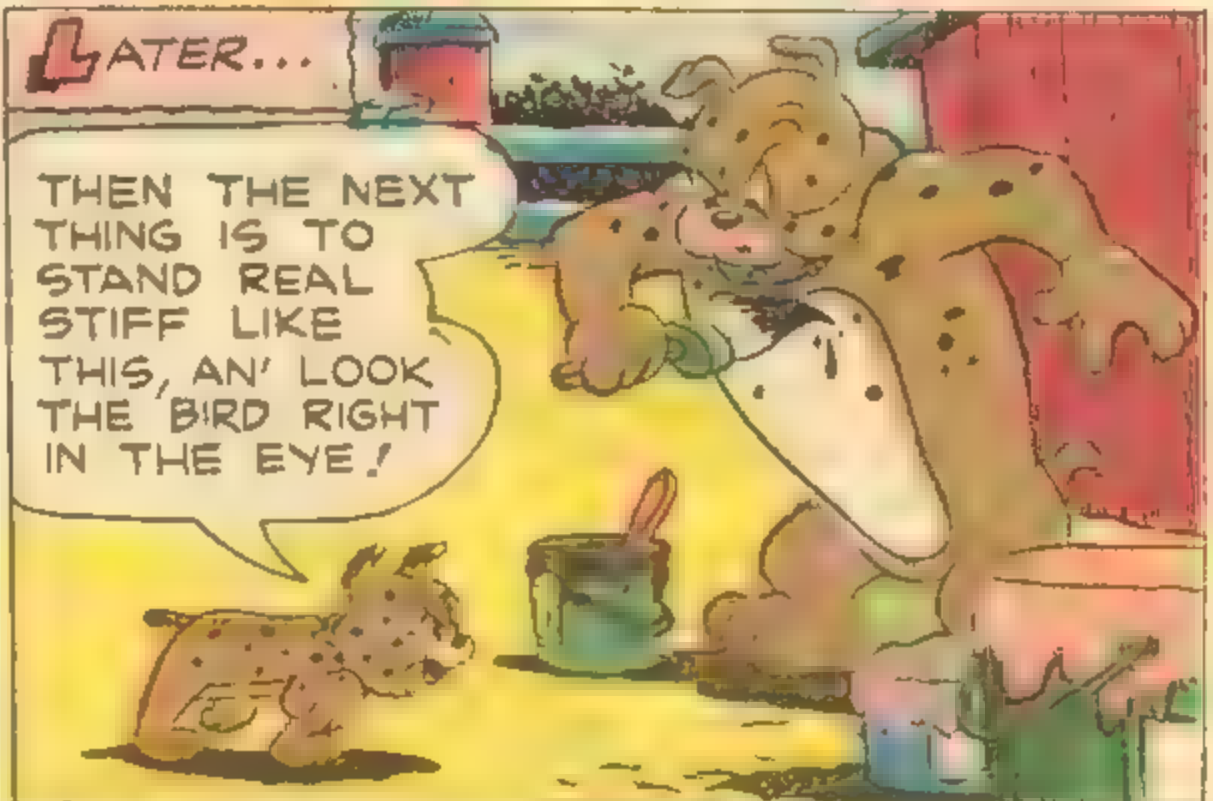
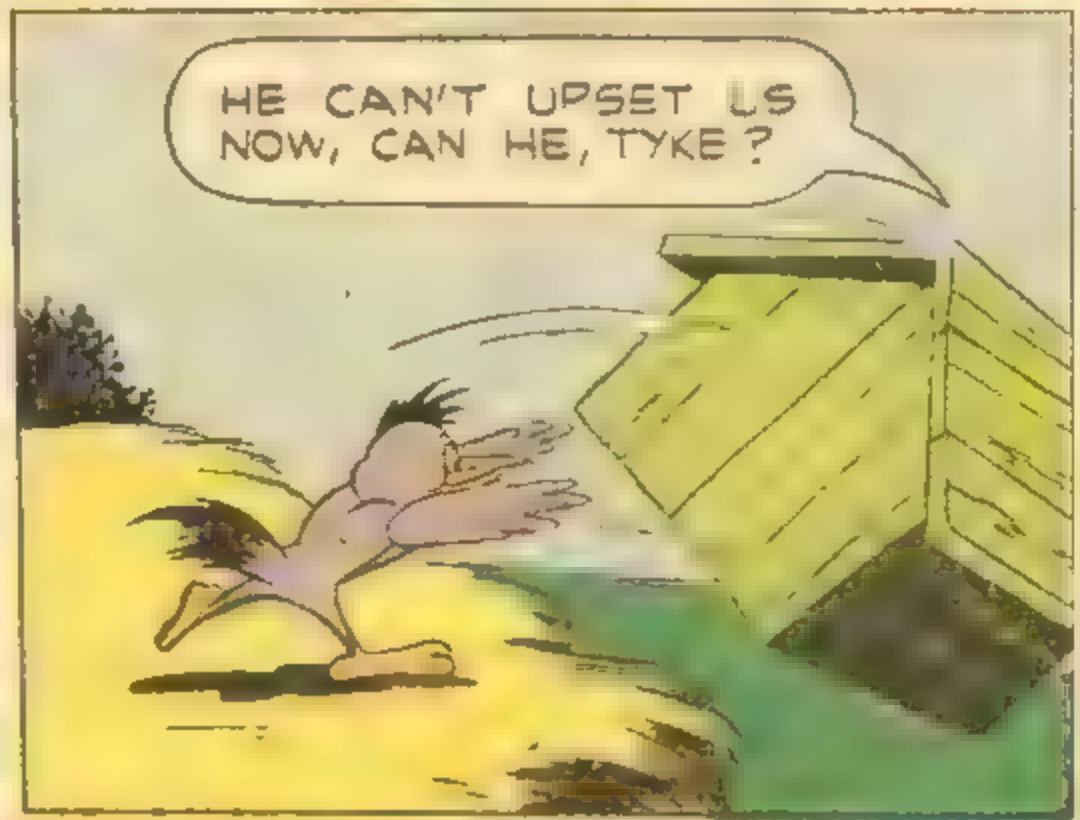
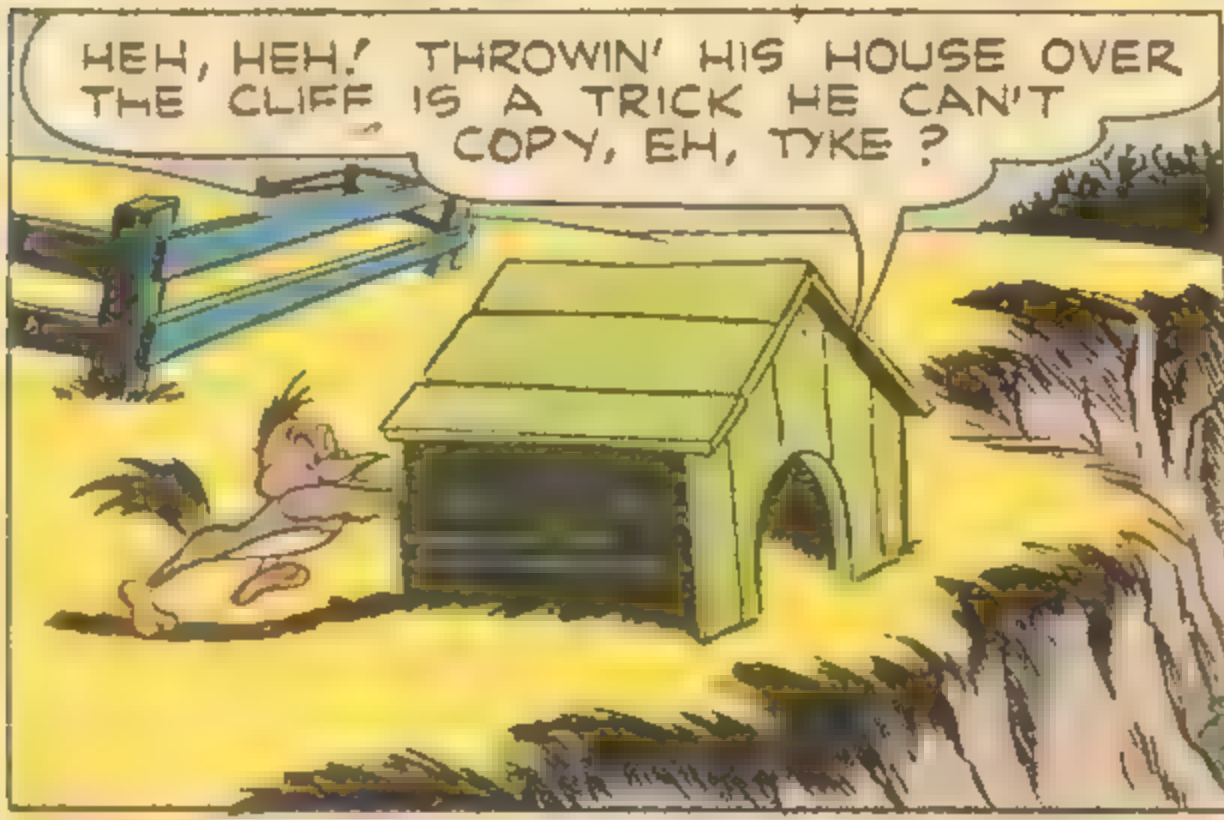
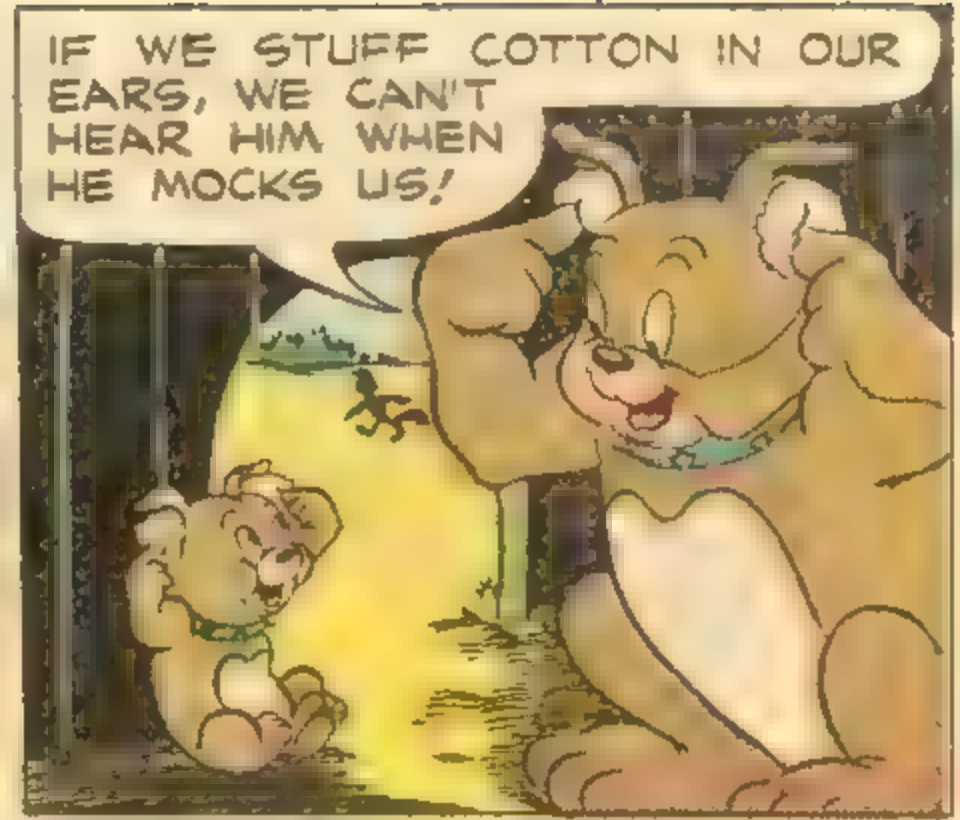
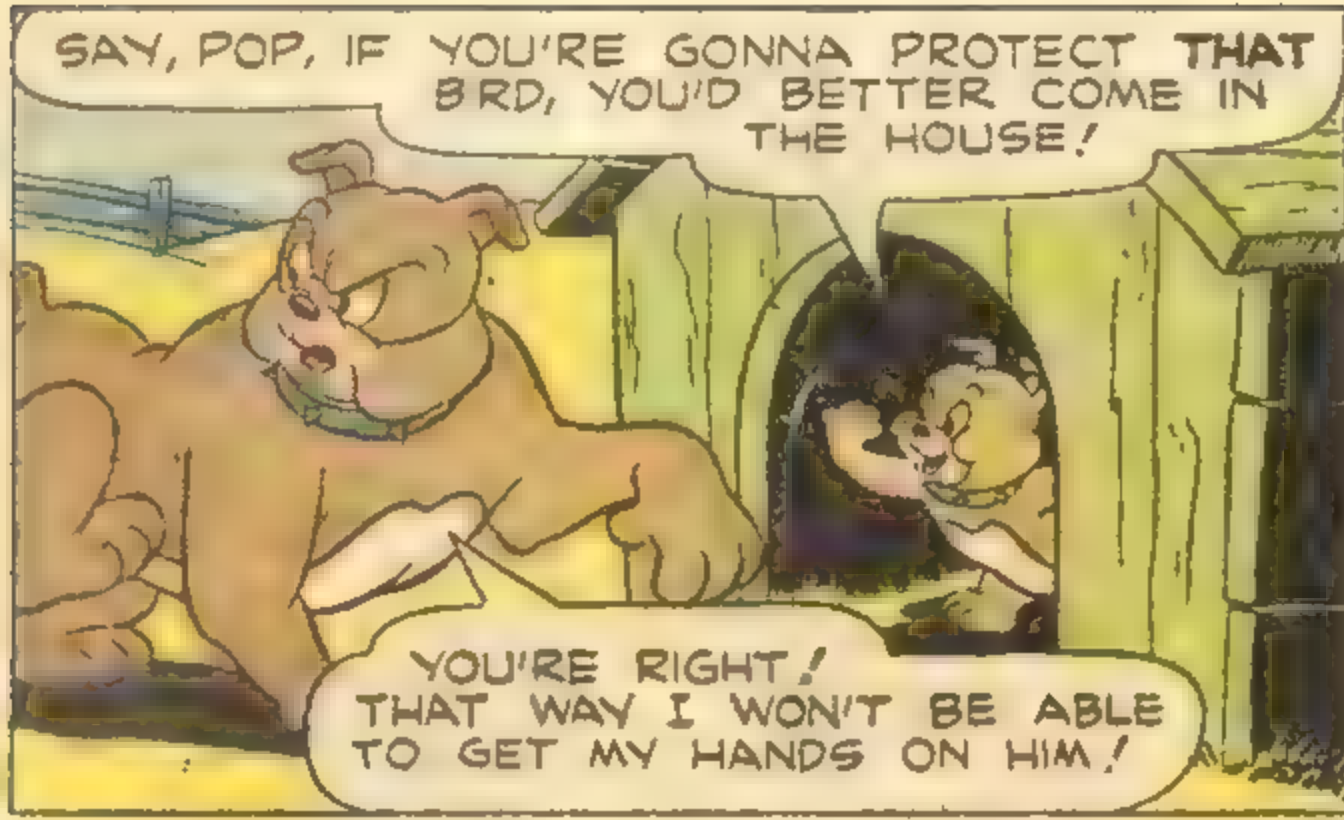


HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, NOW THAT I'M NOT TALKIN'!

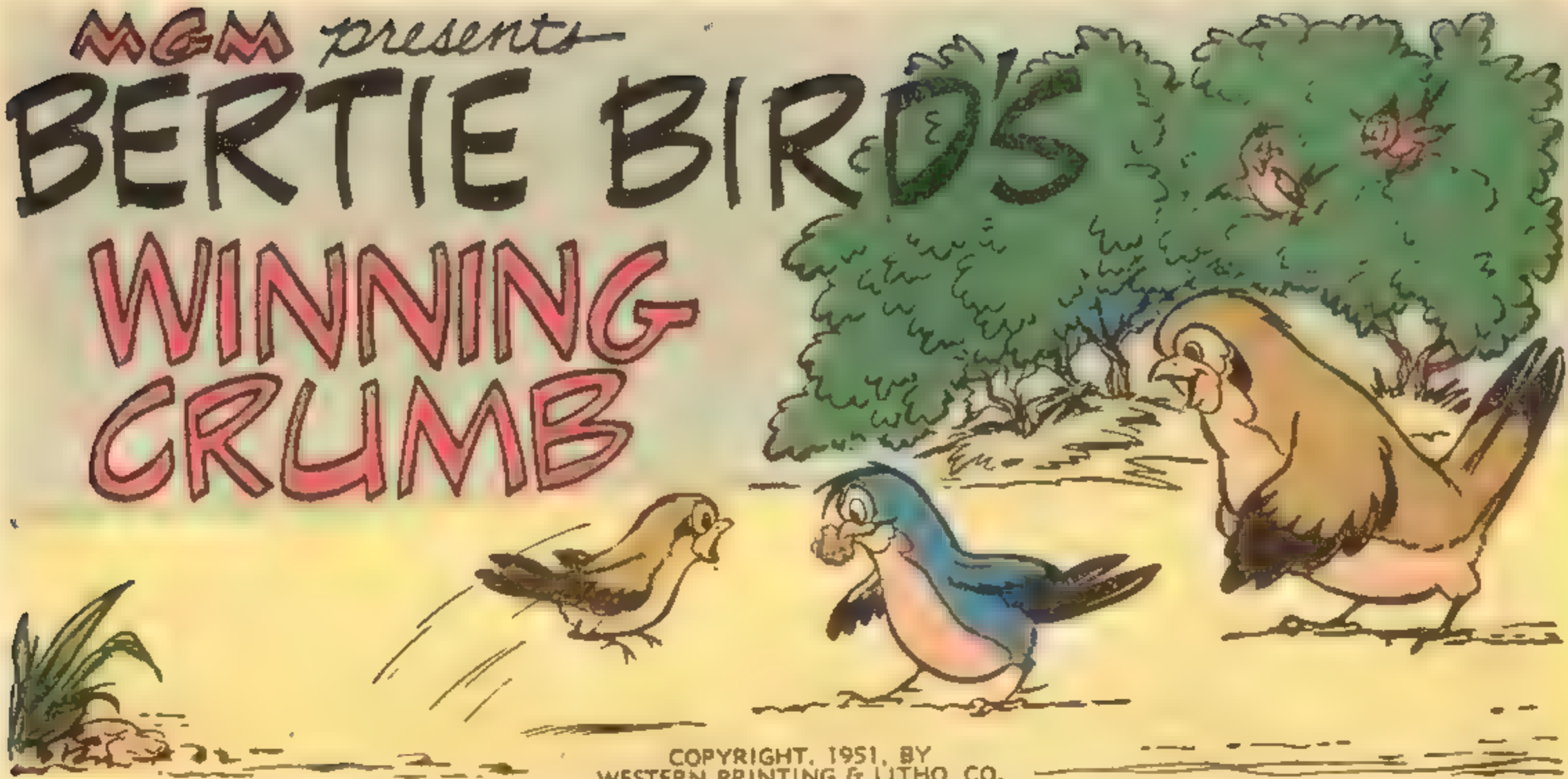


MOCKING BIRDS HAVE GOT TO HAVE SOMEBODY TO MOCK OR THEY'RE UNHAPPY!





MGM presents
BERTIE BIRDS
WINNING CRUMB



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"Spring is here, spring is here," twittered Bertie Bird happily, as he hopped along near the big house, looking for something extra good to eat. "But I do hope that little girl is still putting crumbs out for us," he added. "She fed us the most delicious crumbs all winter!"

Bertie Bird stopped under the window—the special good window, he called it. Sure enough, there were the crumbs—nice big crunchy ones and little sweet ones that would just melt in his mouth. Quickly Bertie pecked at the food—mmmm, it tasted good.

But Bertie's enjoyment was short-lived, for suddenly, on the wind, came a cry of distress. "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" Bertie stopped eating and cocked his head. The cat must be nearby, he thought. His bright beady eyes darted that way and this way. But, no—the cat was nowhere in sight.

Soon the voice came again. "Come now, come now, come now!" It twittered excitedly, and it came from around the corner of the house. Cautiously Bertie hopped along the sidewalk and peered around the corner. And there, on the ground, was a tiny baby bird! Quivering with fear, it sat watching its anxious mother.

"Please," pleaded the mother bird, "please take one little hop—just a little one, baby." But the tiny bird just sat.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," moaned the

mother bird. "If only you could fly! The cat will surely get you here!"

At that, the tiny bird looked more frightened than ever, and tiny tears fell from its eyes.

"There, there," soothed the mother bird quickly. "I'll get you safely off the ground somehow. But," she sighed, "I wish you'd try to hop! Just a wee little step—like this!"

"My goodness, I'll have to do something to help her," thought Bertie Bird. "That baby is so scared, he can't move! He hasn't yet learned how to fly, he's such a little fellow. But what can I do?"

Then Bertie had an idea. "Oh, Mrs. Bird," he said, "I'd be glad to help. Perhaps if I take hold of your baby, he'll feel safer."

"Oh, hello, Bertie," sighed the mother bird happily. "I'm so glad to see you! My poor baby fell out of the nest, and I can't get him back! If you can help me somehow, I'll be ever so grateful."

So Bertie took hold of the little fellow's wing and said, "Come, let's hop together," and then Bertie took a very little hop. But the baby bird just sat and Bertie had to let go so he wouldn't pull his wing feathers out.

Then Bertie tried it from the other side. "Come, now, like a big boy!" he coaxed. "It's easy! See—" And Bertie took another little hop. But again, the baby bird just sat.

At that, the mother bird got Bertie's

idea. She took the baby's other wing and said, "We'll all hop together. Ready? Here we go, now! There's nothing to be afraid of, with someone on either side of you." So Bertie Bird hopped, and the mother bird hopped, but the baby bird just sat.

"I'm afraid that isn't going to do it," said Bertie, shaking his head. "Do you suppose if I—uh—pushed him just a little—?"

"Pushed him?" asked the anxious mother bird doubtfully. "Well, we must do something! But please be careful. He's very little, you know."

So Bertie gave the baby bird a gentle nudge. But still the tiny thing just sat. Bertie nudged a little harder and then a little harder still. But the baby bird just sat and shook more than ever.

"I guess it's just no use," said Bertie at last. "He's still too scared to move."

At that the mother bird wept in despair. "Oh, my poor, poor baby," she cried. "What ever will I do?"

And then Bertie had an inspiration. Quickly, he flew around the corner and picked up a big crunchy crumb. Back he went with it to the baby bird. Right up under its nose.

When the tiny bird smelled the crumb, he cocked his head, stretched his neck, and said, "Peep!" And then he reached out to pluck the crumb from Bertie's beak. But Bertie was too fast for the baby. Quickly he took one little hop back and held out the crumb again. "Peep?" questioned the baby bird, stretching his neck as far as he could. But it wasn't far enough to reach the food.

Breathlessly, the mother bird watched. And then—and then, at last, the baby bird took a little hop toward Bertie!

"Oh! He hopped! He really hopped!" exclaimed the mother bird happily, as Bertie jumped back once more. And once more, the baby bird moved toward the crumb.

Again and again Bertie hopped back, and each time the tiny bird followed him, eager to have the crumb. At last Bertie had lured the baby bird under a bush.

"But he still isn't safe," thought Bertie. "I'll have to get him up into the bush, before he'll be out of danger. If only he'll keep following me."

Bertie hopped on a low-hanging twig and held out the tempting crumb once more. The baby bird stopped for a moment, and then, he too, hopped up onto the twig. At that, Bertie moved to a little higher branch, and the tiny bird followed him. Up and up moved Bertie, going higher and higher into safety. And each time, the baby bird followed.

At last, Bertie and the baby bird were well above the ground and out of danger.

"Oh, Bertie," said the mother bird, "you're wonderful! You saved my baby's life! And I'm going to tell everyone about it!"

But modest little Bertie just smiled and held out the crumb once more. And this time he let the baby bird have the delicious morsel.

Then suddenly a burst of happy twittering filled the air. The nearby bushes and trees seemed to come alive with flocks of Bertie's friends.

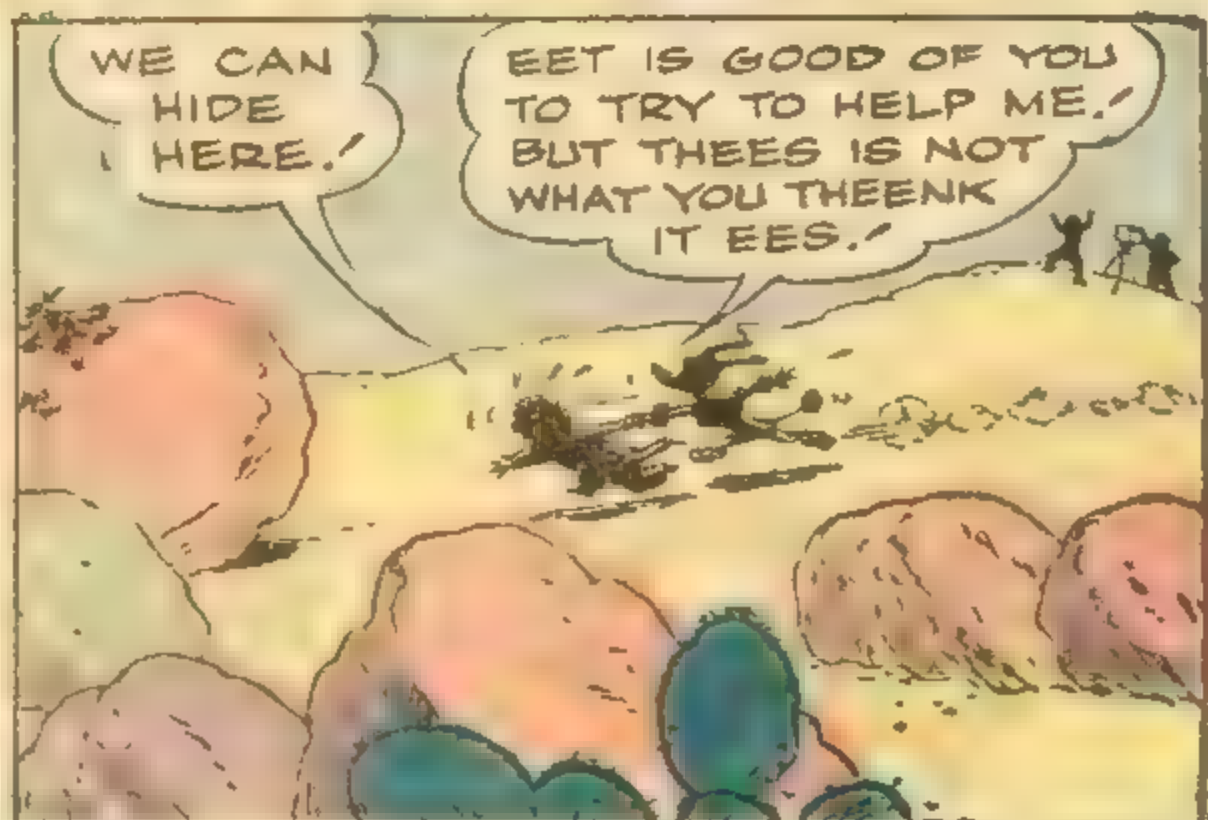
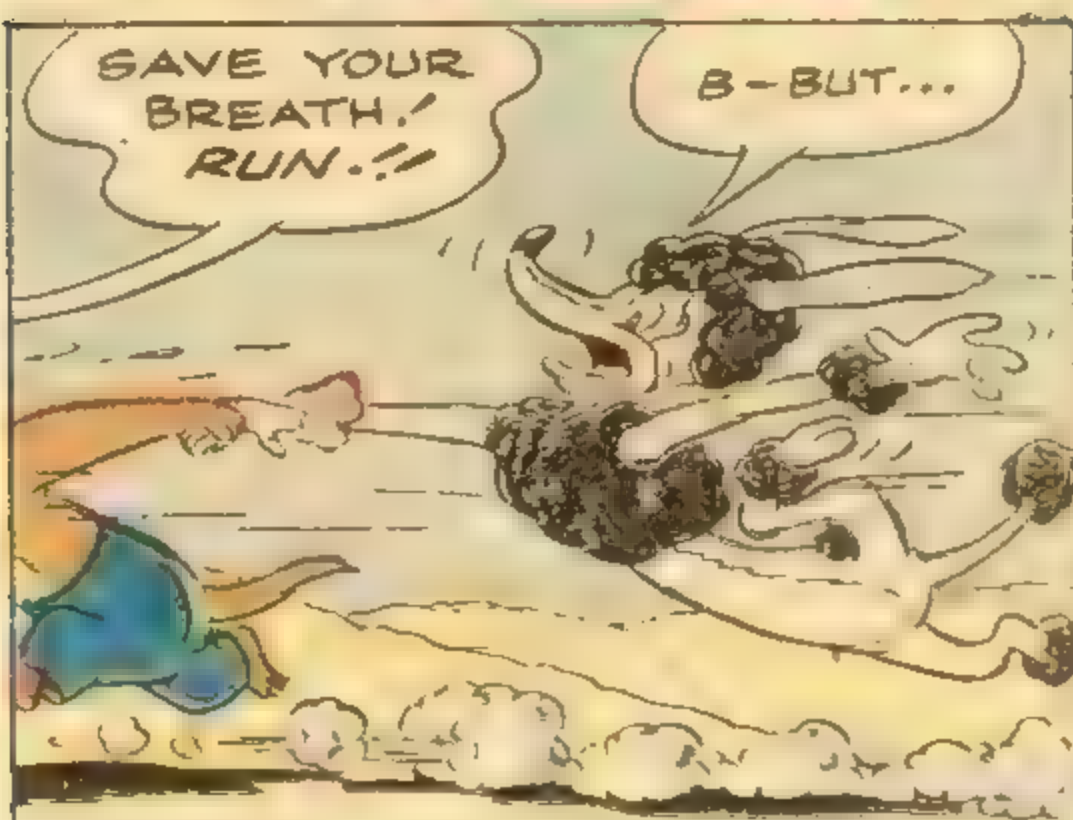
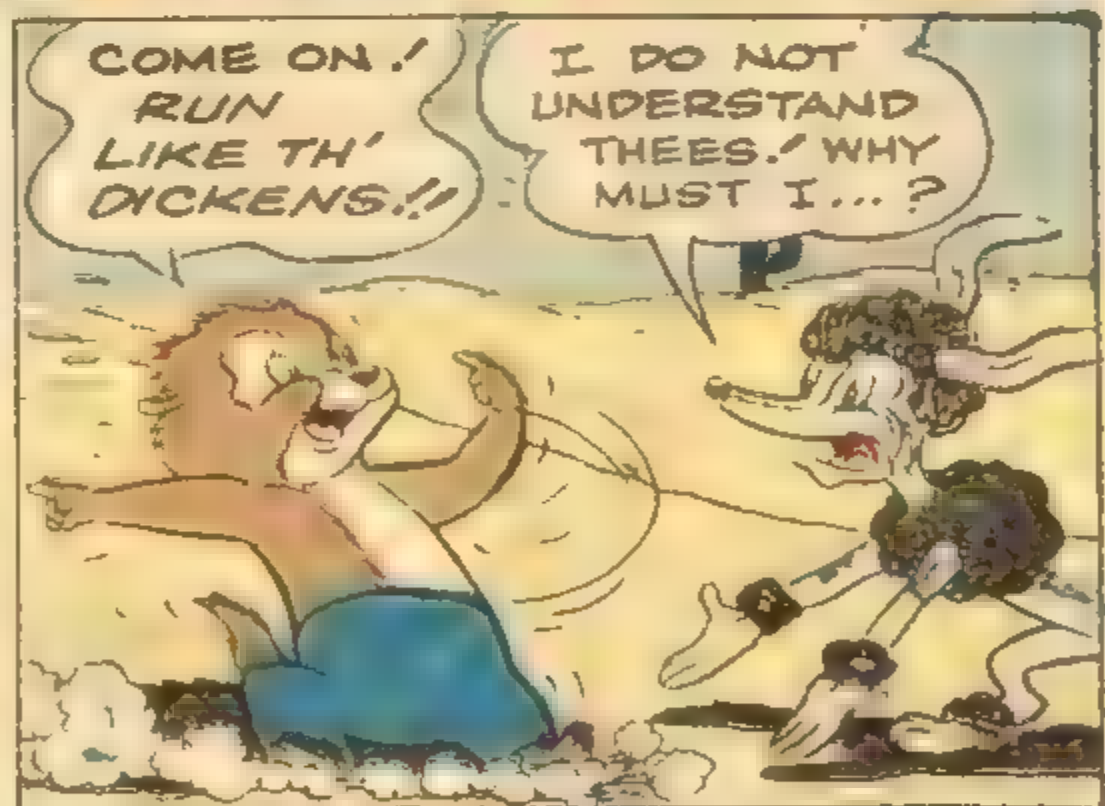
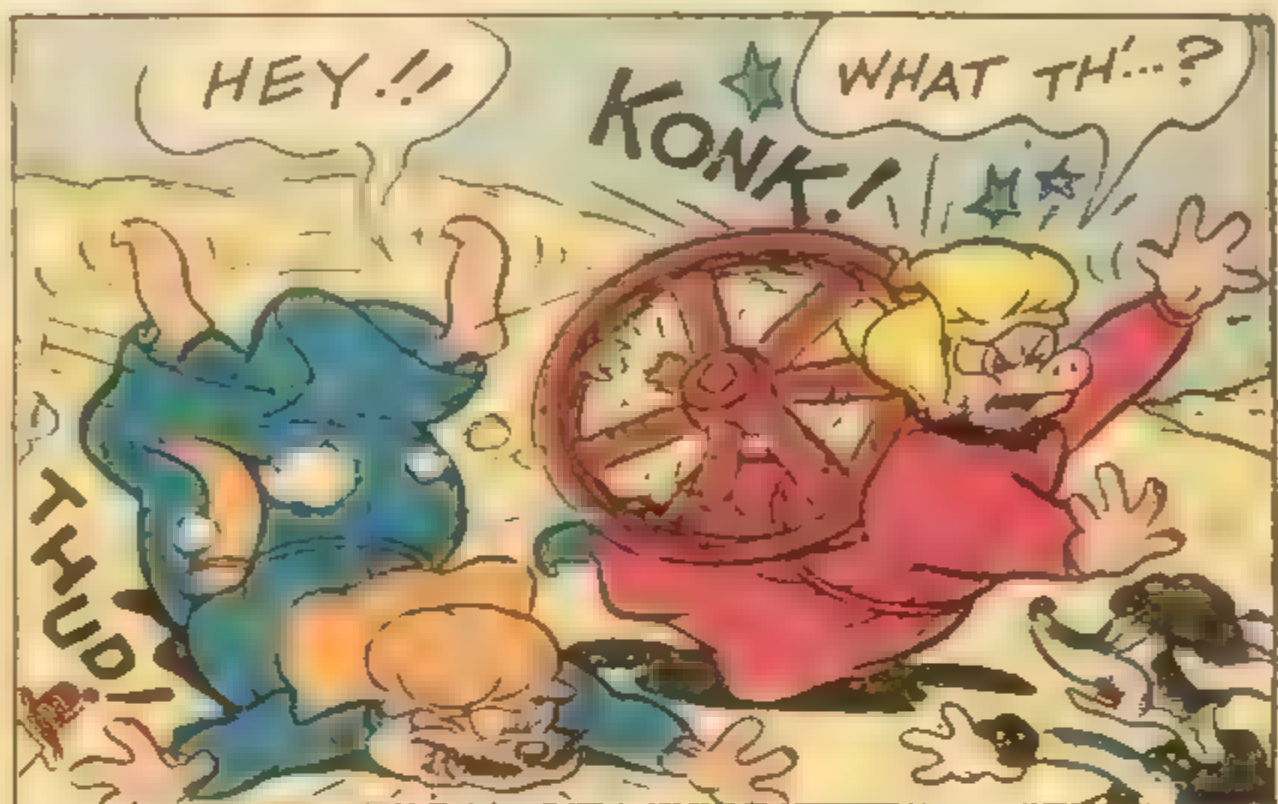
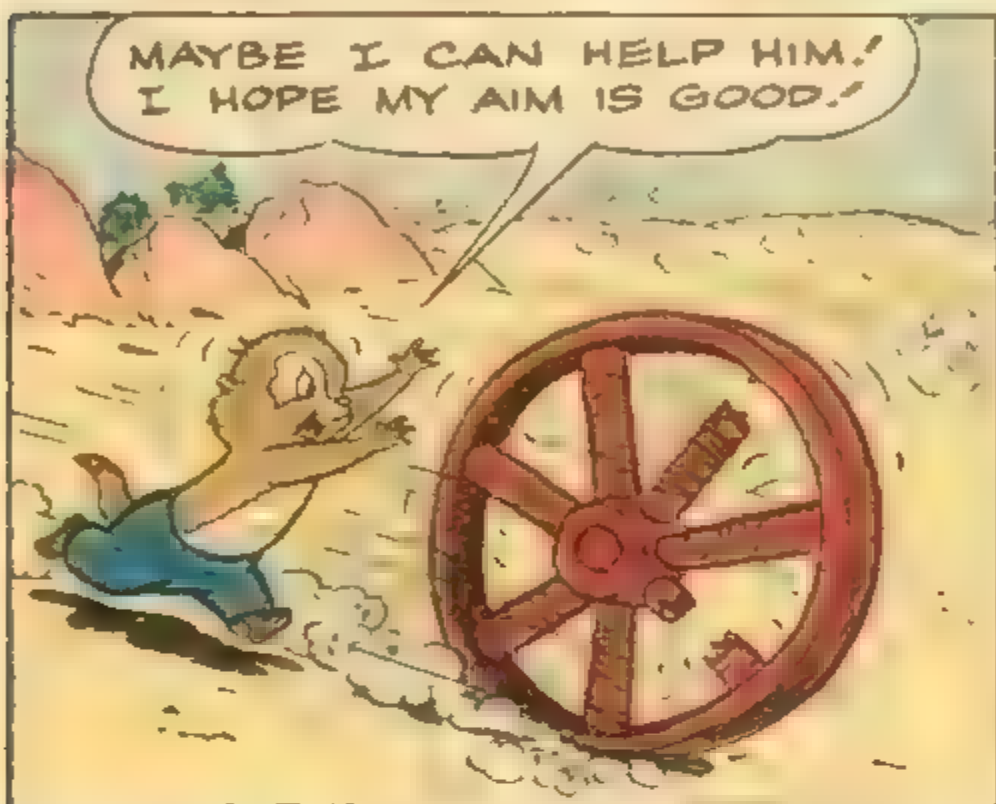
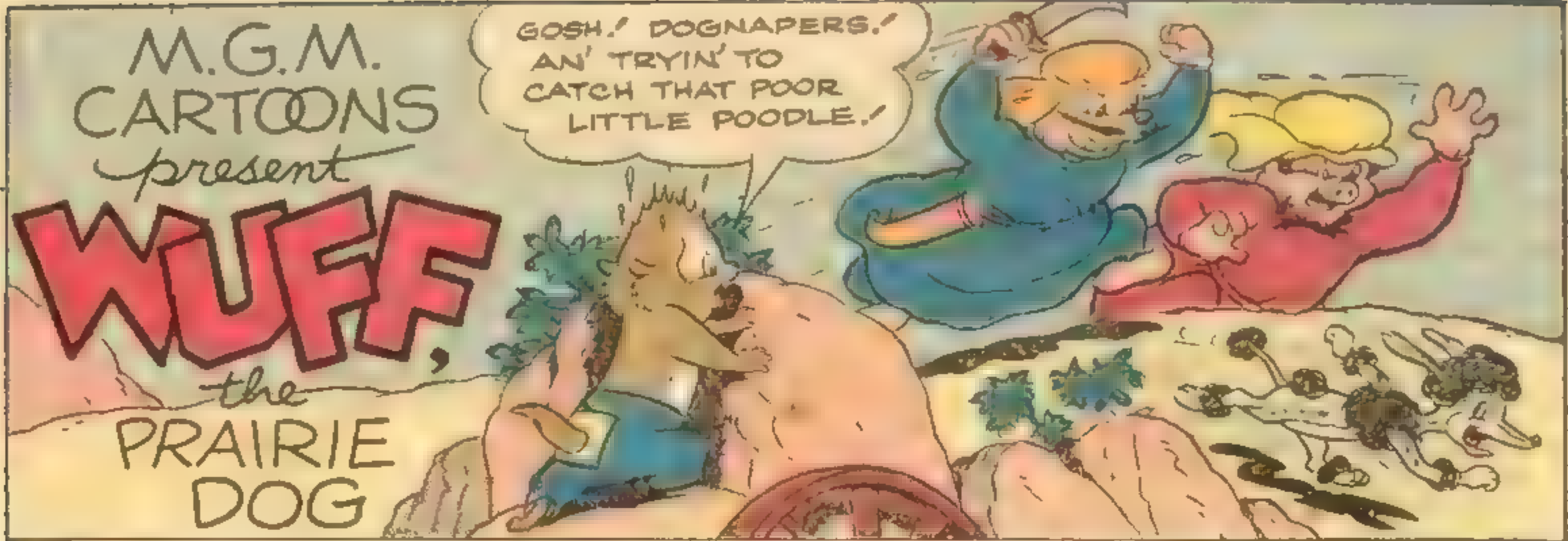
"Wonderful!"

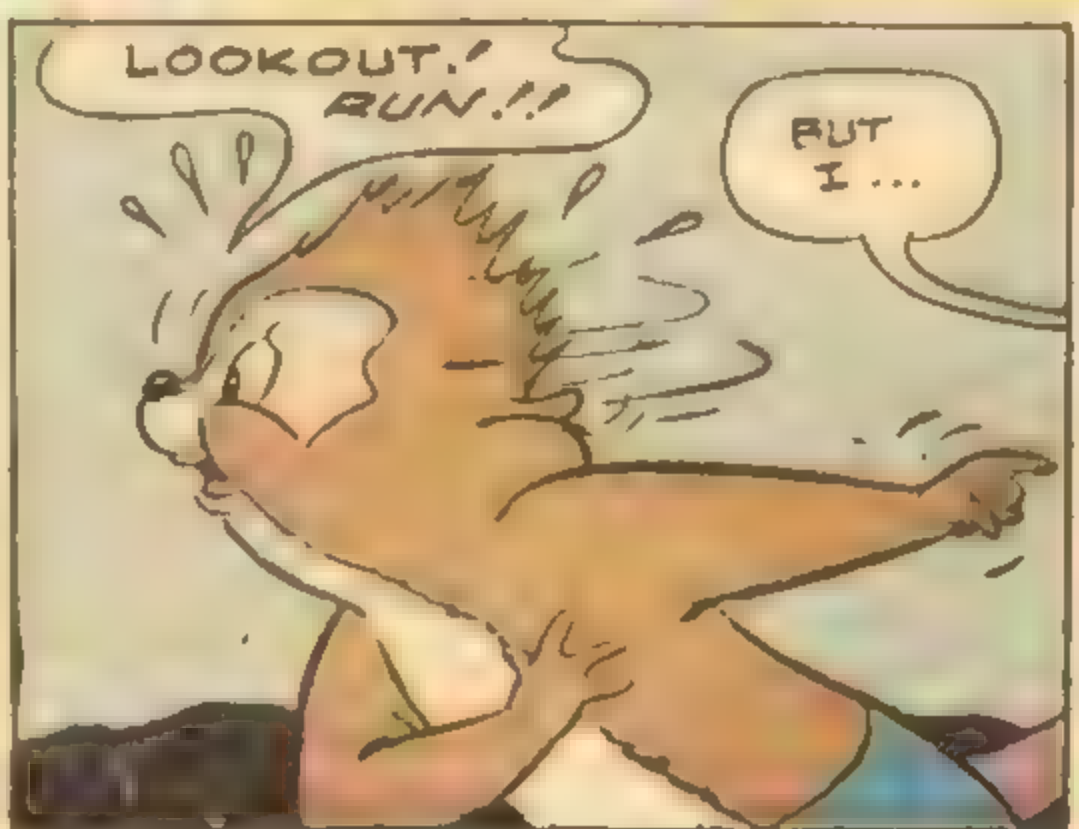
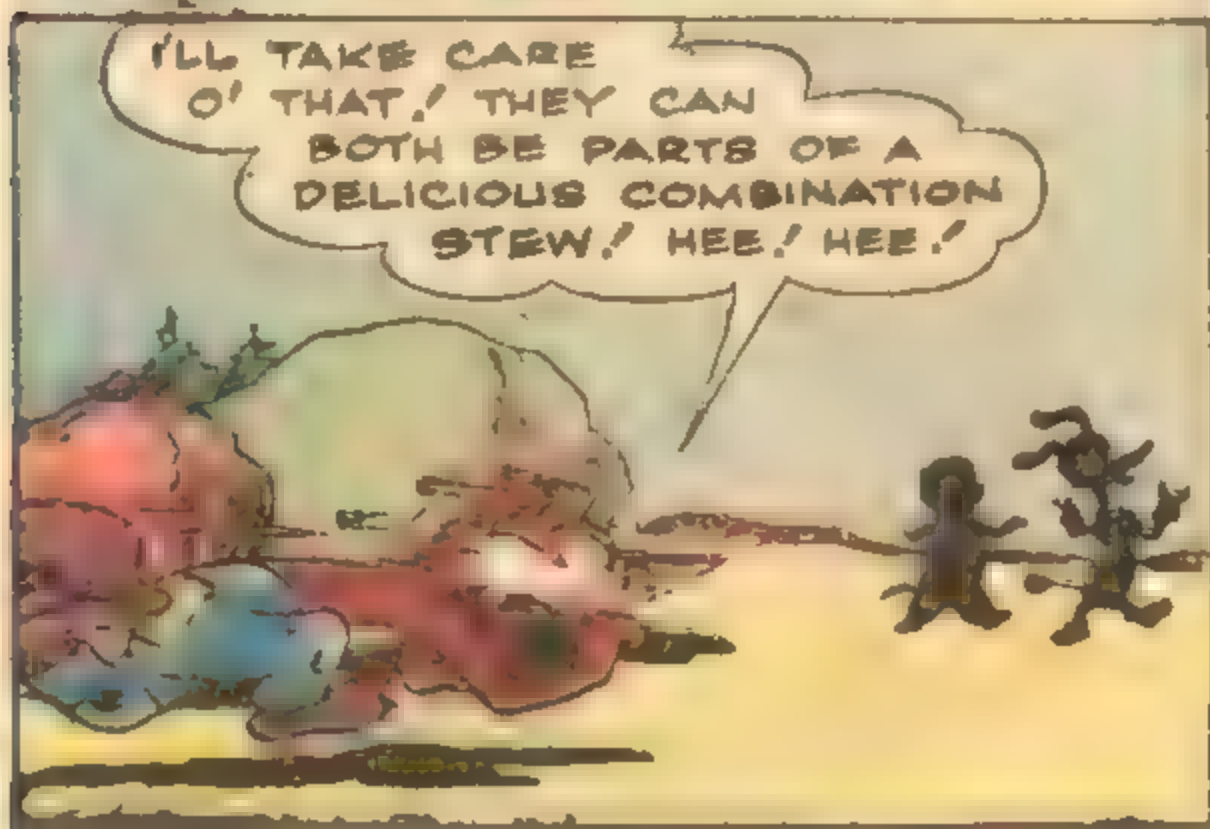
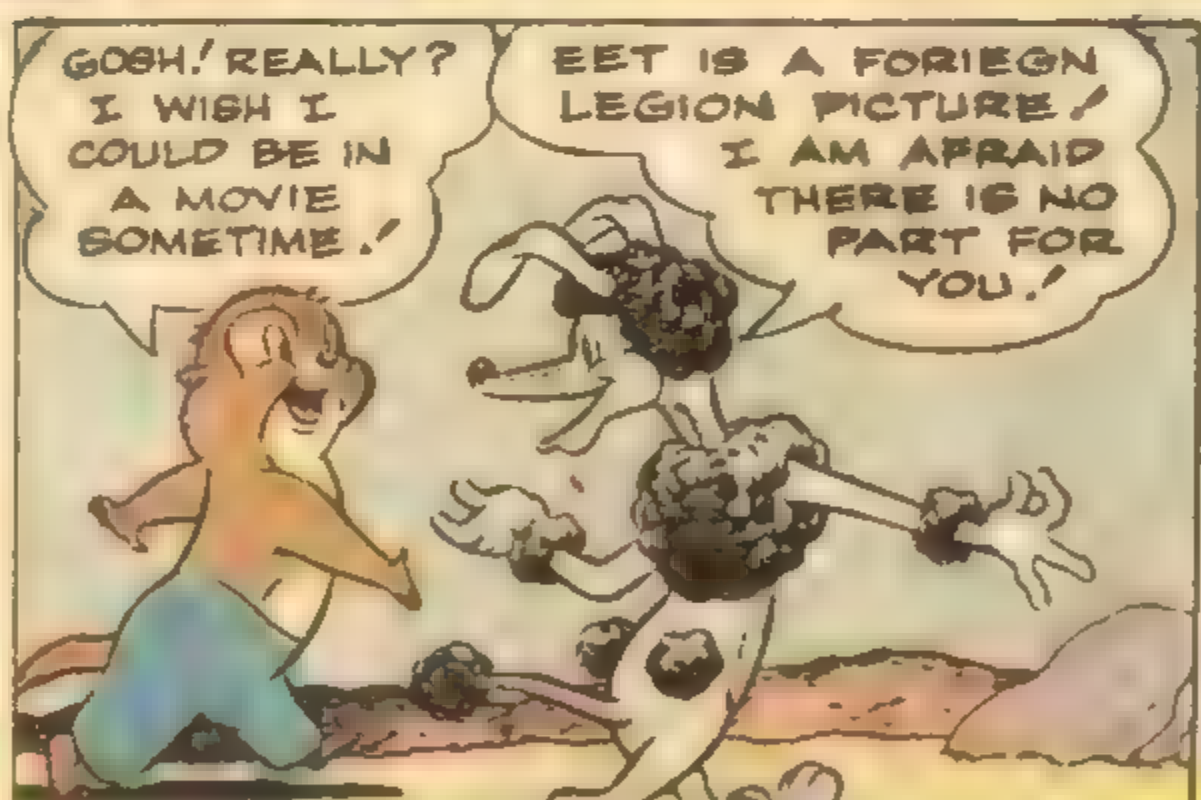
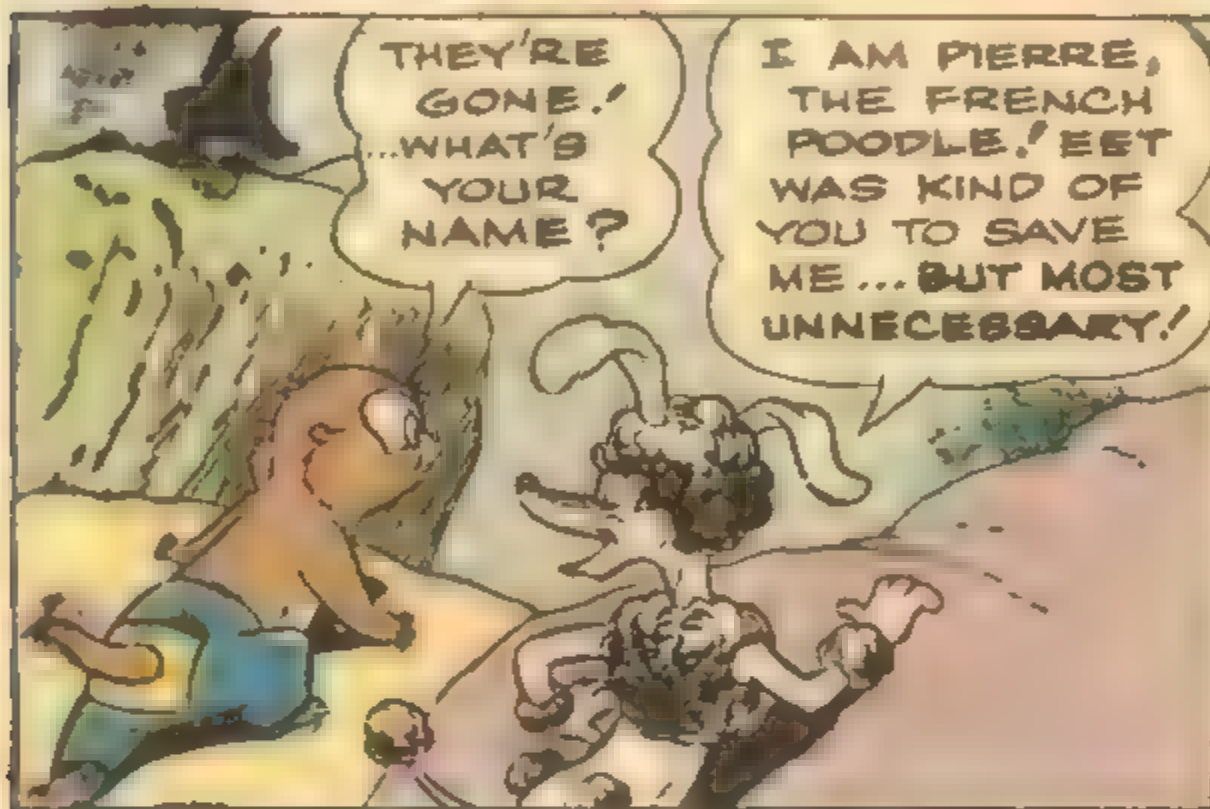
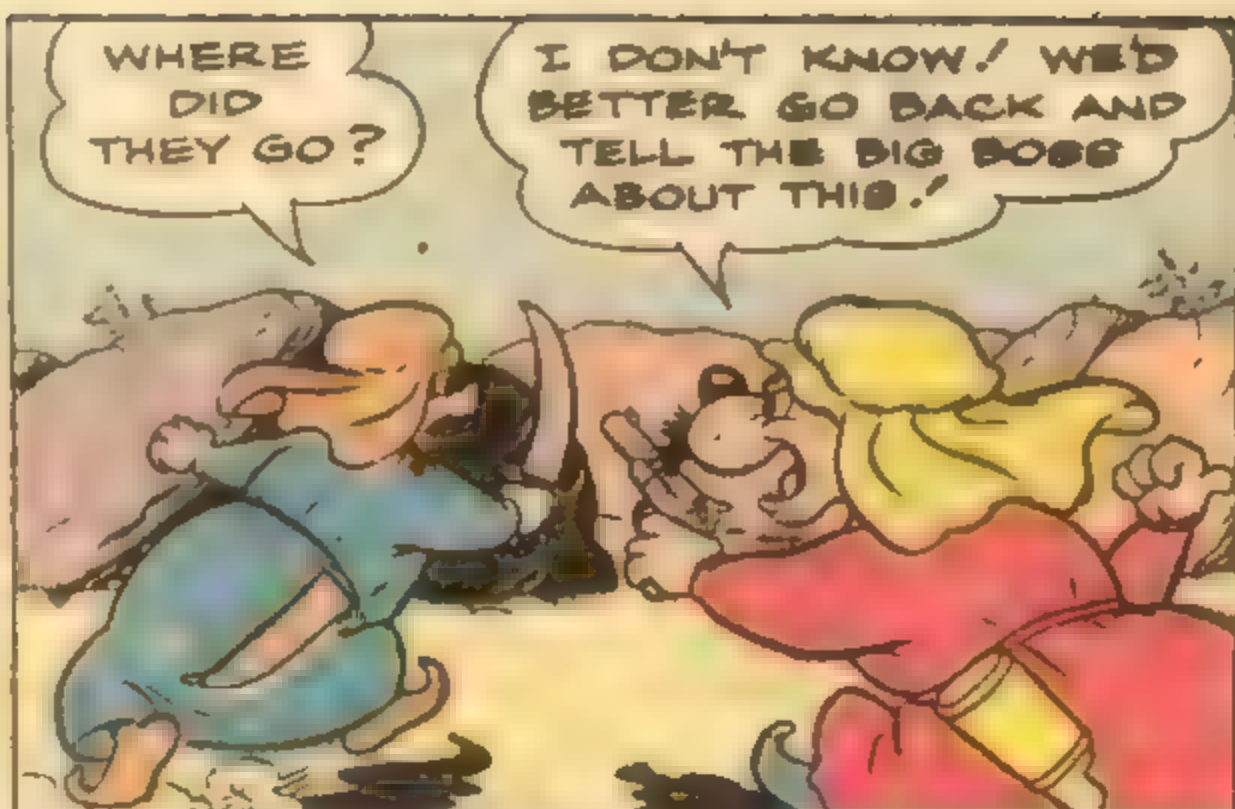
"Marvelous!"

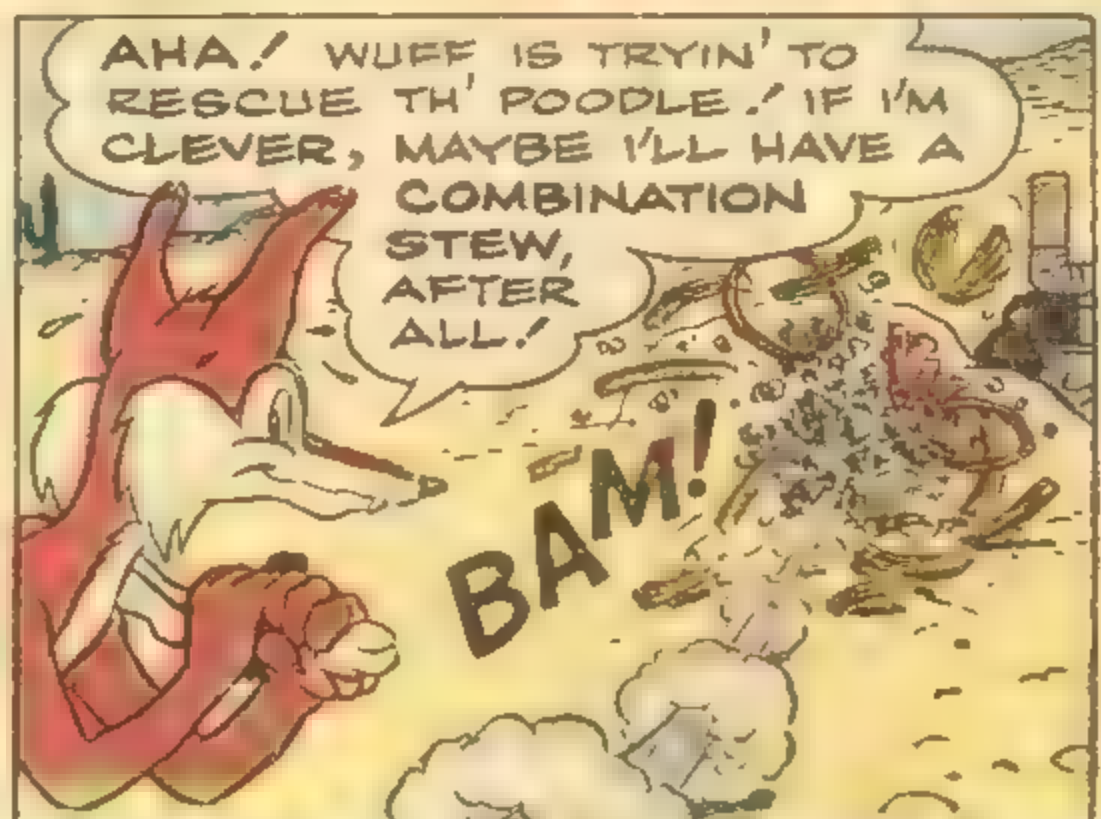
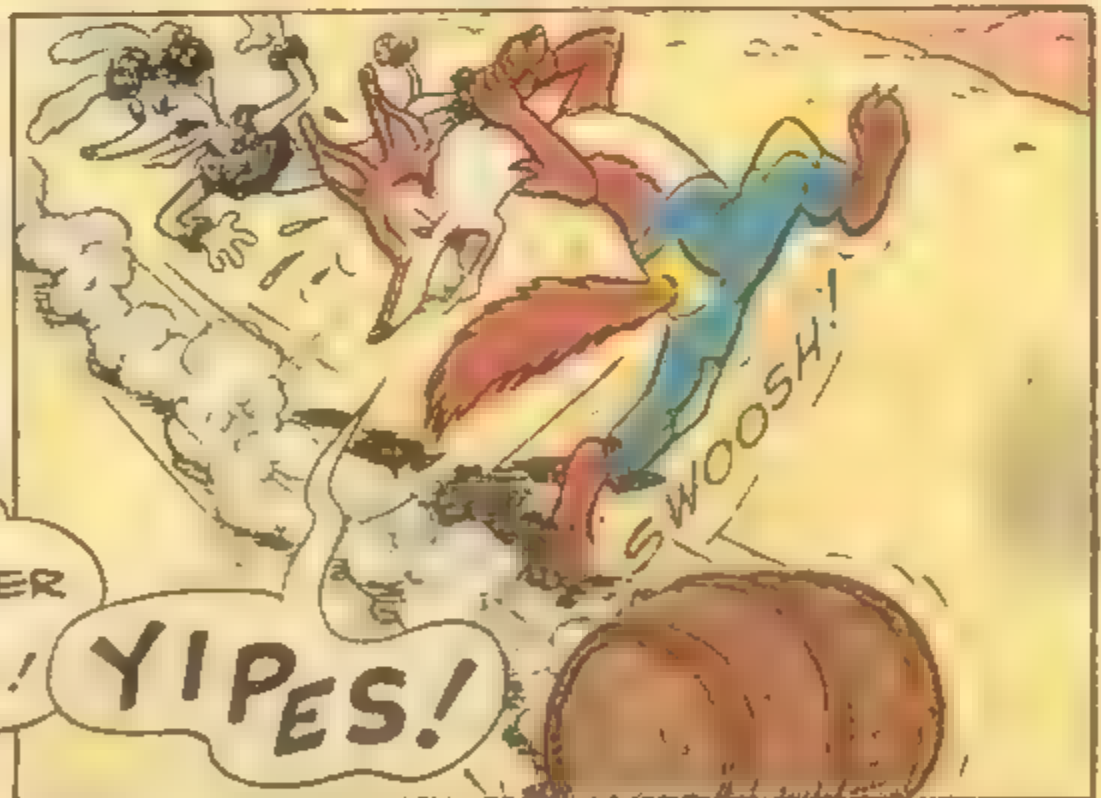
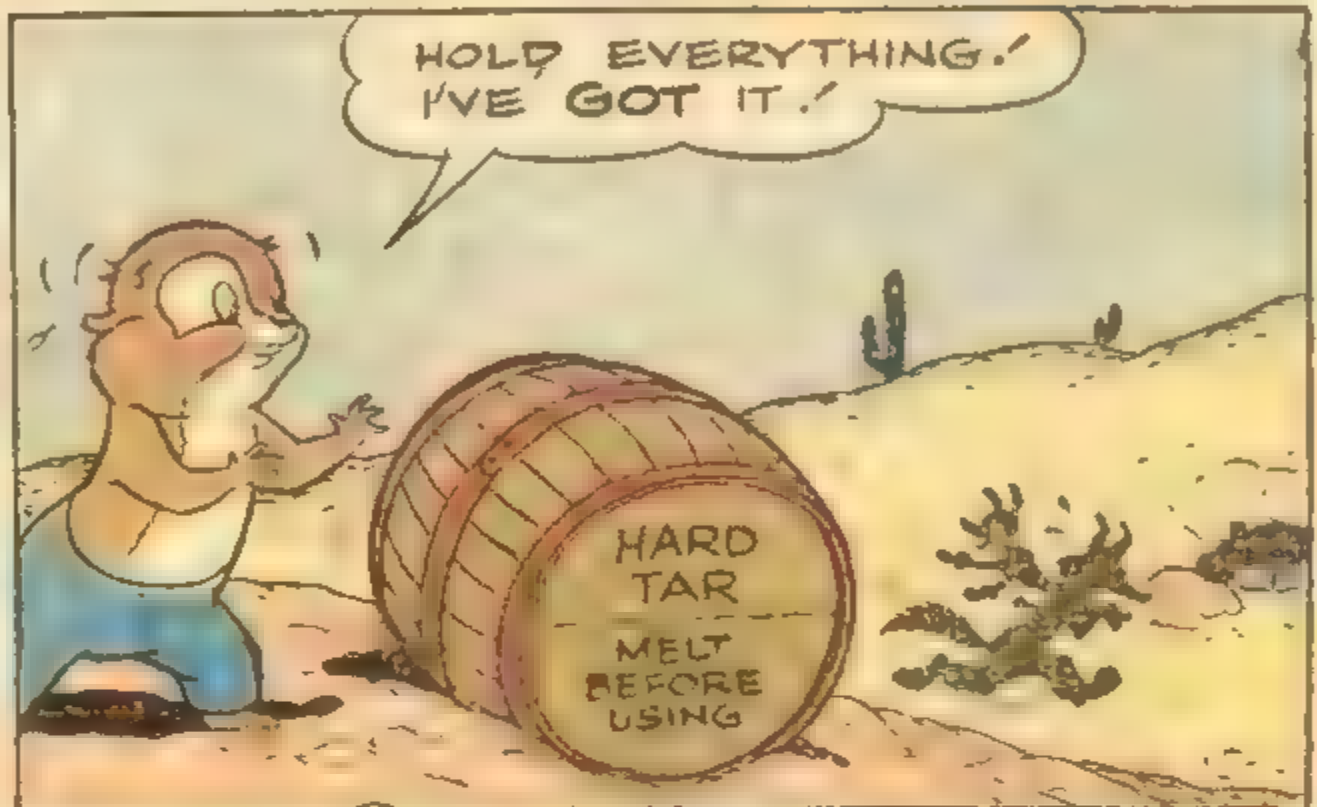
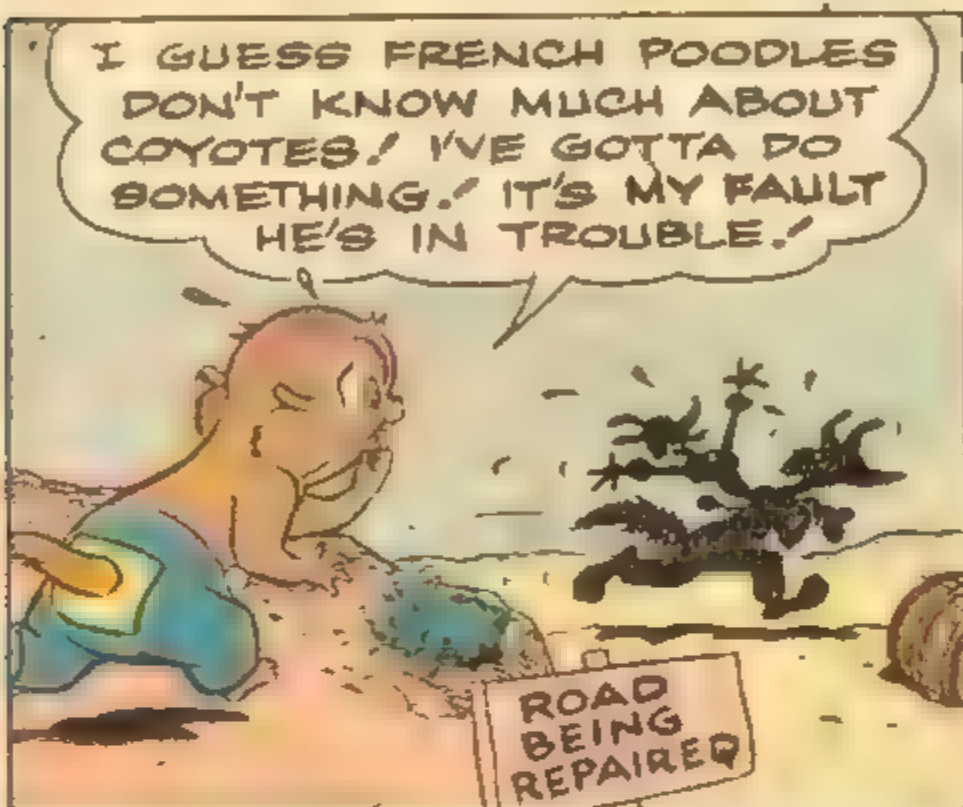
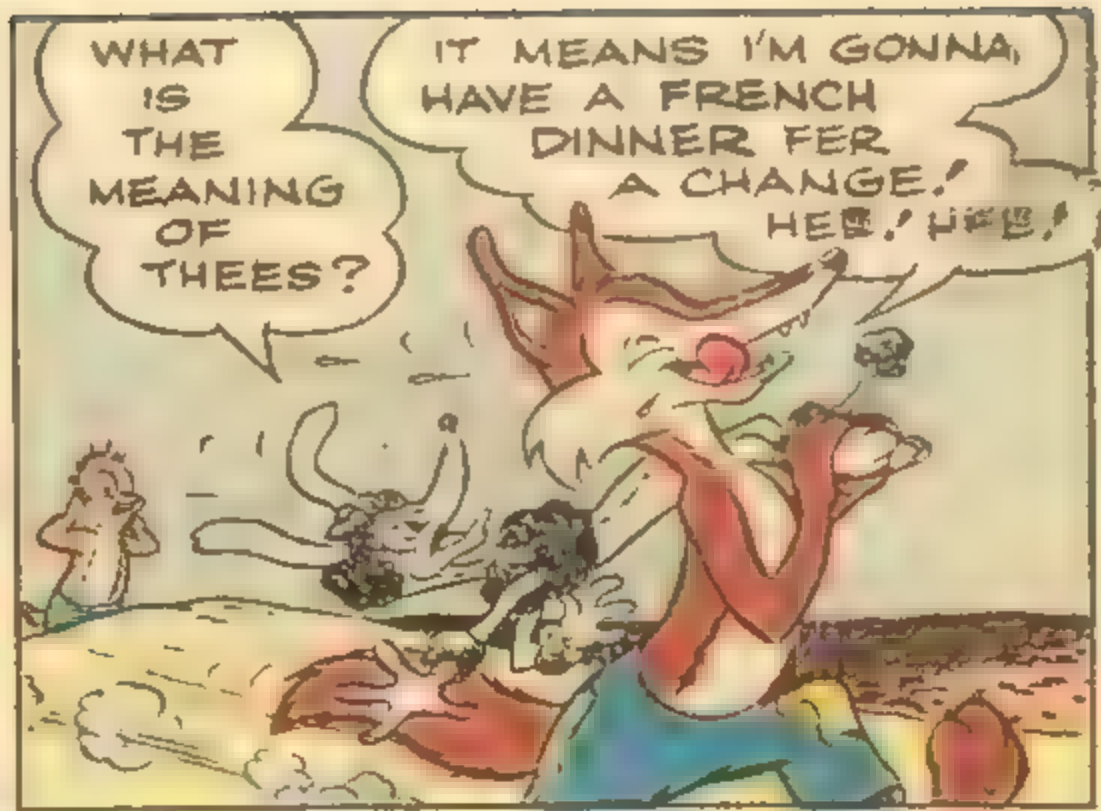
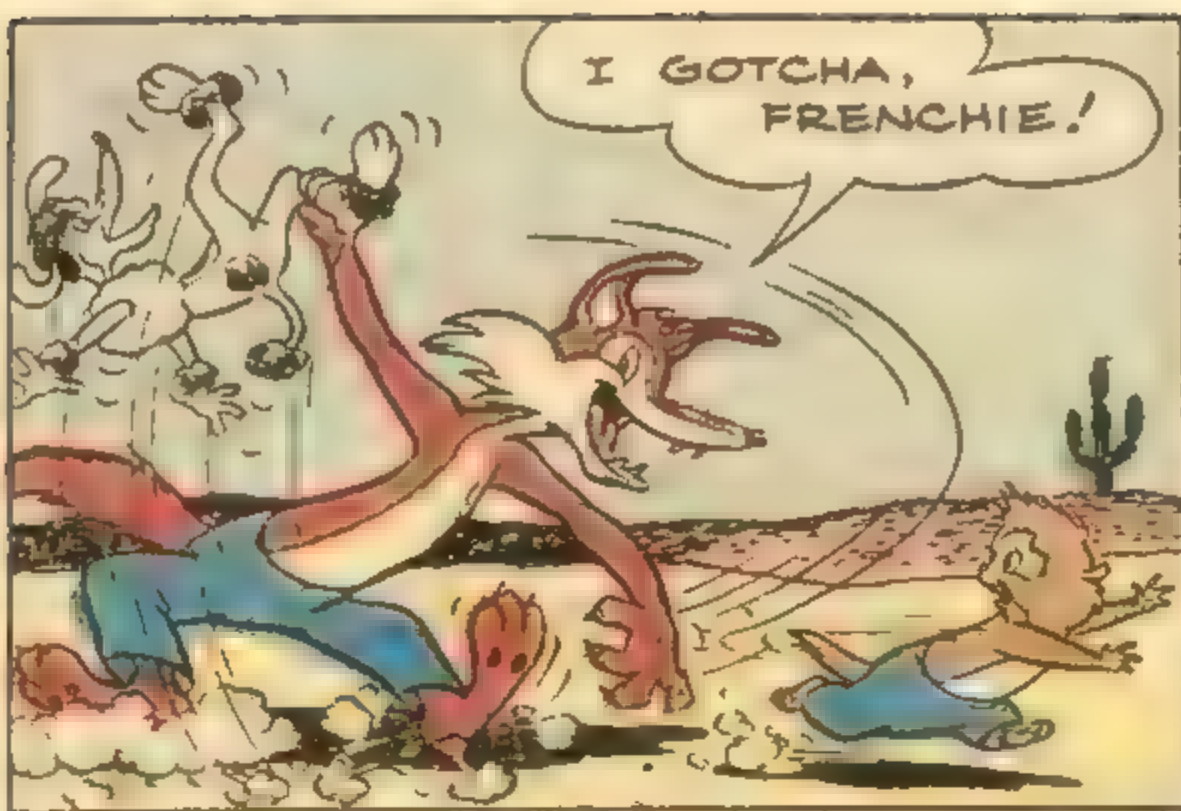
"Bravo!"

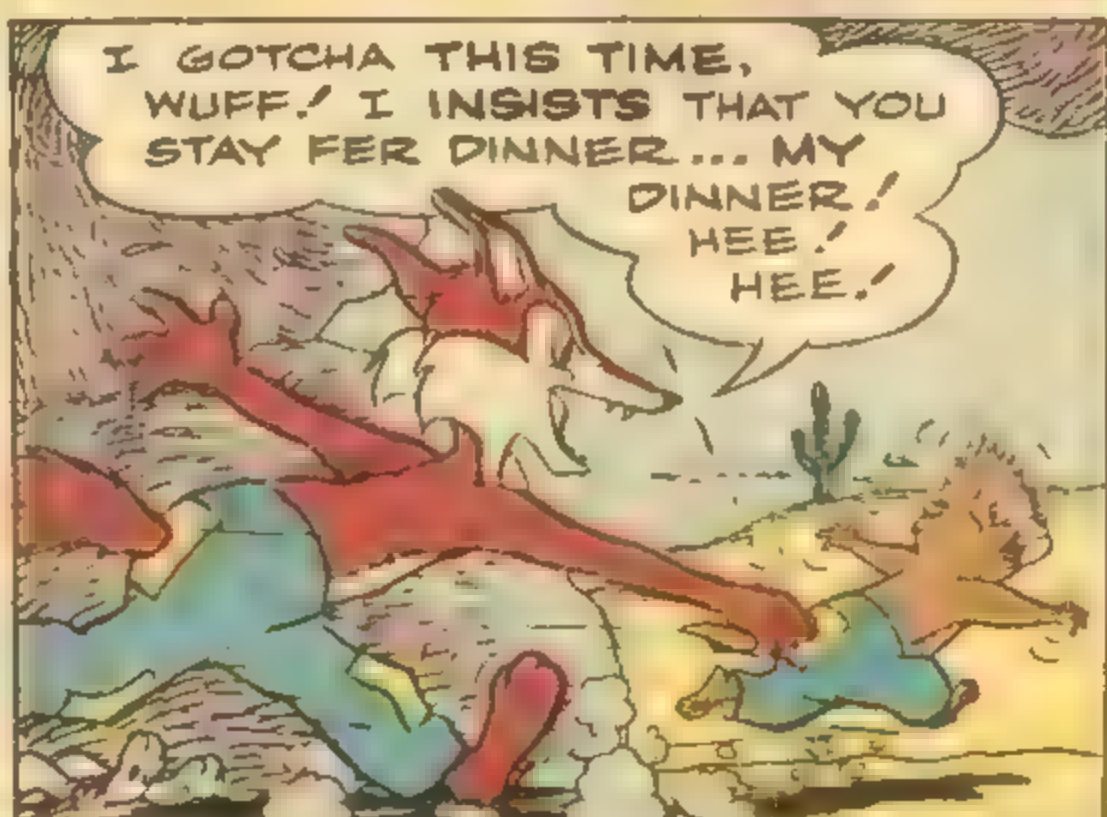
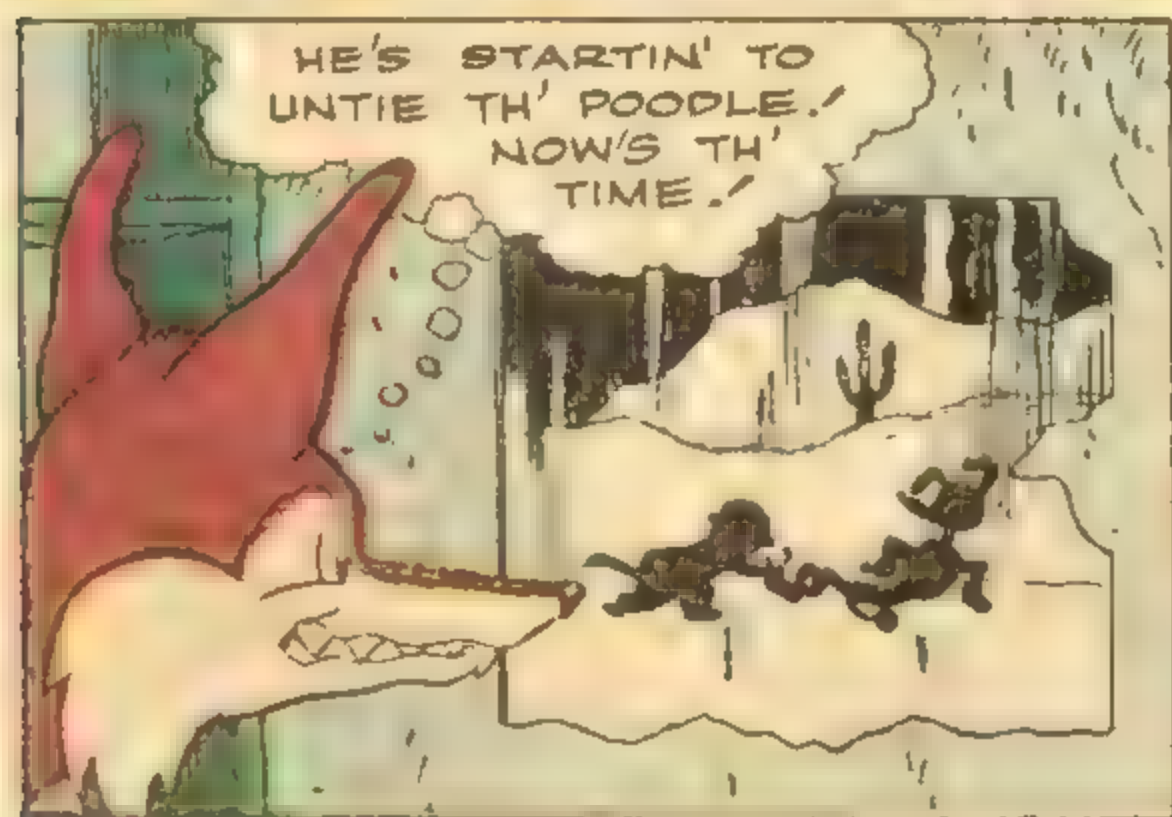
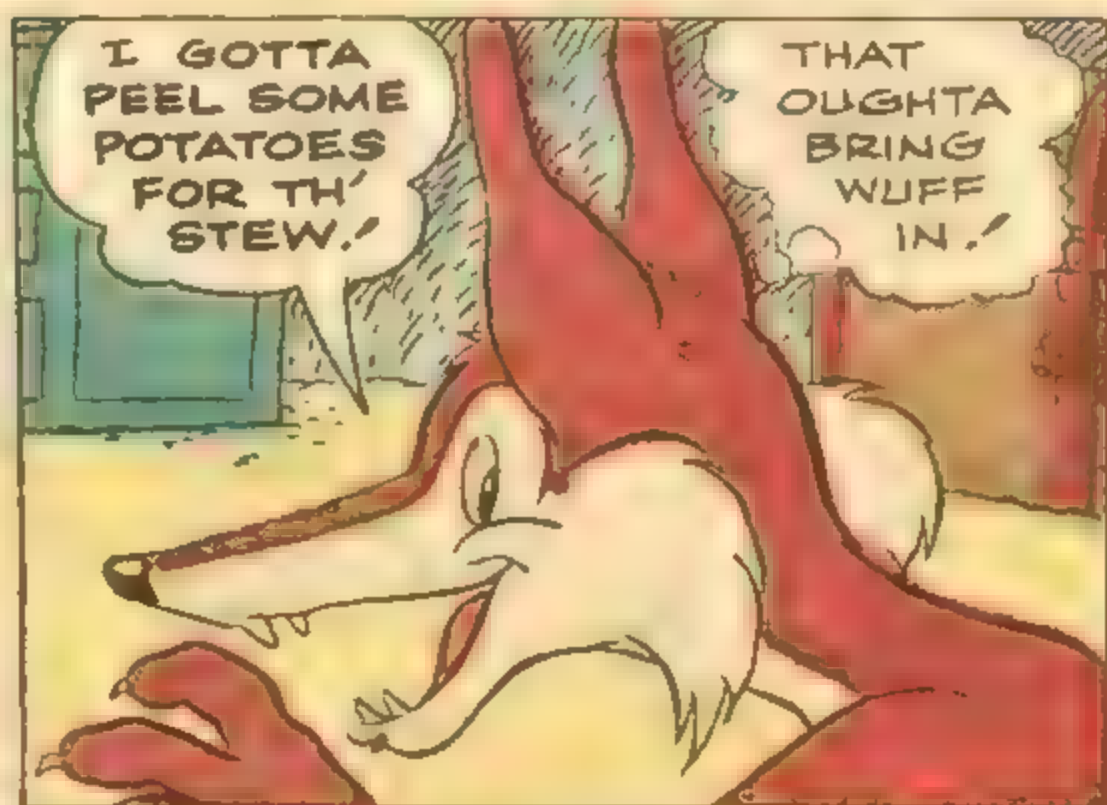
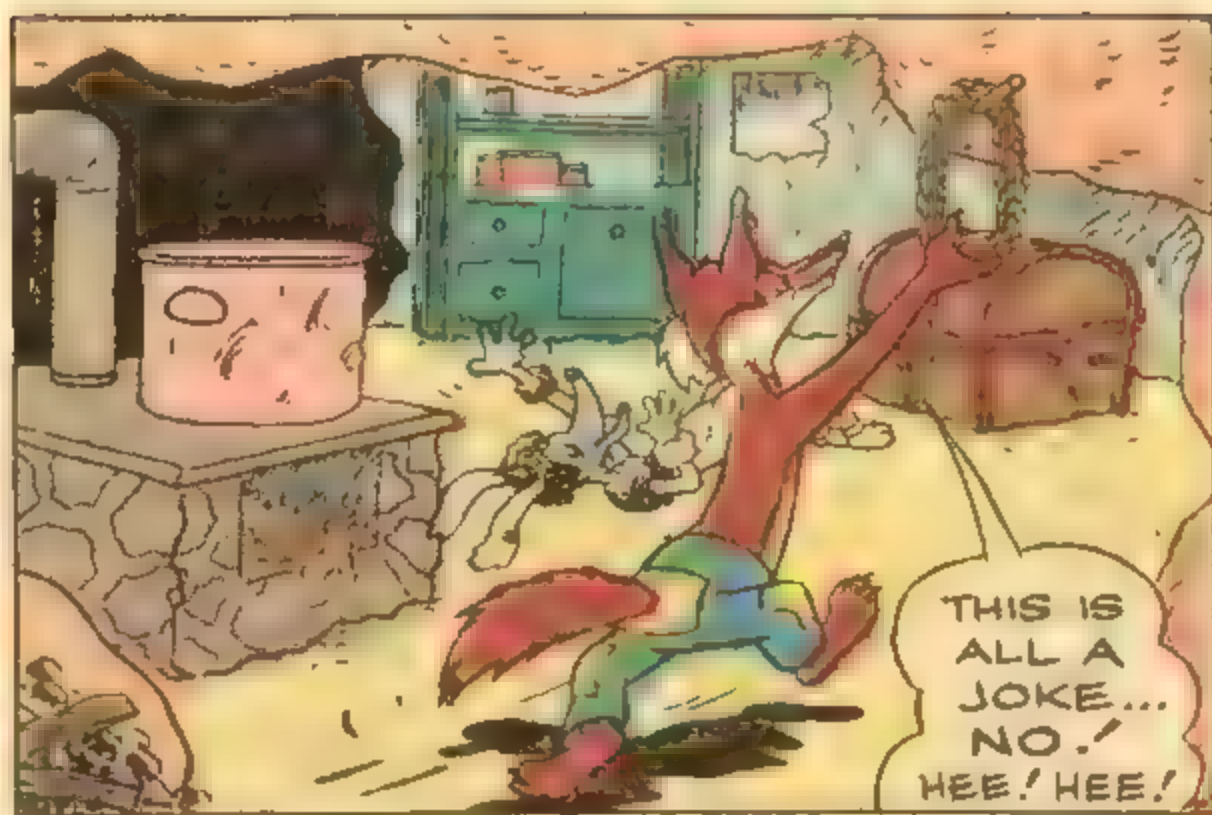
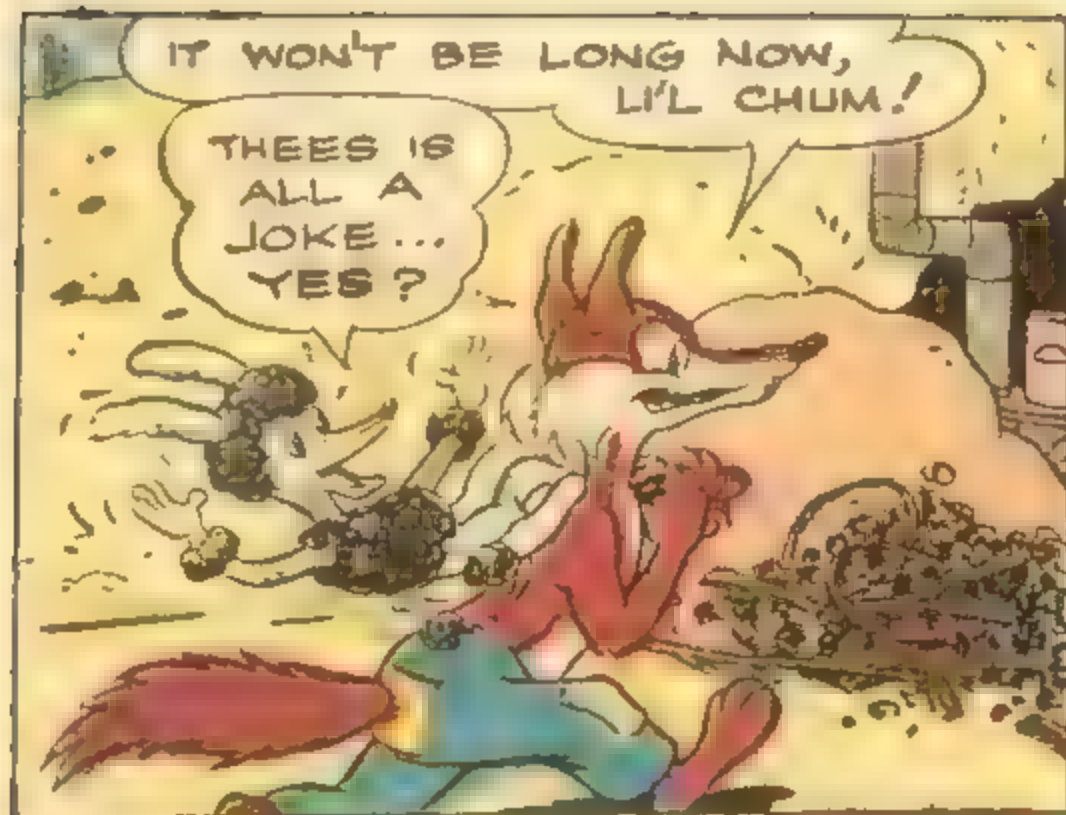
The praise echoed in Bertie's ears, as he looked around in amazement. Mrs. Bird didn't have to tell anyone about how Bertie had saved her child, after all. For, unknown to Bertie, everyone had been watching the rescue! And when Bertie's father patted his son and said, "We're proud of you," Bertie knew his deed had been well done.

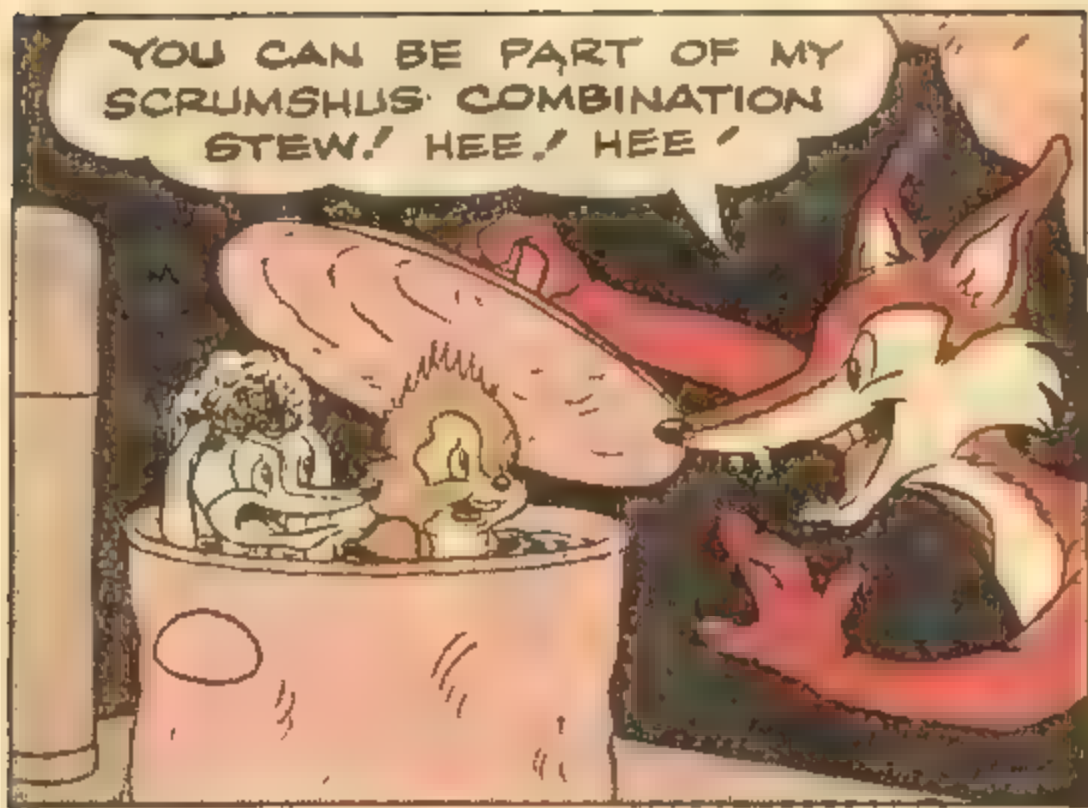








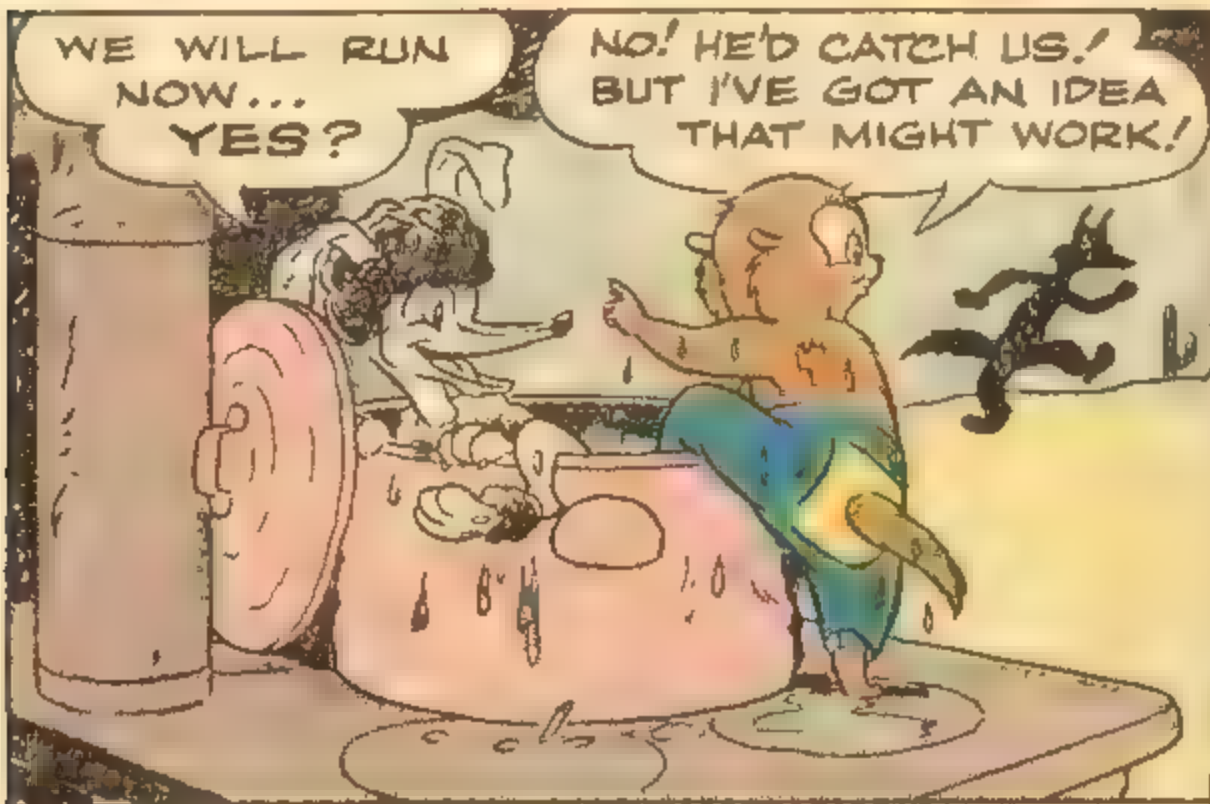




YOU CAN BE PART OF MY
SCRUMSHUS COMBINATION
STEW! HEE! HEE!

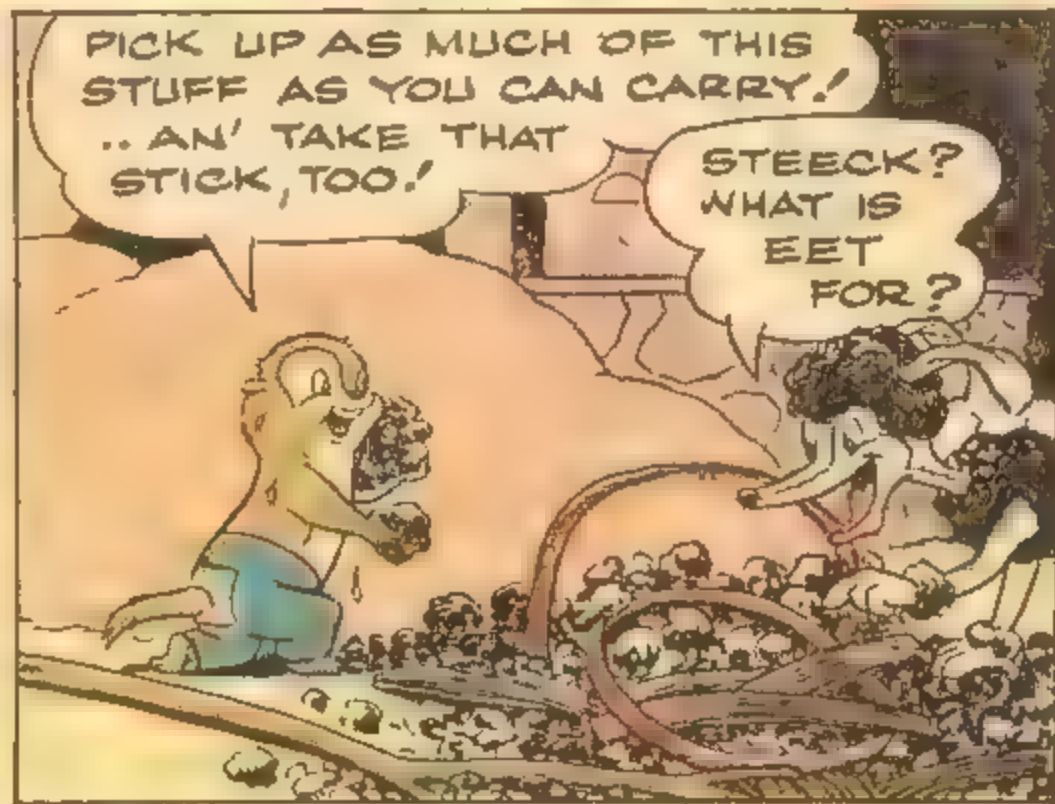


I NEED SOME MORE WOOD
FOR TH' FIRE!



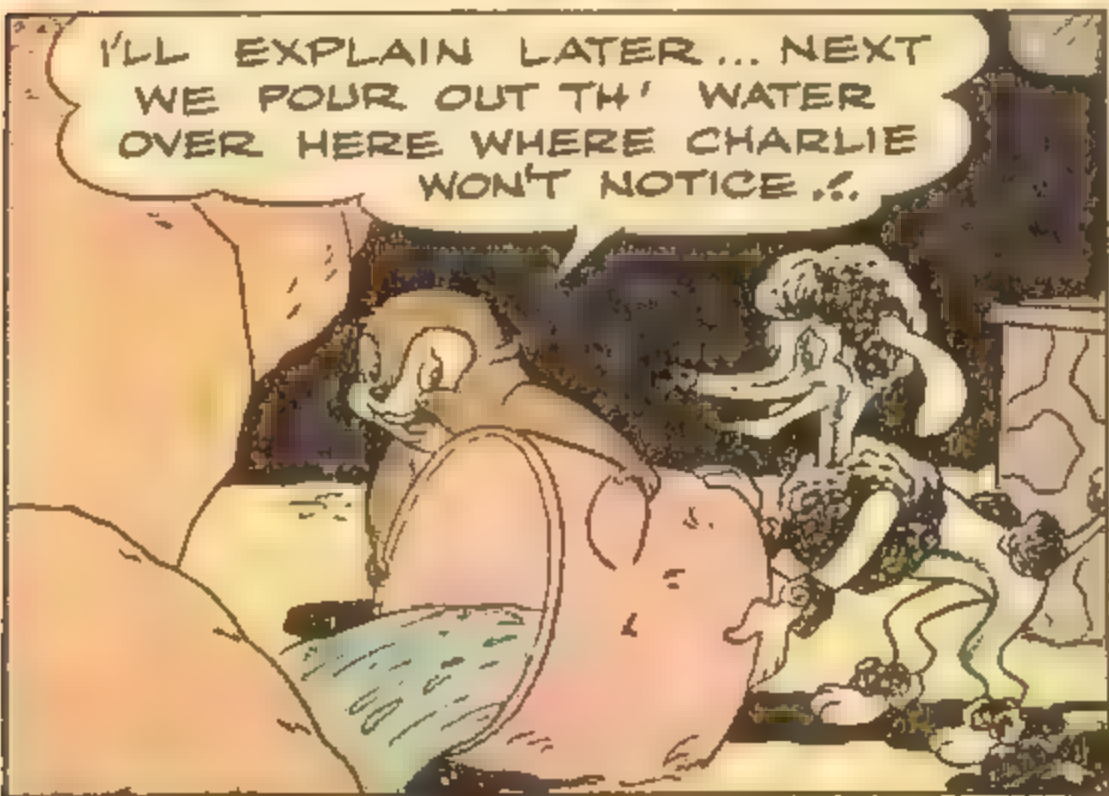
WE WILL RUN
NOW...
YES?

NO! HE'D CATCH US!
BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA
THAT MIGHT WORK!

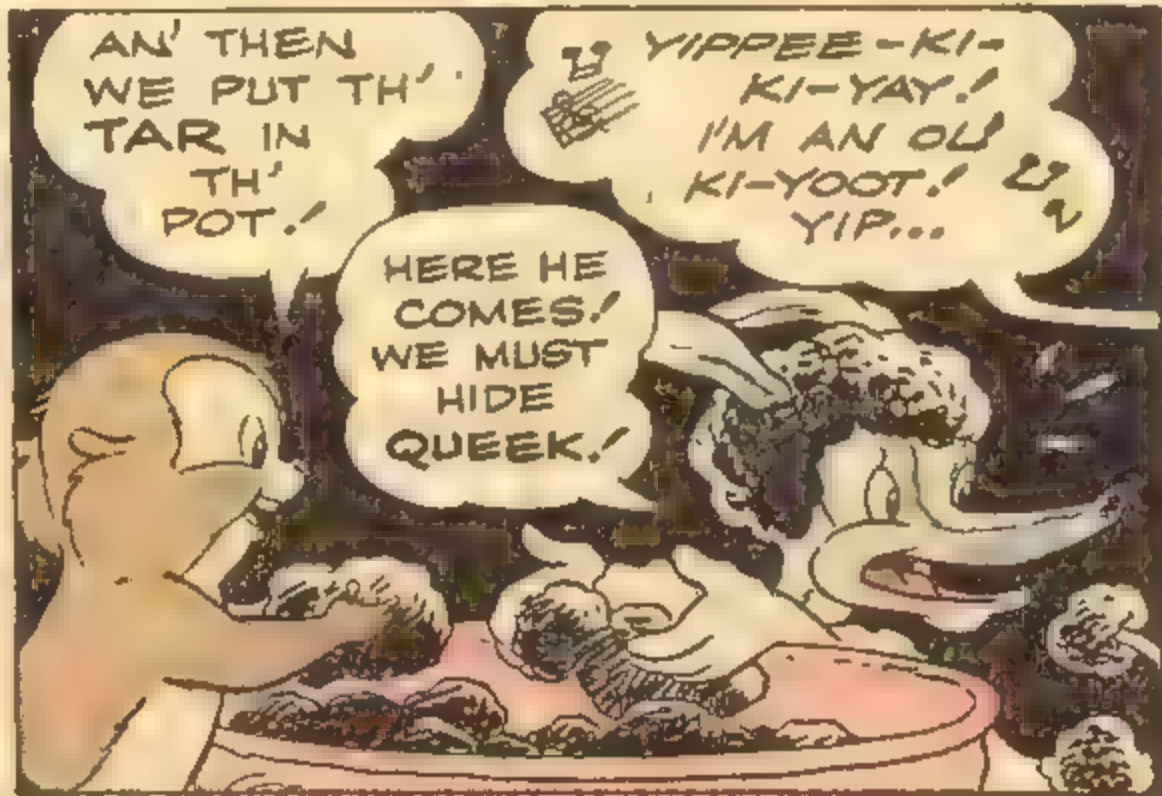


PICK UP AS MUCH OF THIS
STUFF AS YOU CAN CARRY!
.. AN' TAKE THAT
STICK, TOO!

STEECK?
WHAT IS
EET
FOR?



I'LL EXPLAIN LATER... NEXT
WE POUR OUT TH' WATER
OVER HERE WHERE CHARLIE
WON'T NOTICE...!



AN' THEN
WE PUT TH'
TAR IN
TH'
POT!

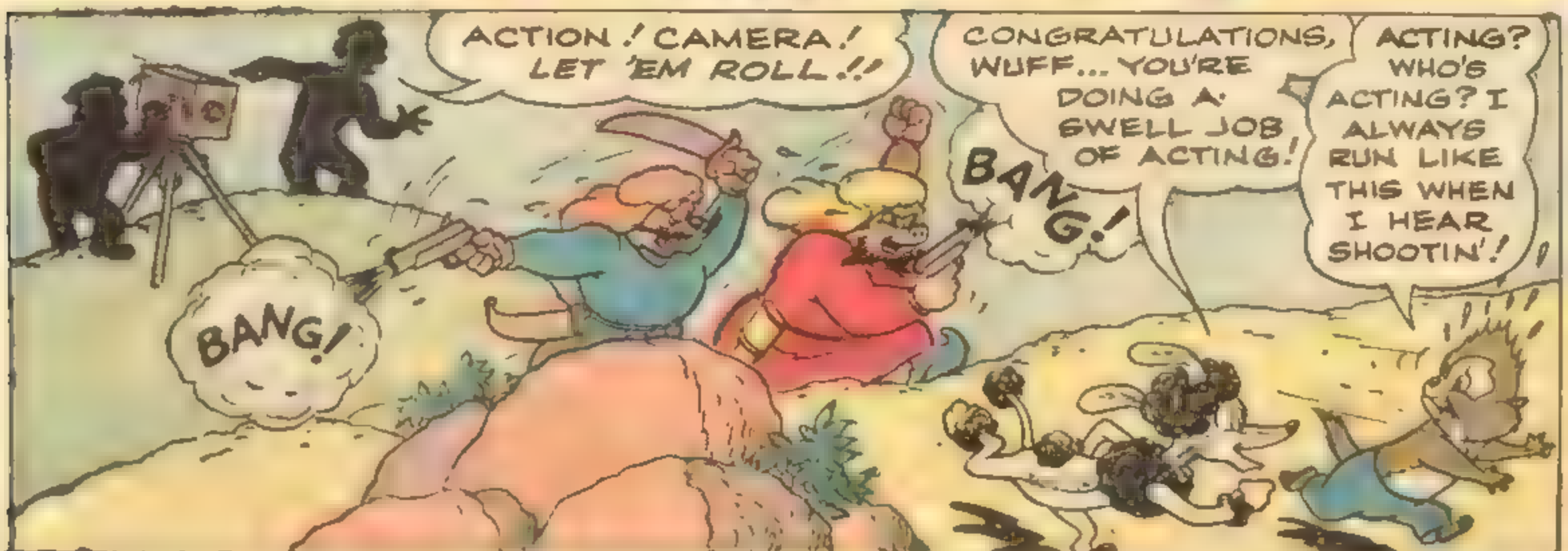
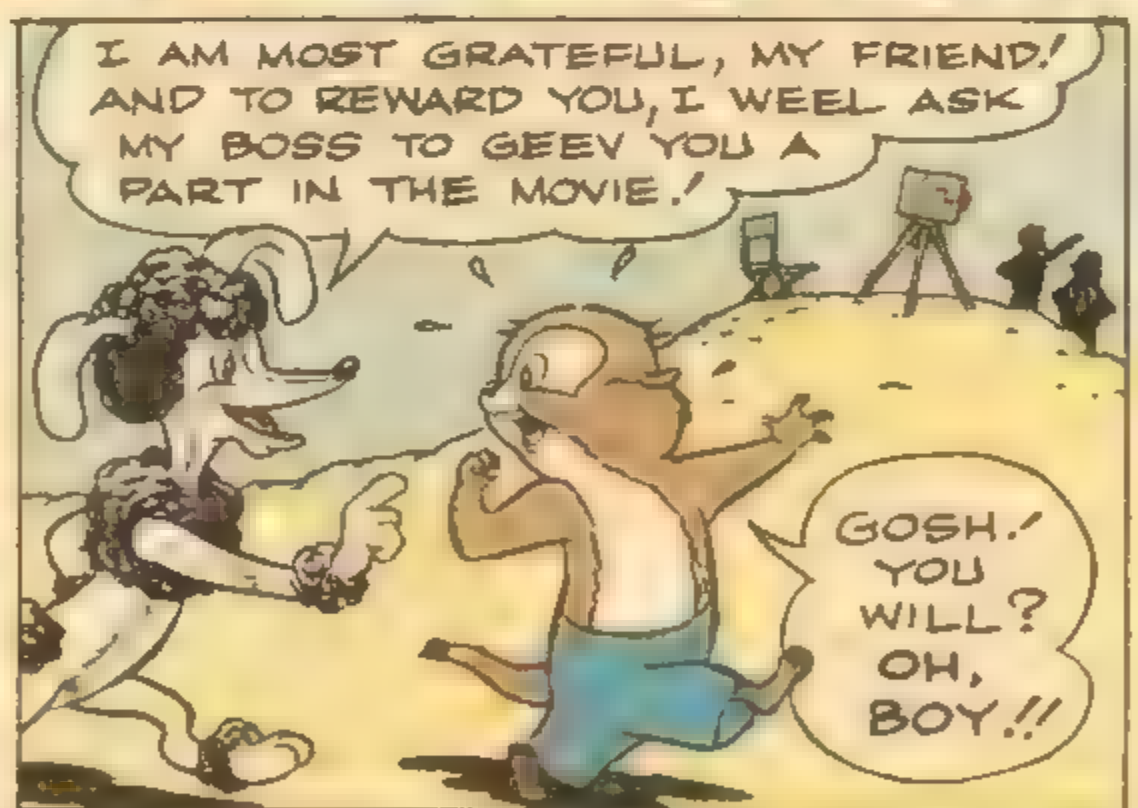
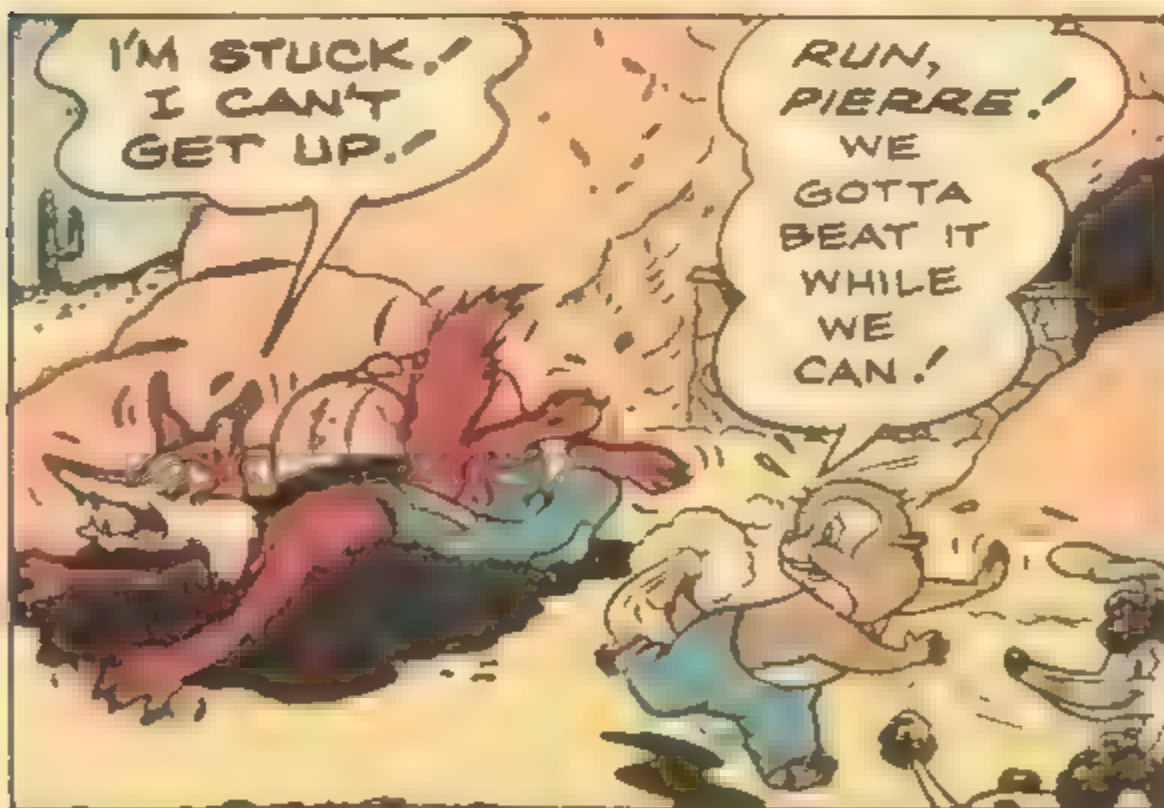
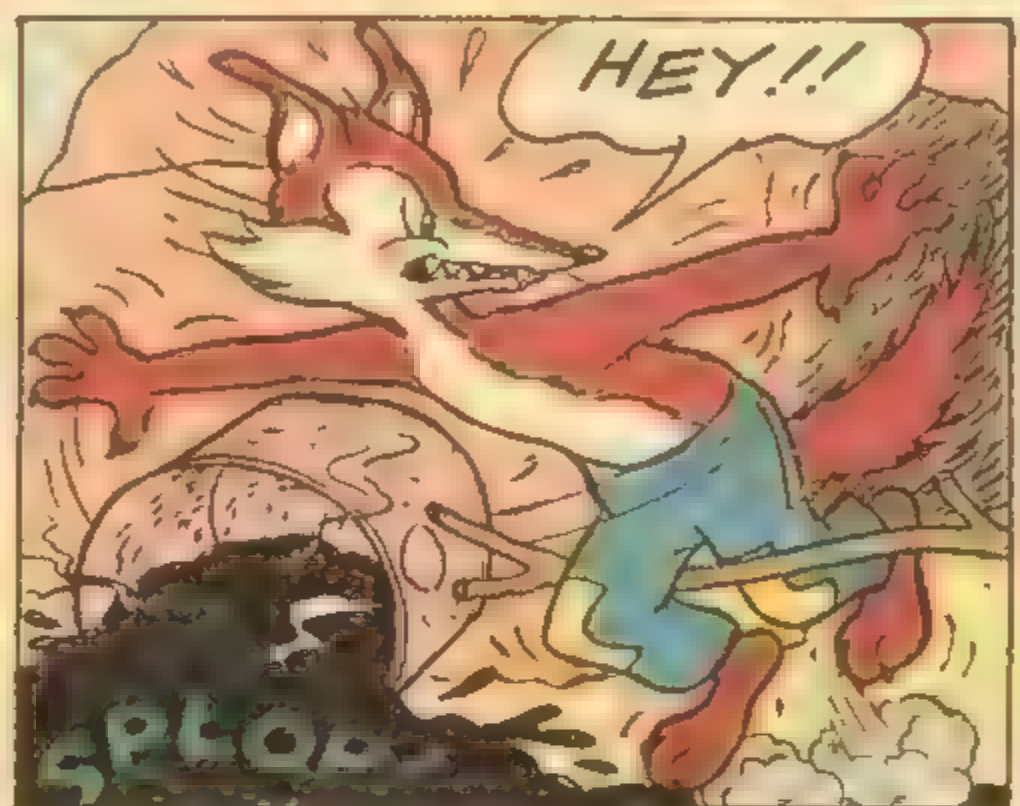
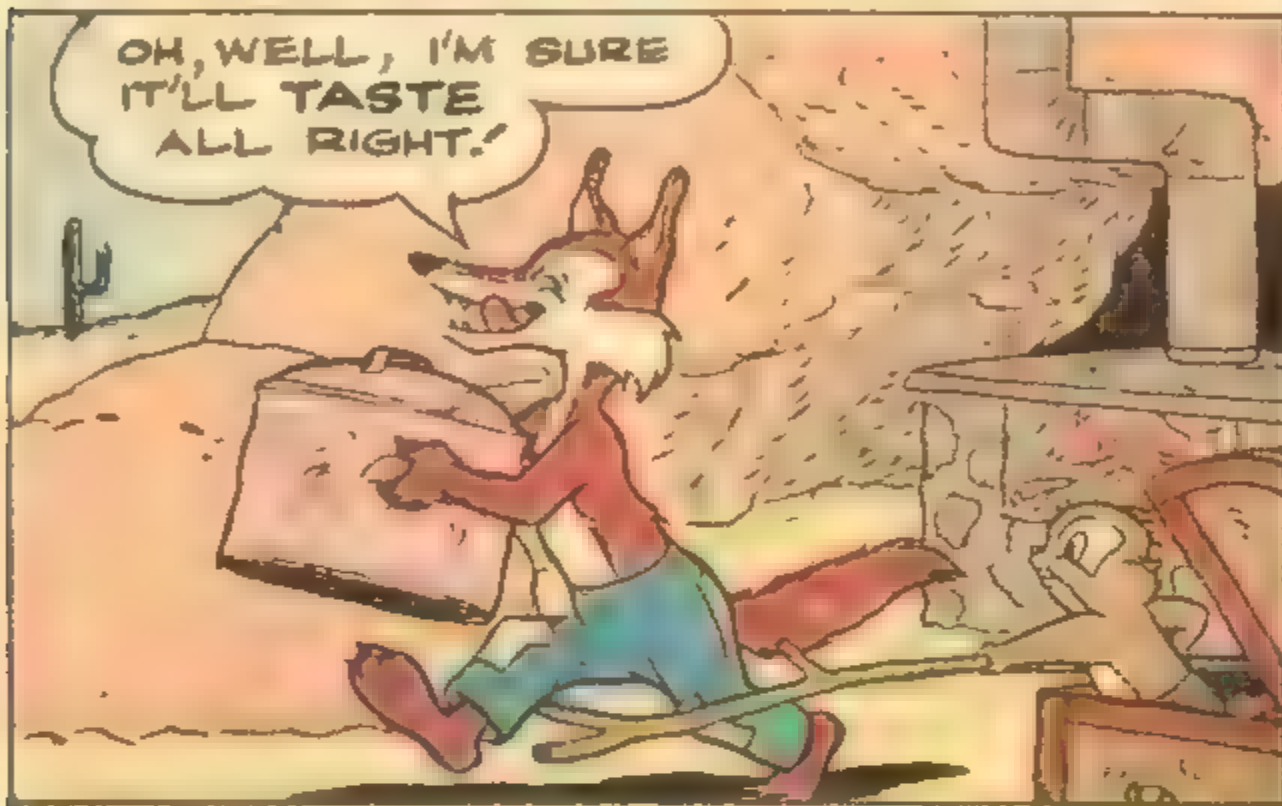
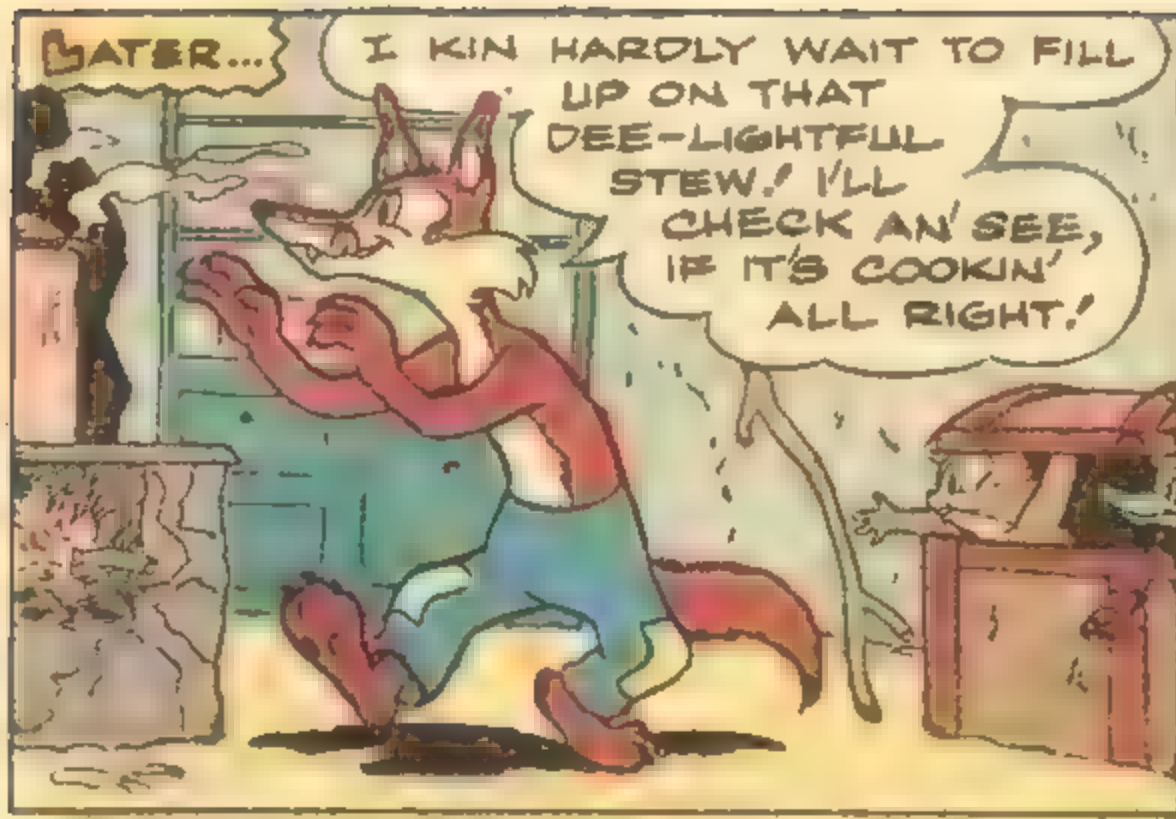
YIPPEE-KI-
KI-YAY!
I'M AN OL'
KI-YOOT! YIP...

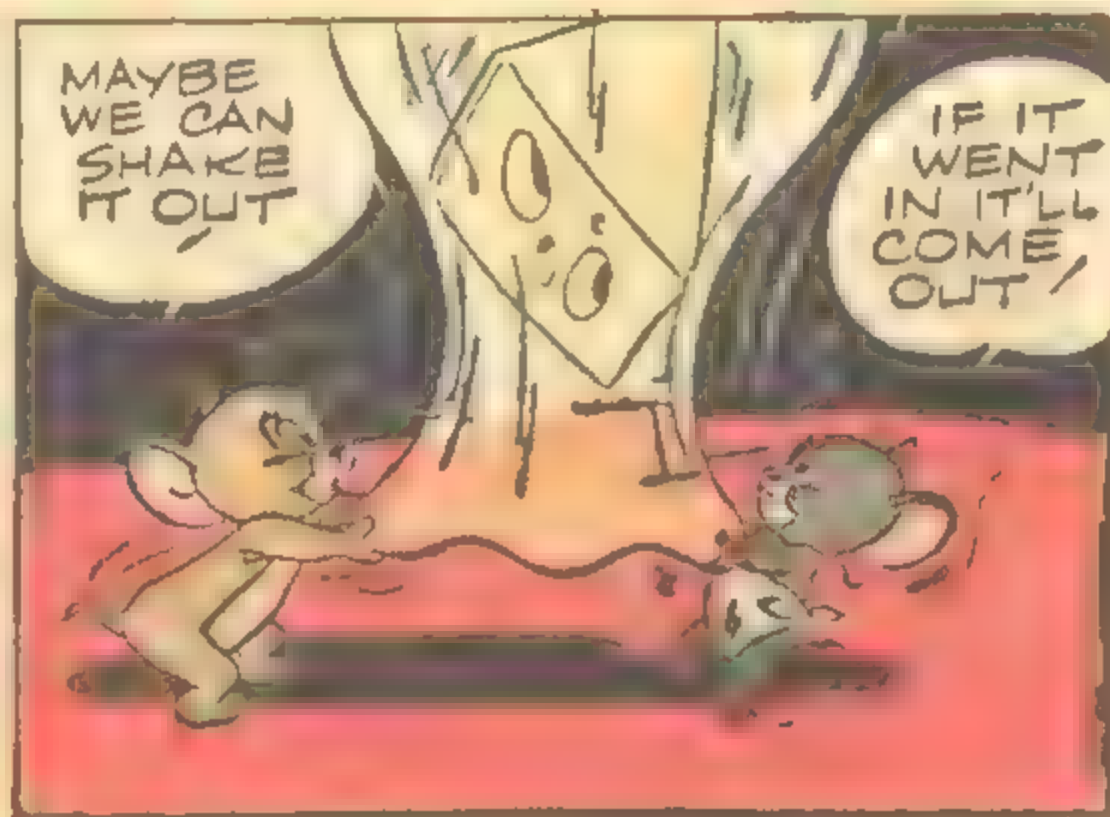
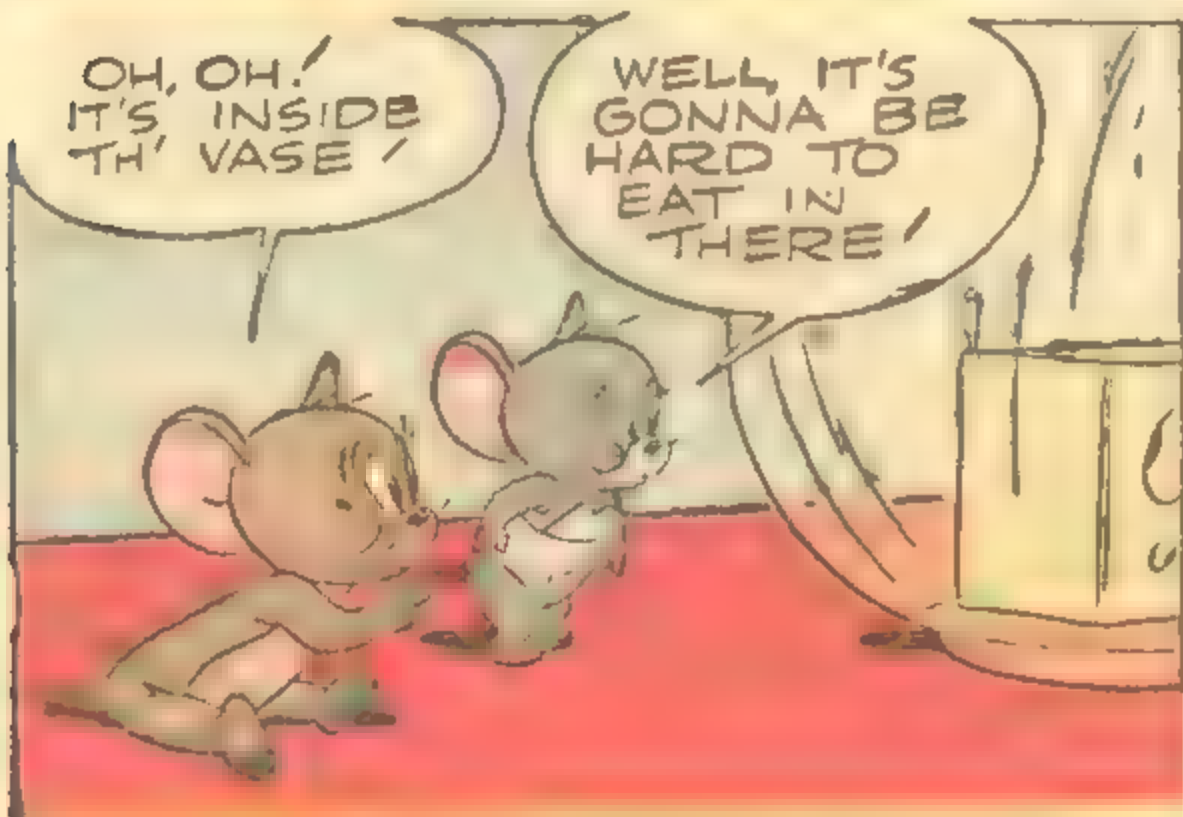
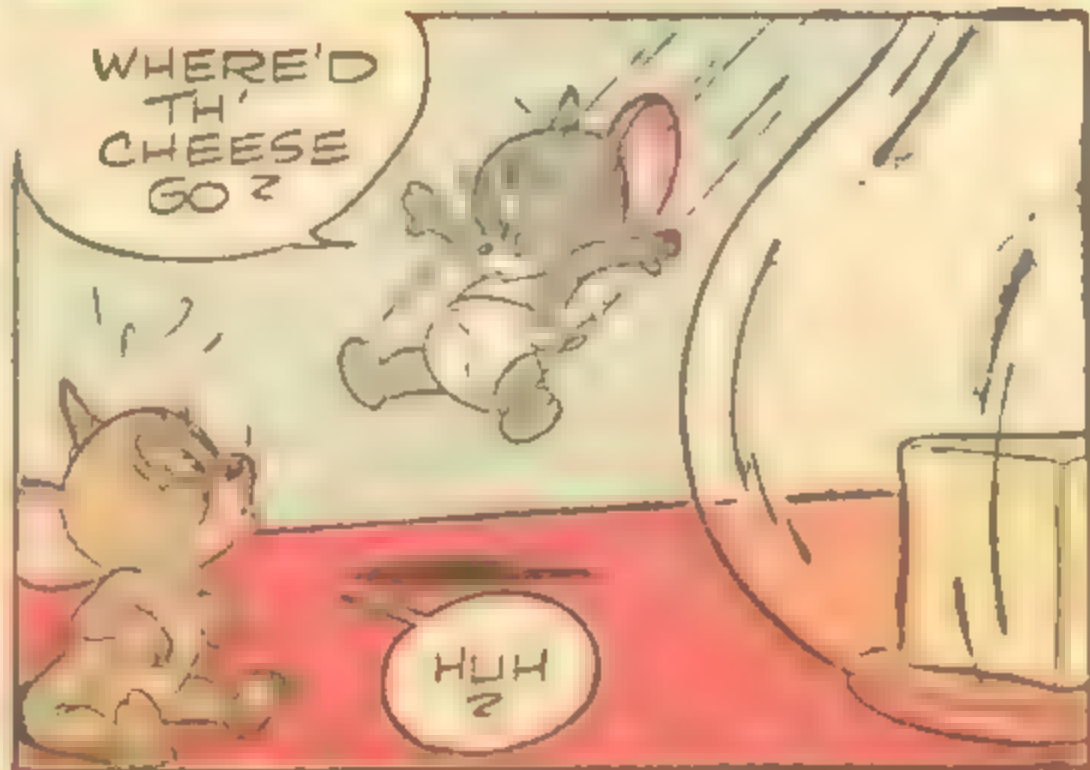
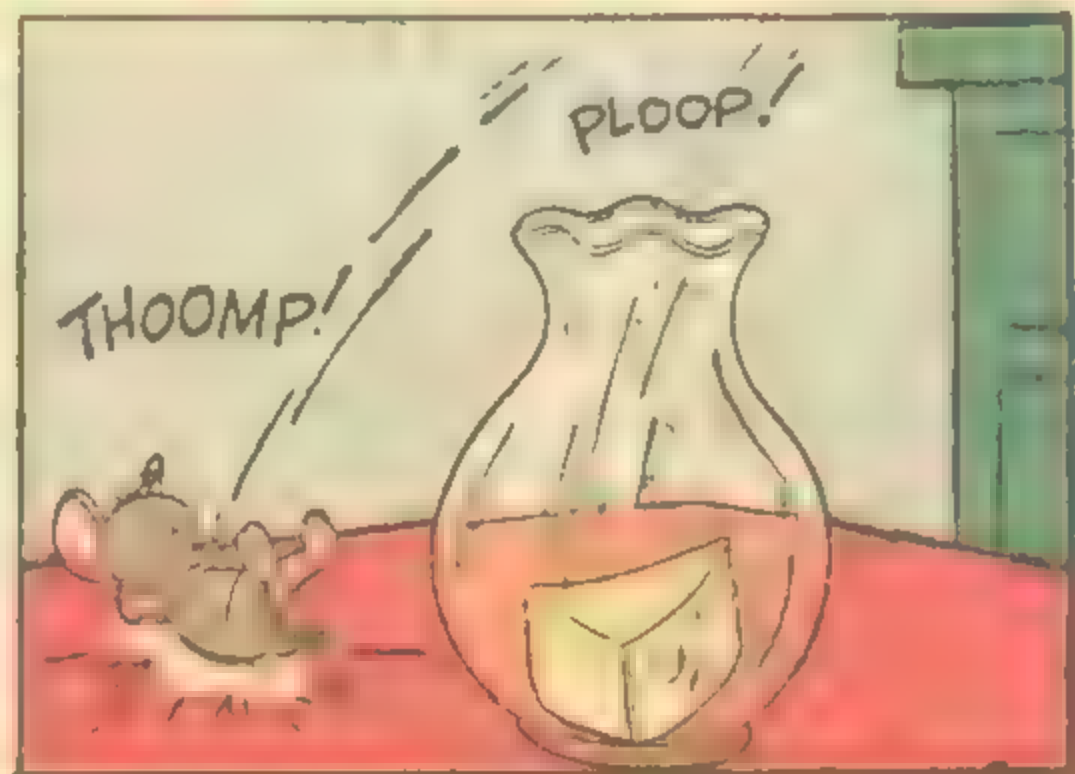
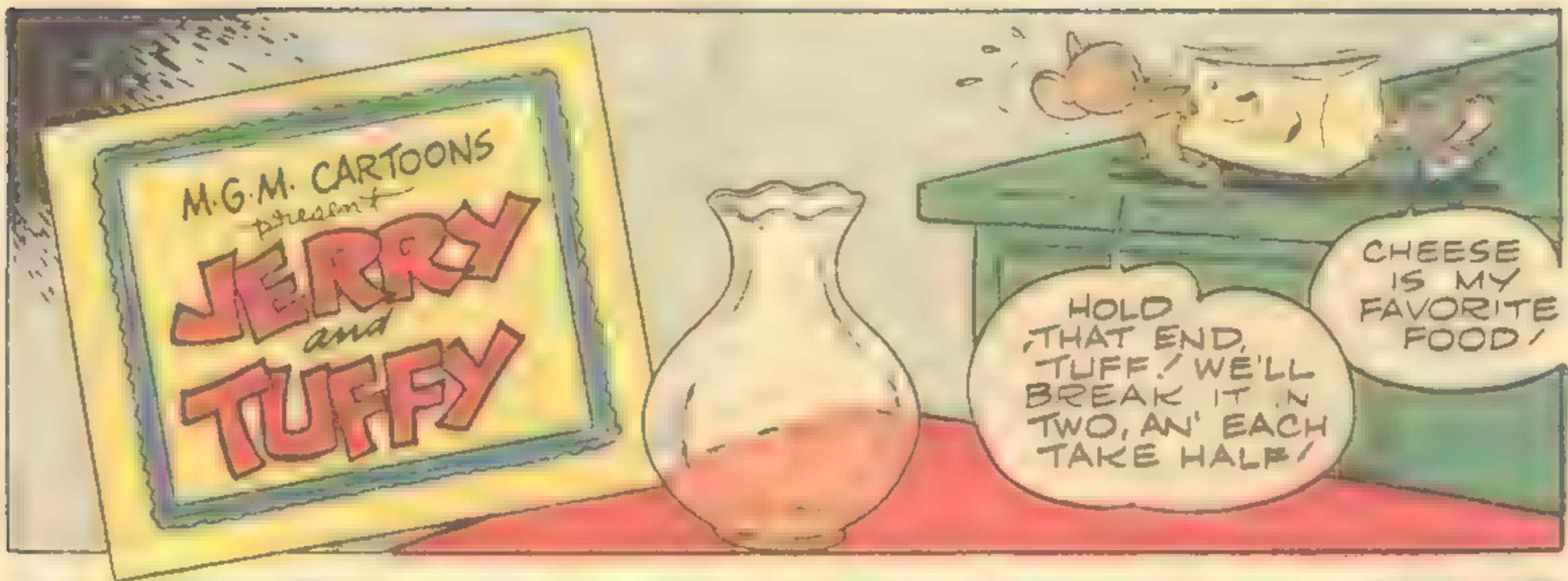
HERE HE
COMES!
WE MUST
HIDE
QUEEK!

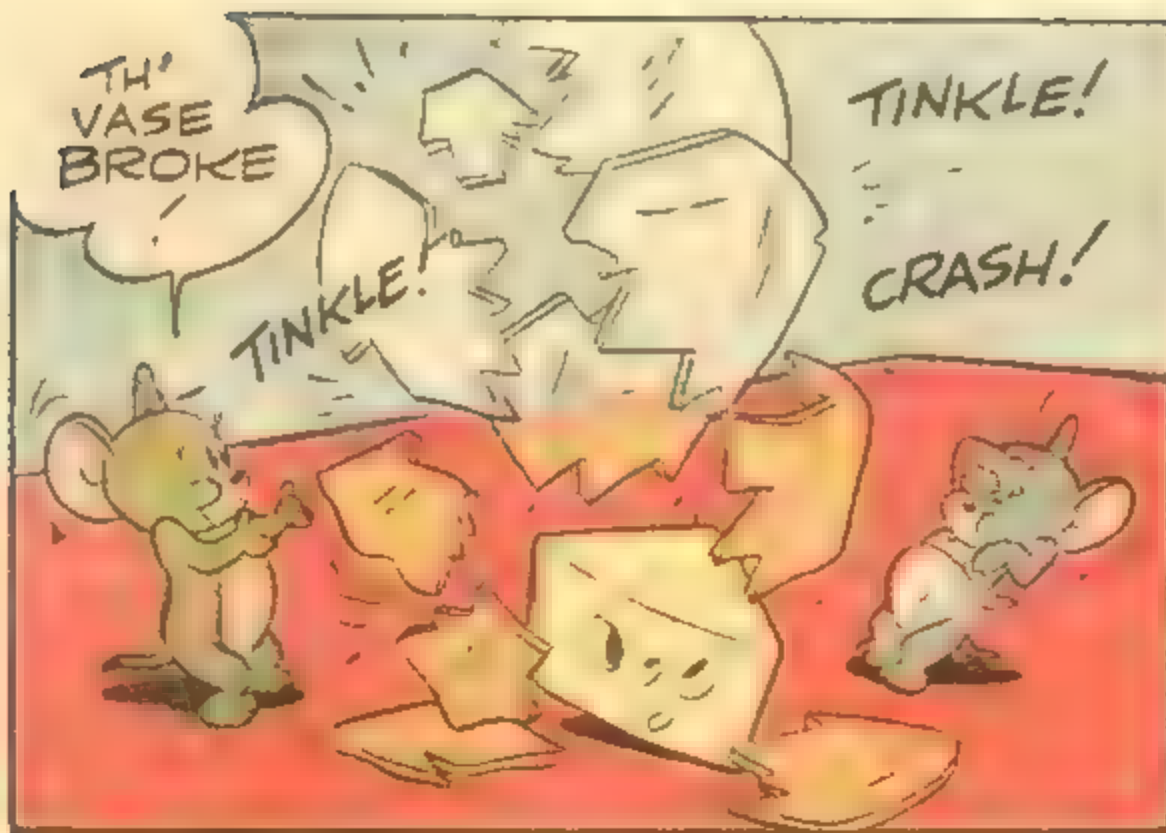


THIS WOOD WILL DO TH' TRICK! I'LL BE
EATIN' STEW VERY SOON! YUM!
YUM!

SHH! HERE
HE IS!





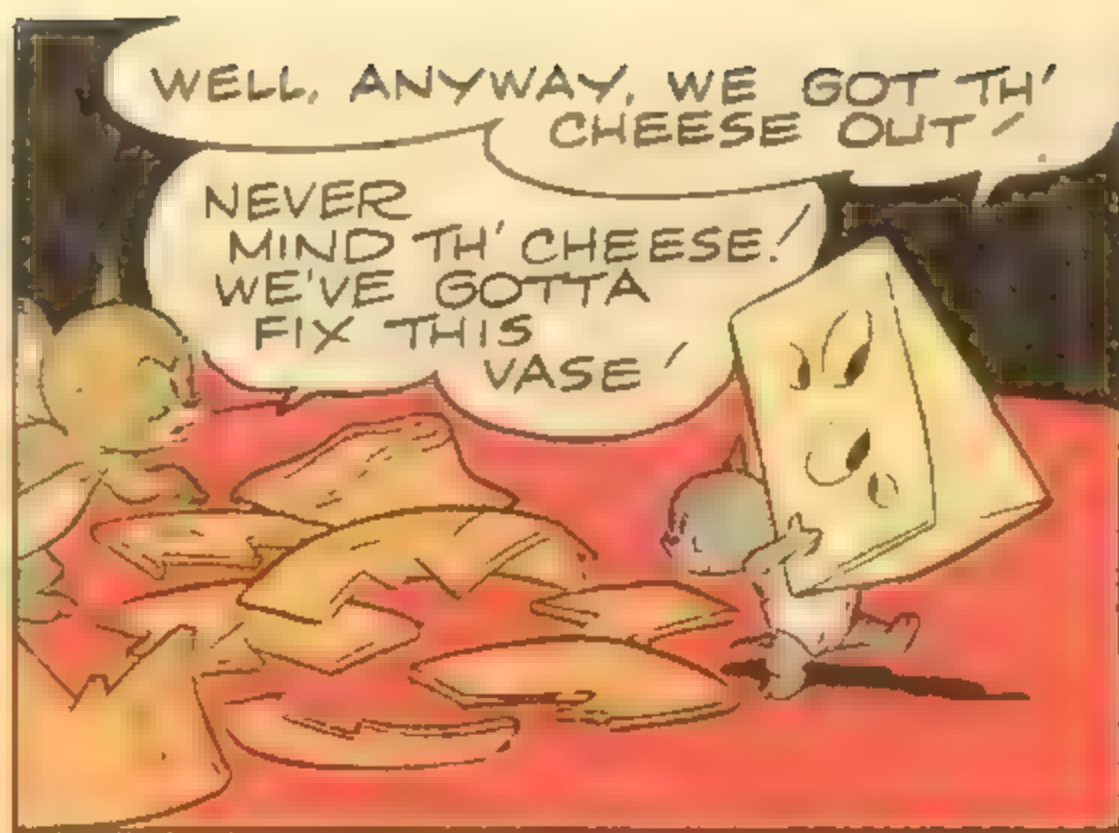


TH' VASE BROKE

TINKLE!

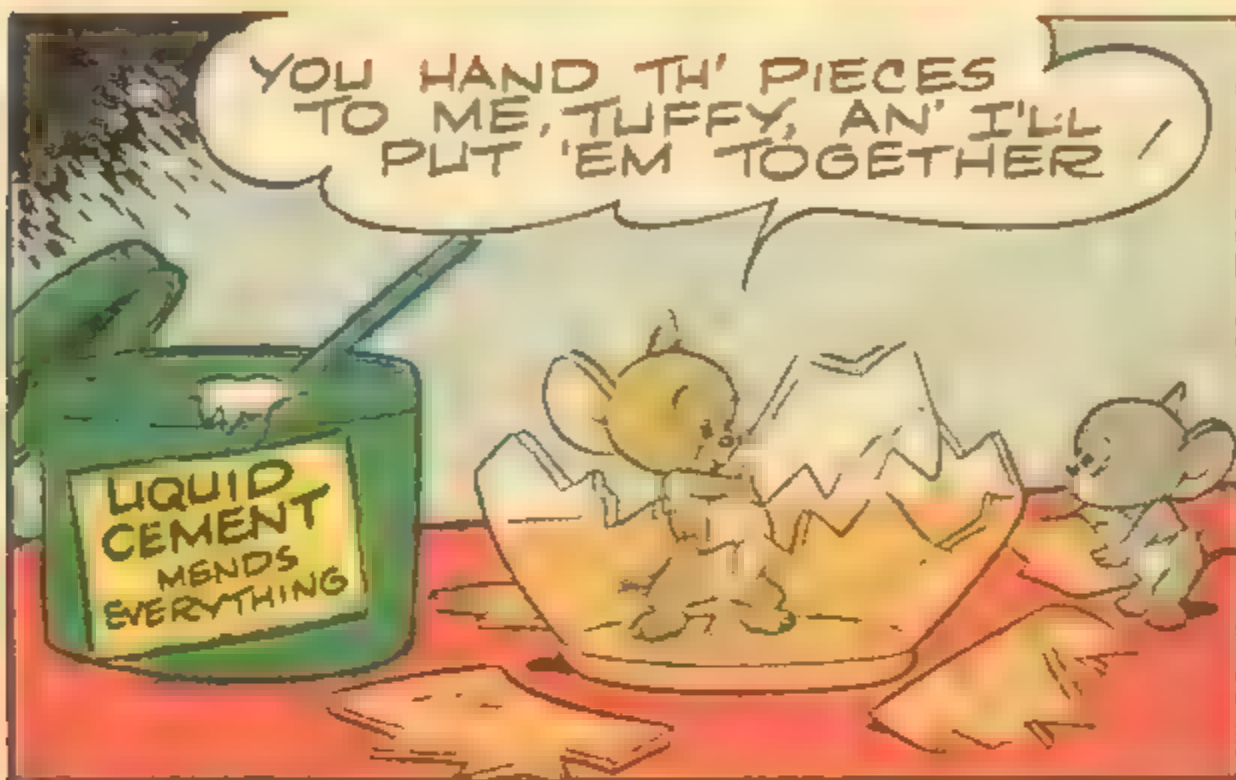
TINKLE!

CRASH!

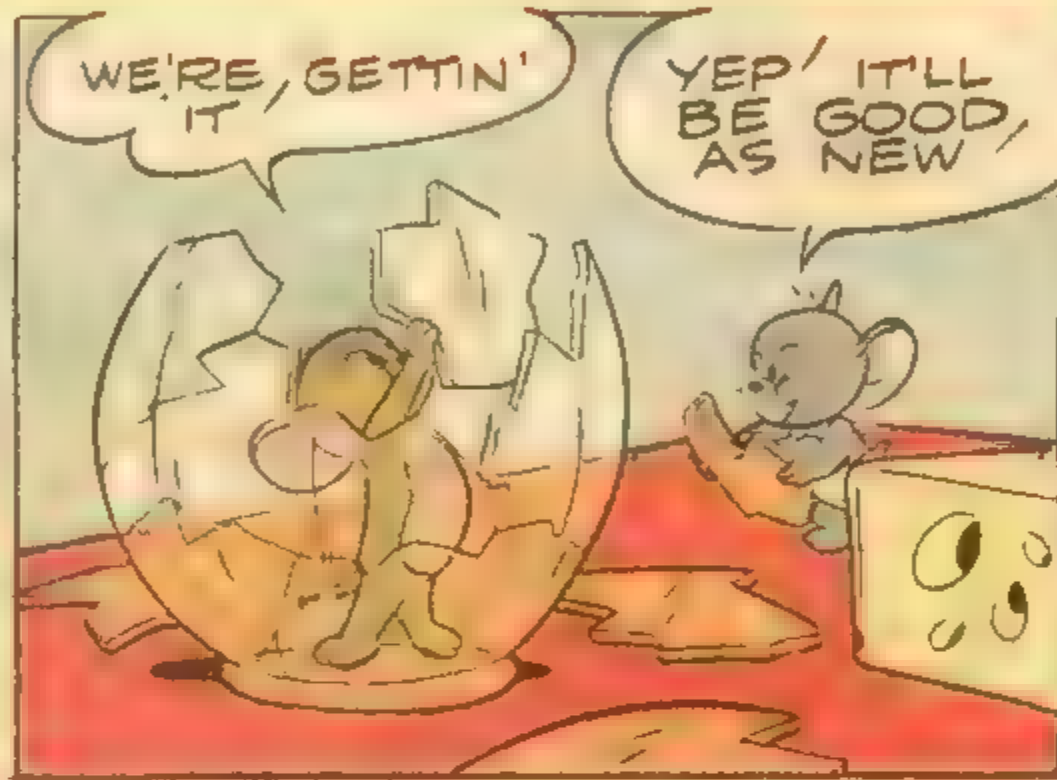


WELL, ANYWAY, WE GOT TH' CHEESE OUT!

NEVER MIND TH' CHEESE! WE'VE GOTTA FIX THIS VASE!

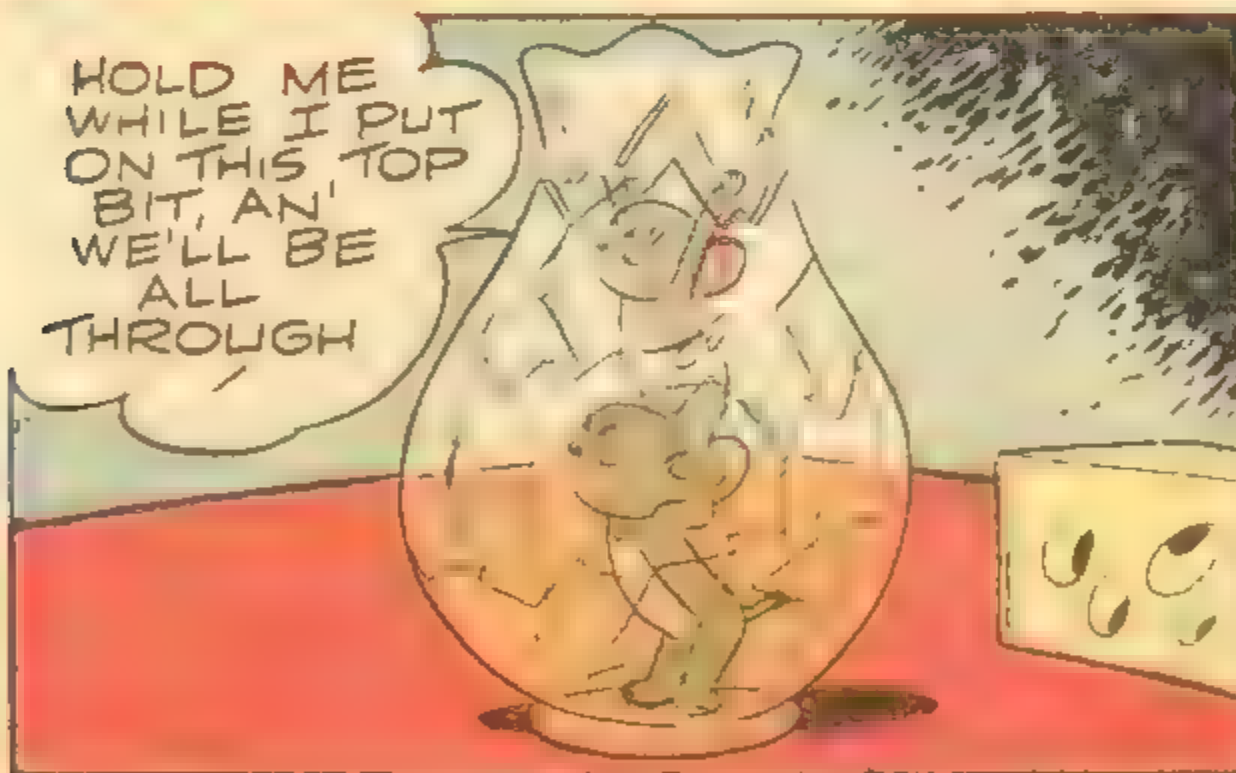


YOU HAND TH' PIECES TO ME, TUFFY, AN' I'LL PUT 'EM TOGETHER!

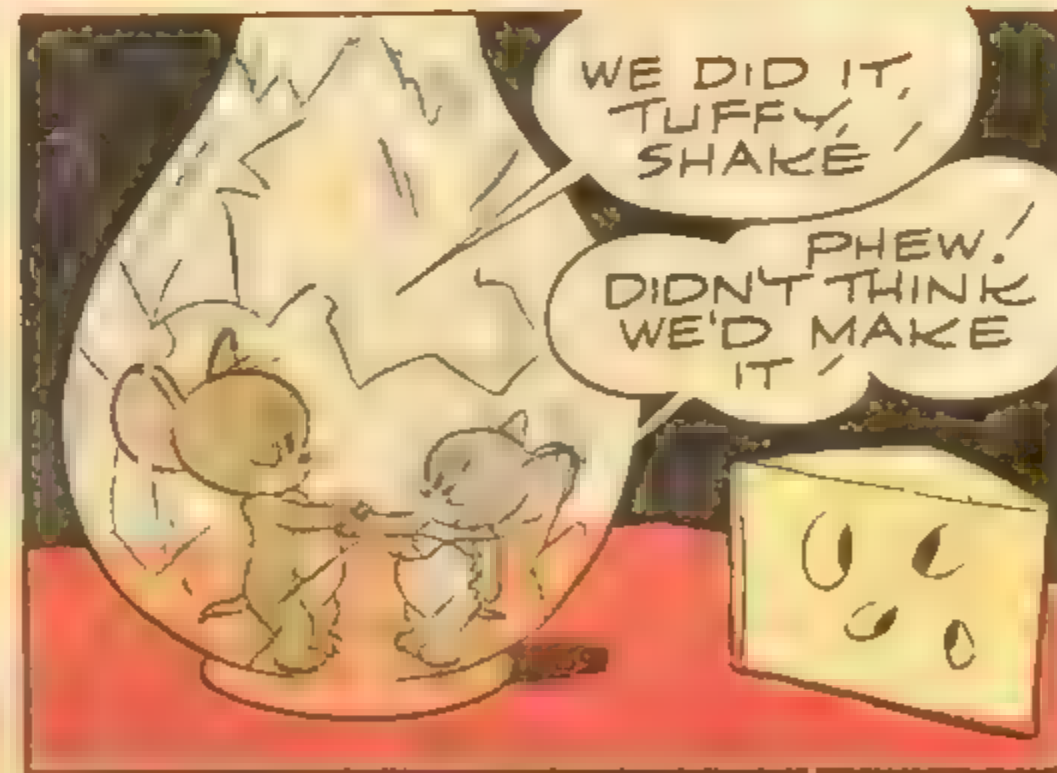


WE'RE, GETTIN' IT

YEP! IT'LL BE GOOD, AS NEW

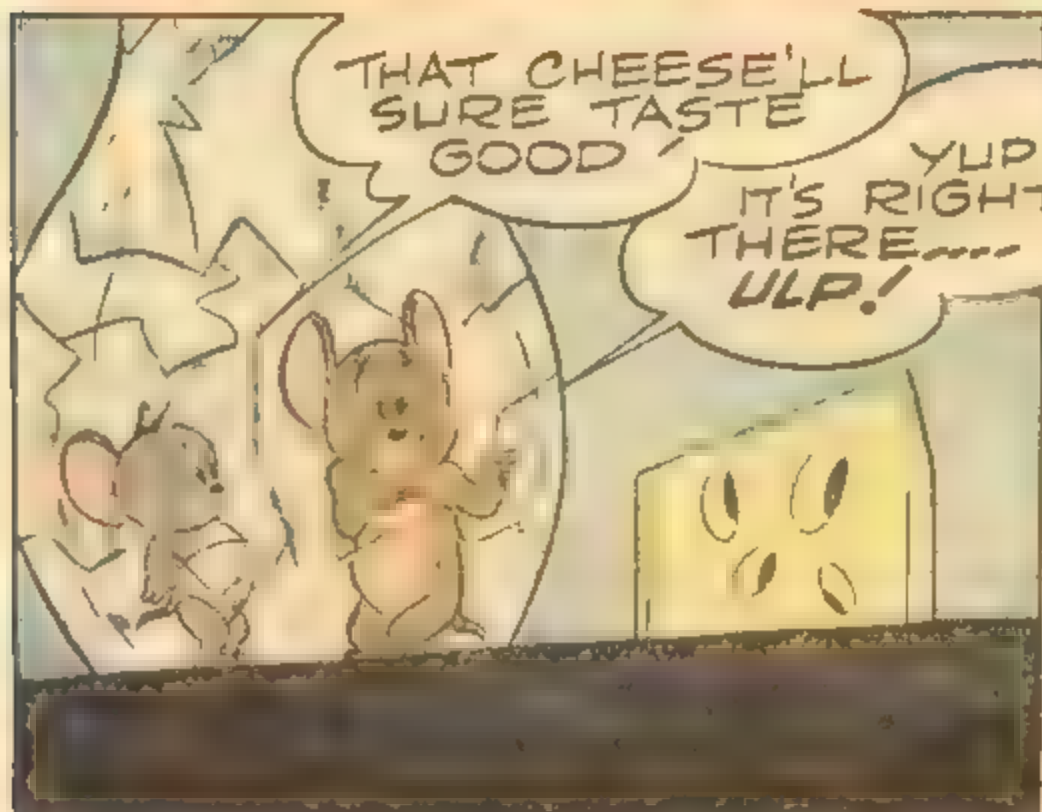


HOLD ME WHILE I PUT ON THIS TOP BIT, AN' WE'LL BE ALL THROUGH



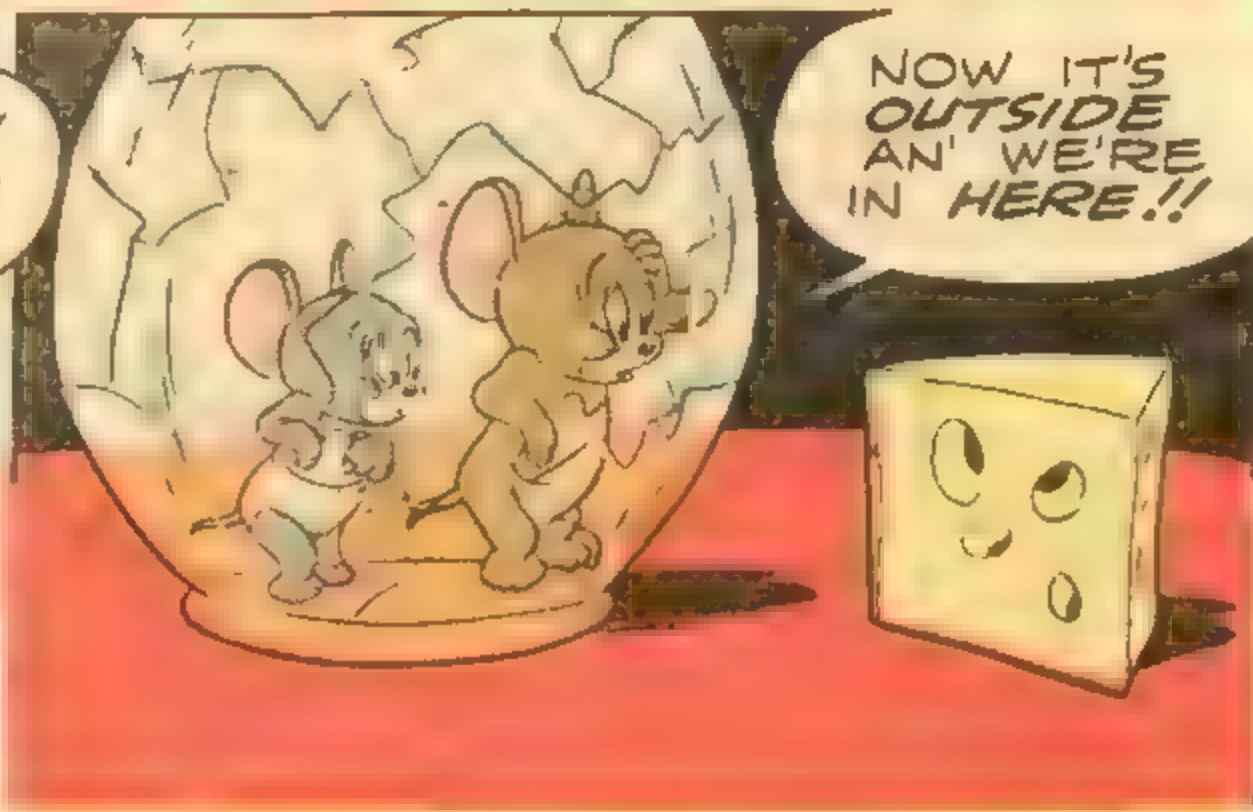
WE DID IT, TUFFY, SHAKE

PHEW! DIDN'T THINK WE'D MAKE IT!



THAT CHEESE'LL SURE TASTE GOOD

YUP! IT'S RIGHT THERE... ULP!



NOW IT'S OUTSIDE AN' WE'RE IN HERE!!

M.G.M. CARTOONS
PRESENT

BARNEY AND BENNY BURRO

JUST NEED ENOUGH
FOR A CUP OF
COFFEE BARNEY!

THERE'S THAT
PEST AFTER OUR
WATER AGAIN!

HE'LL PROBABLY
TRY TO BORROW
COFFEE FROM
US, TOO!

I GOTTA HAVE
MY JAVA!

I'LL MAKE A WHOLE POT-
FUL!
SO IF HE
COMES OVER
HERE, WE'LL
JUST IGNORE
HIM!

I'M NOT VERY WELL AN' COFFEE
PEPS ME
UP A
LITTLE!

WE'LL LOOK
THE OTHER
WAY!

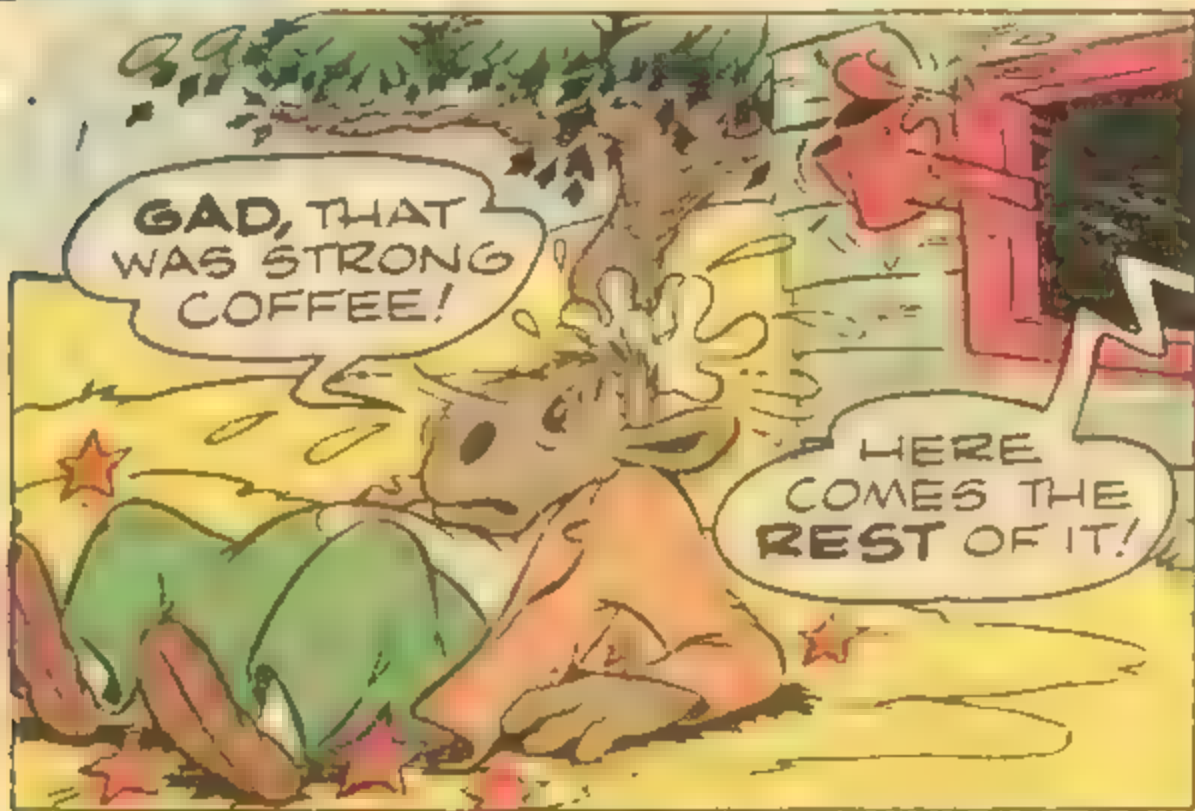
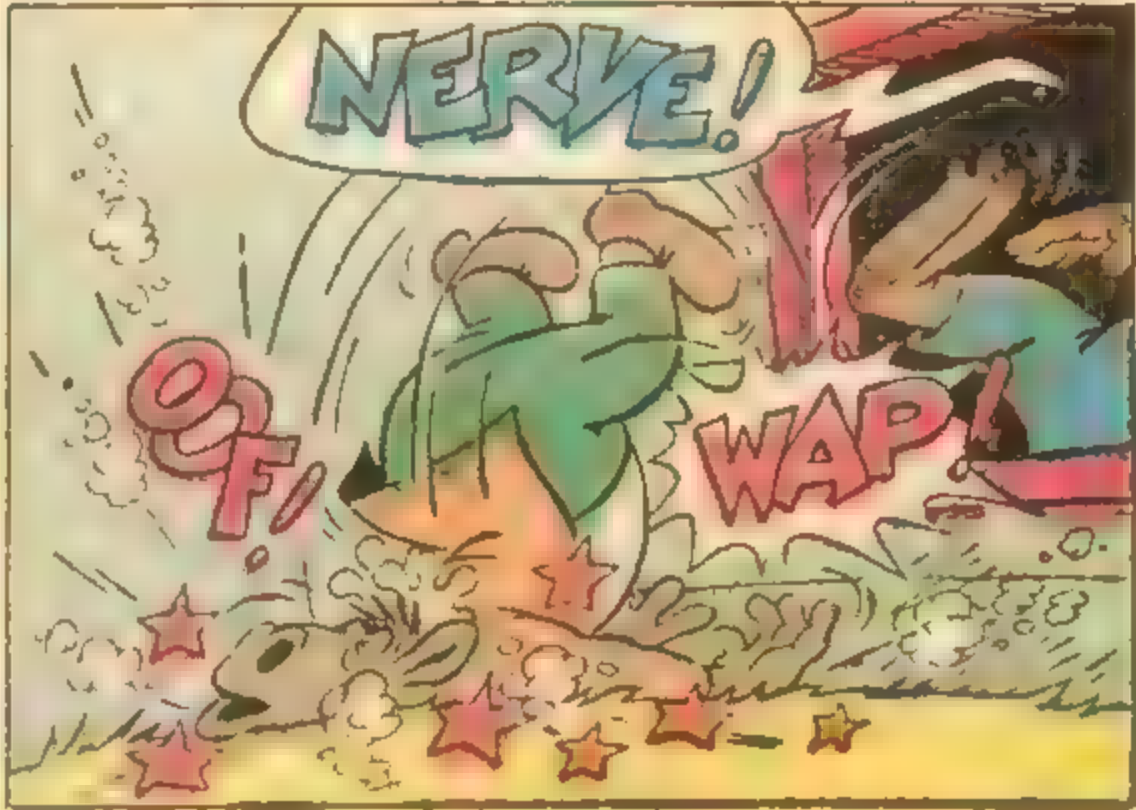
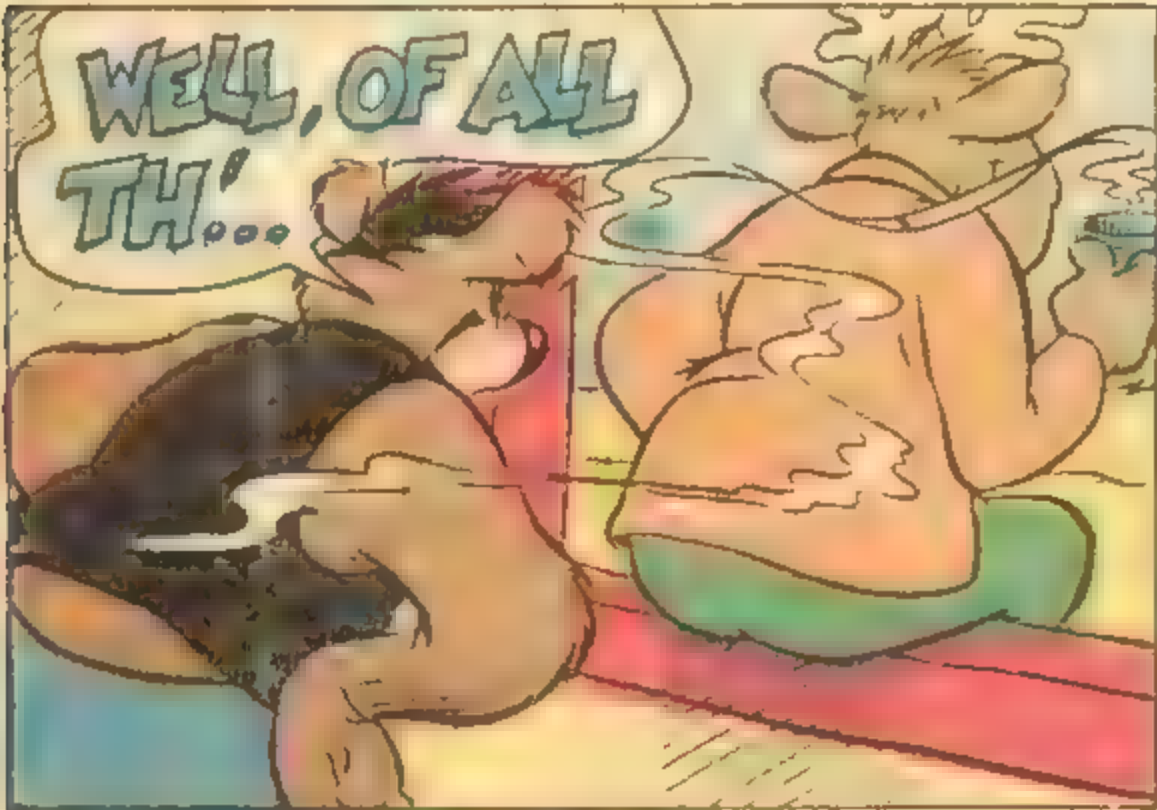
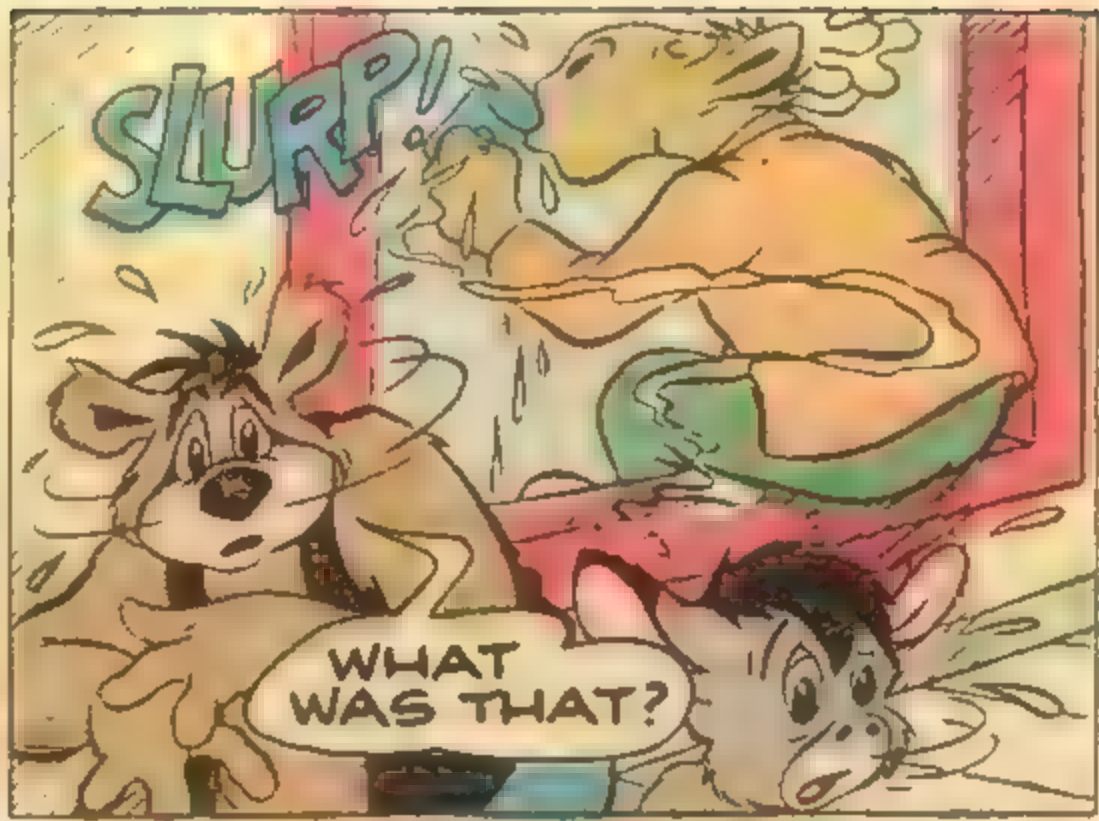
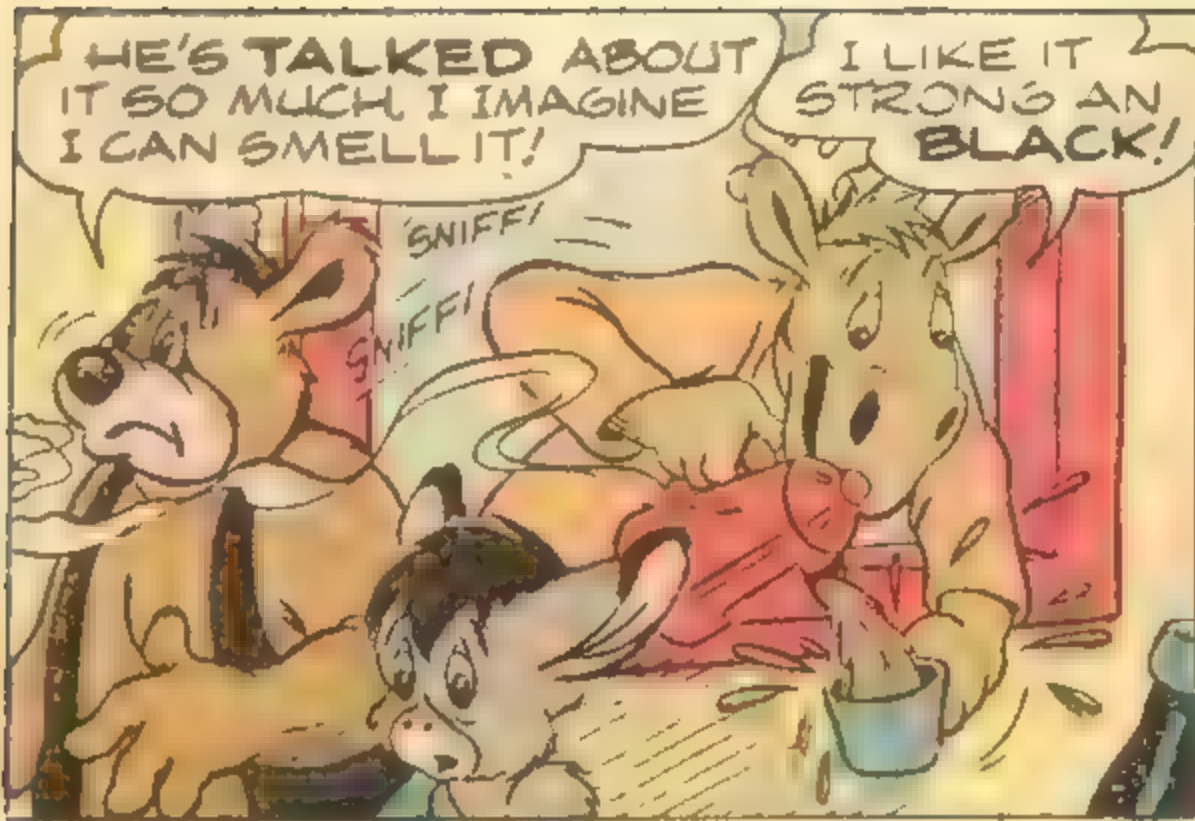
IT KEEPS
SOME PEOPLE
AWAKE!

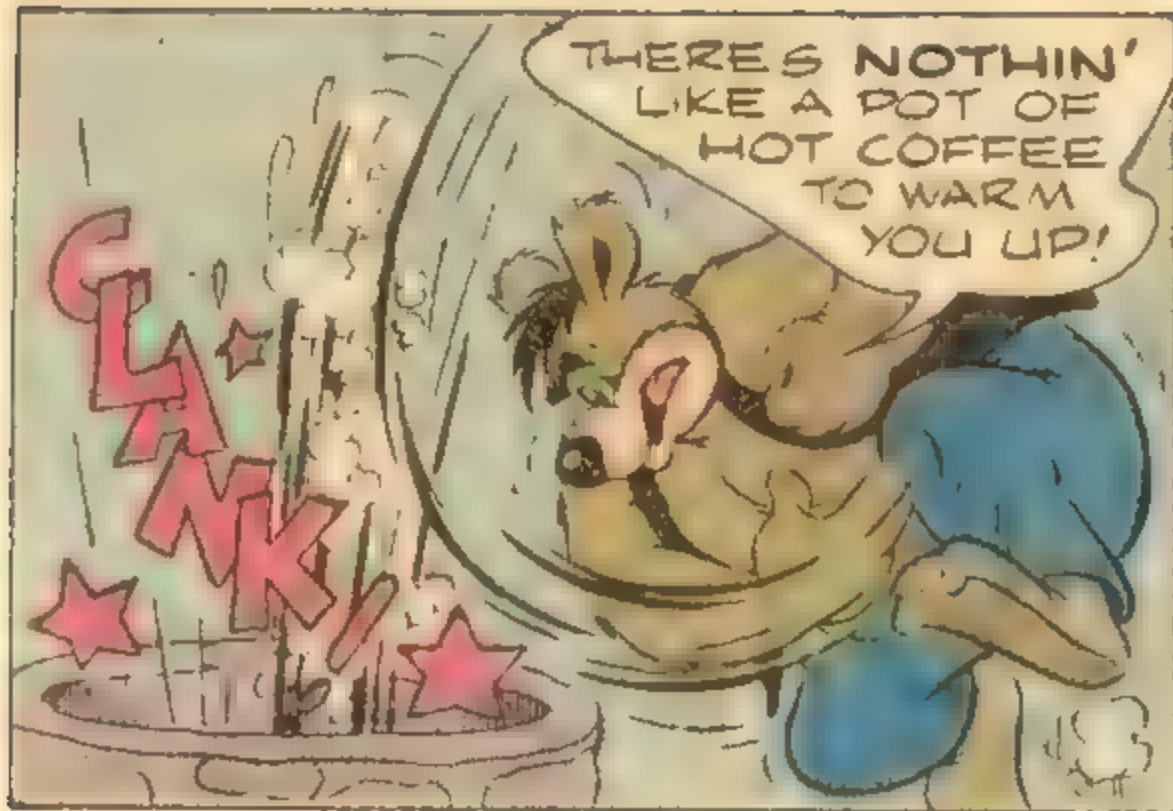
YEAH,
WE'LL
PRETEND
HE'S NOT
HERE!

HE'S TRYIN' TO
GET UP ENOUGH
NERVE TO BORROW
SOME!

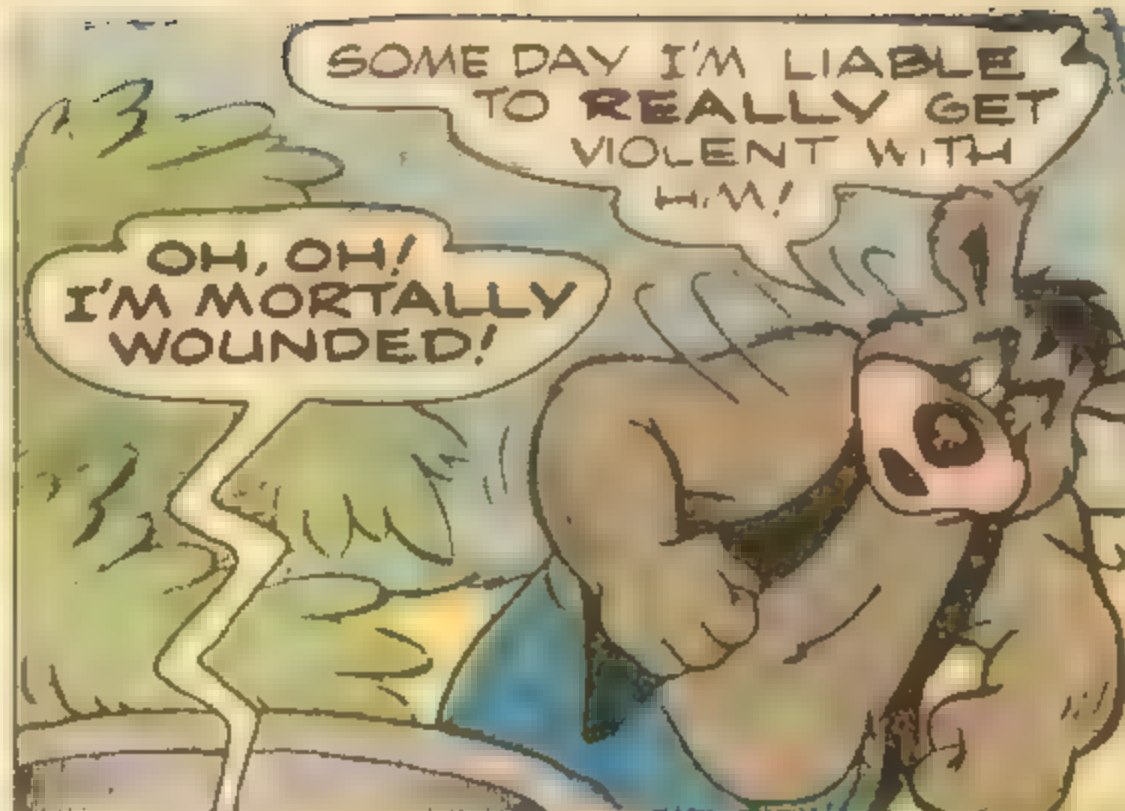
BUT NOTHIN'
KEEPS ME FROM
SLEEPIN'!

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR
PERCOLATED
COFFEE BUT GIVE
ME THE OLD-
FASHIONED
KIND!





THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE A POT OF HOT COFFEE TO WARM YOU UP!



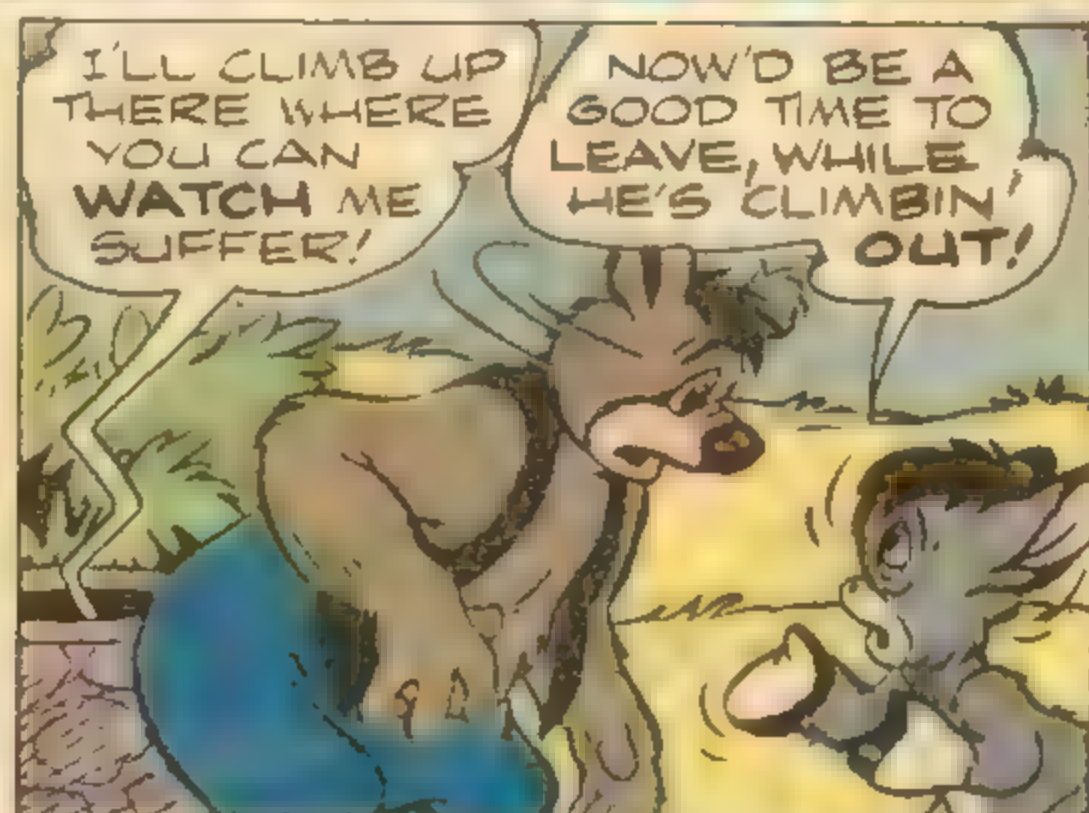
SOME DAY I'M LIABLE TO REALLY GET VIOLENT WITH H.W.!

OH, OH! I'M MORTALLY WOUNDED!



I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE! I'VE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM THAT MOOSE!

BUT I'M NOT GONNA DIE DOWN HERE IN THIS DAMP WELL!



I'LL CLIMB UP THERE WHERE YOU CAN WATCH ME SUFFER!

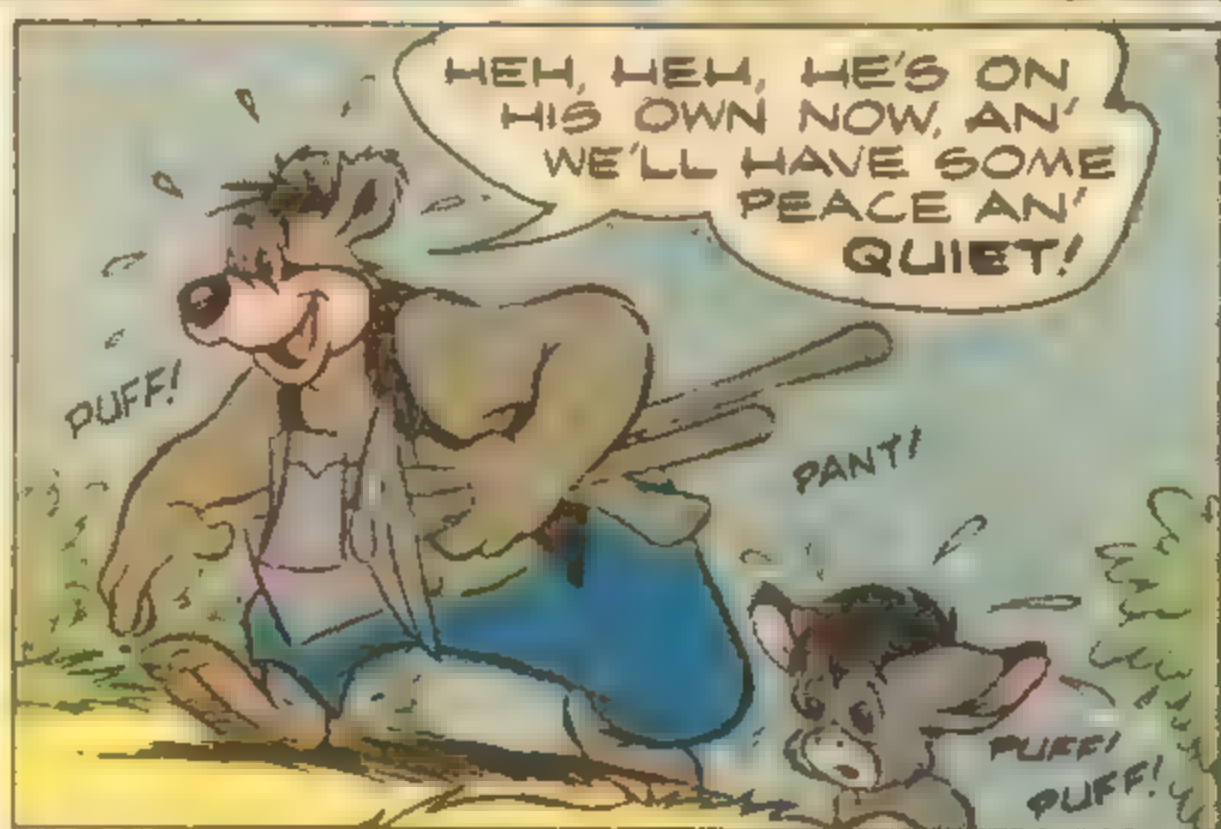
NOW'D BE A GOOD TIME TO LEAVE, WHILE HE'S CLIMBIN' OUT!



LET'S GO BUILD A CABIN ON THAT MOUNTAIN AN' LIVE THERE!

GOOD IDEA!

IT'S SLOW HARD WORK BUT I'LL GET OUT EVENTUALLY!

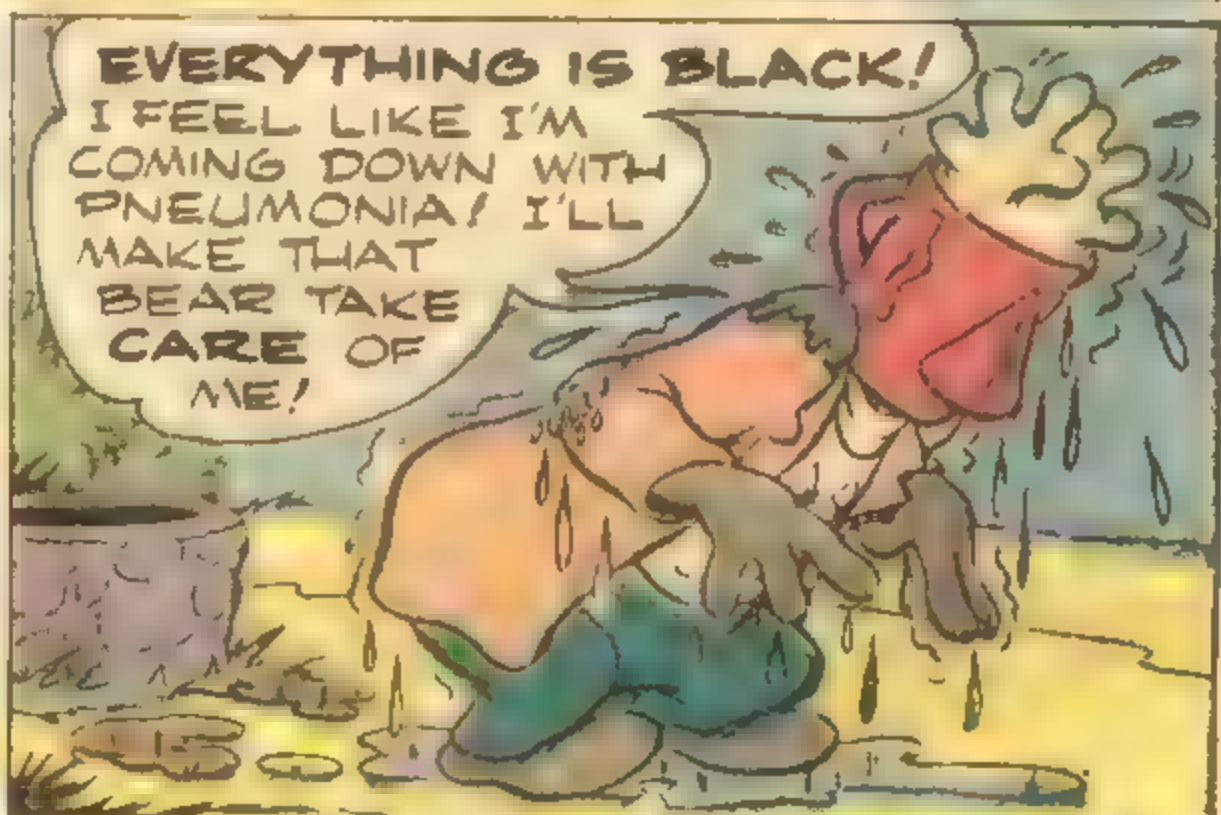


HEH, HEH, HE'S ON HIS OWN NOW, AN' WE'LL HAVE SOME PEACE AN' QUIET!

PUFF!

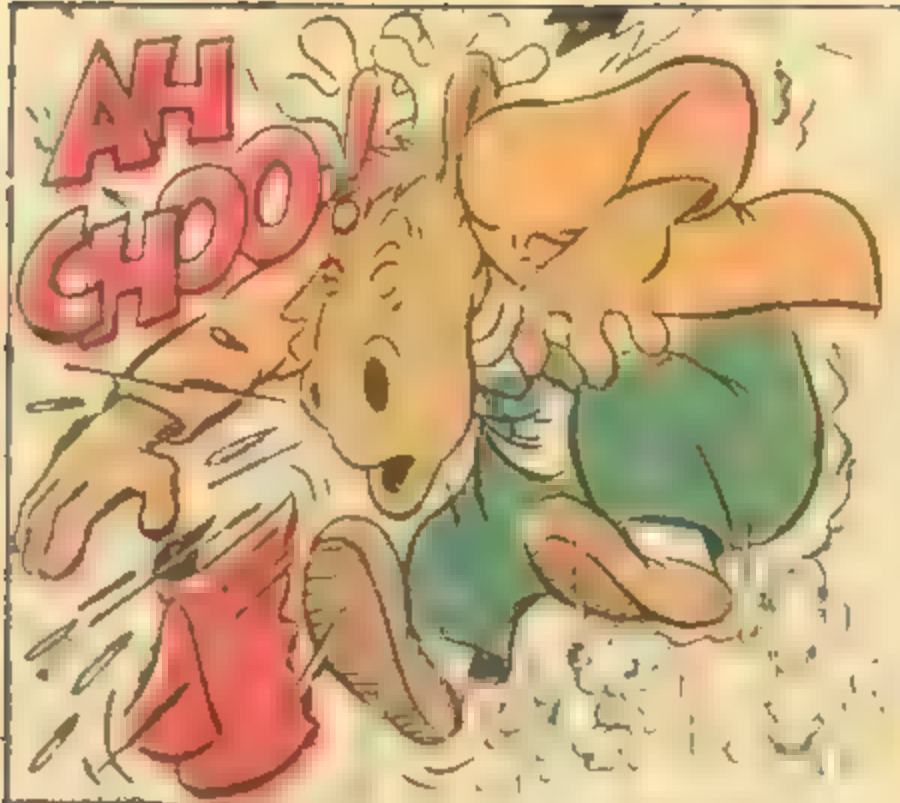
PANT!

PUFF! PUFF!



EVERYTHING IS BLACK!

I FEEL LIKE I'M COMING DOWN WITH PNEUMONIA! I'LL MAKE THAT BEAR TAKE CARE OF ME!



**AH
GHO!**

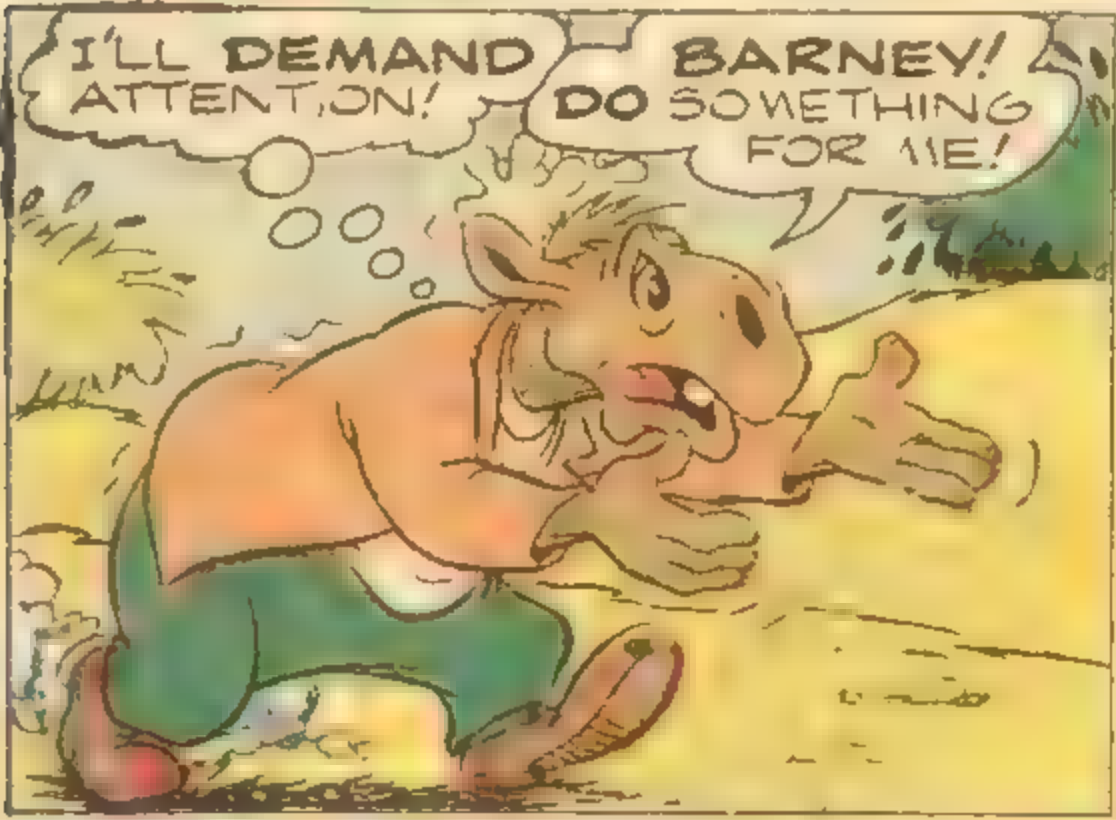


JUST AS I
THOUGHT! CHILLS
AN' FEVER!



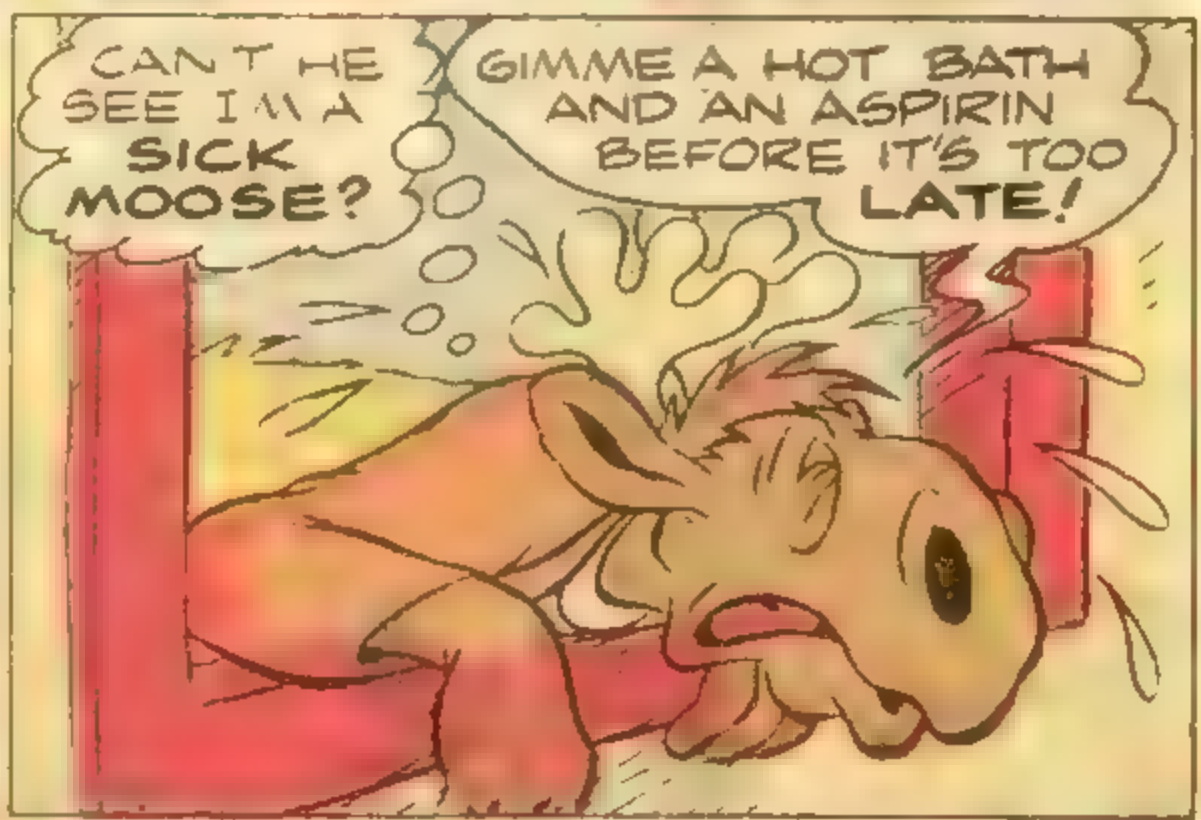
AN' MY PULSE IS
RACING!

HOW CAN HE
STAND TO SEE
ME SUFFER
SO?



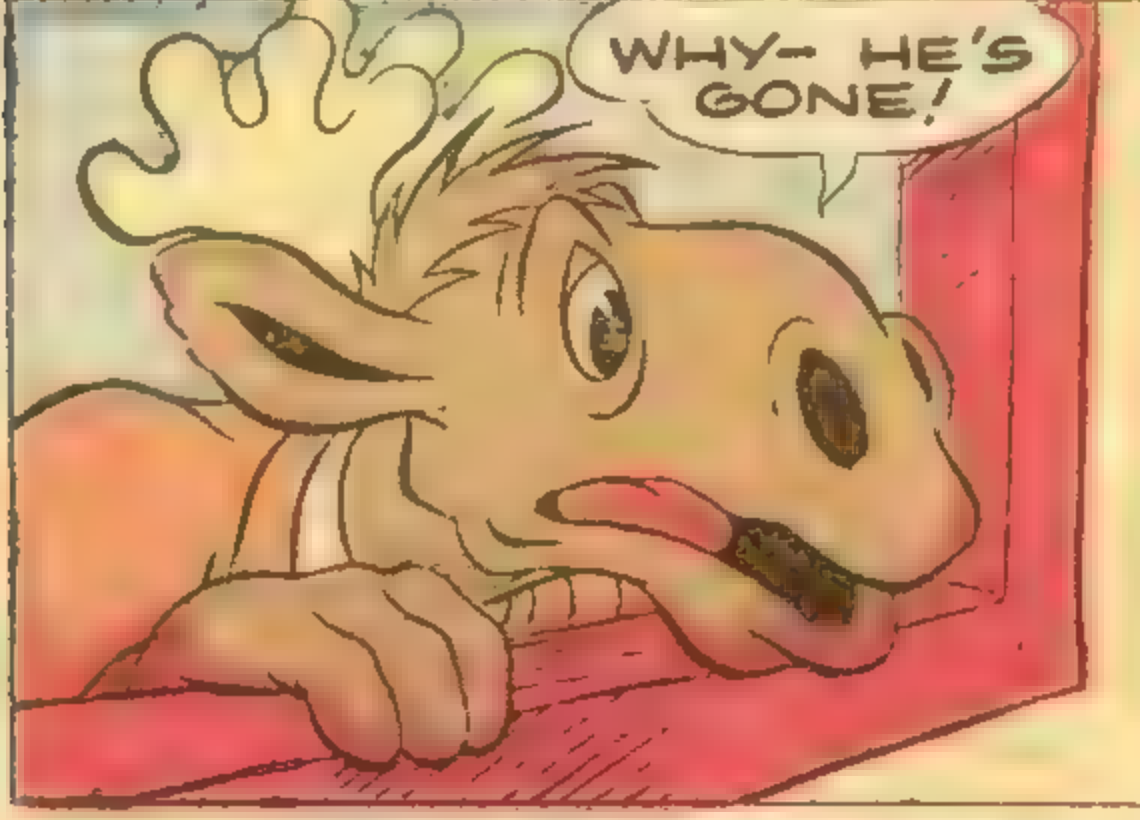
I'LL DEMAND
ATTENTION!

BARNEY!
DO SOMETHING
FOR ME!

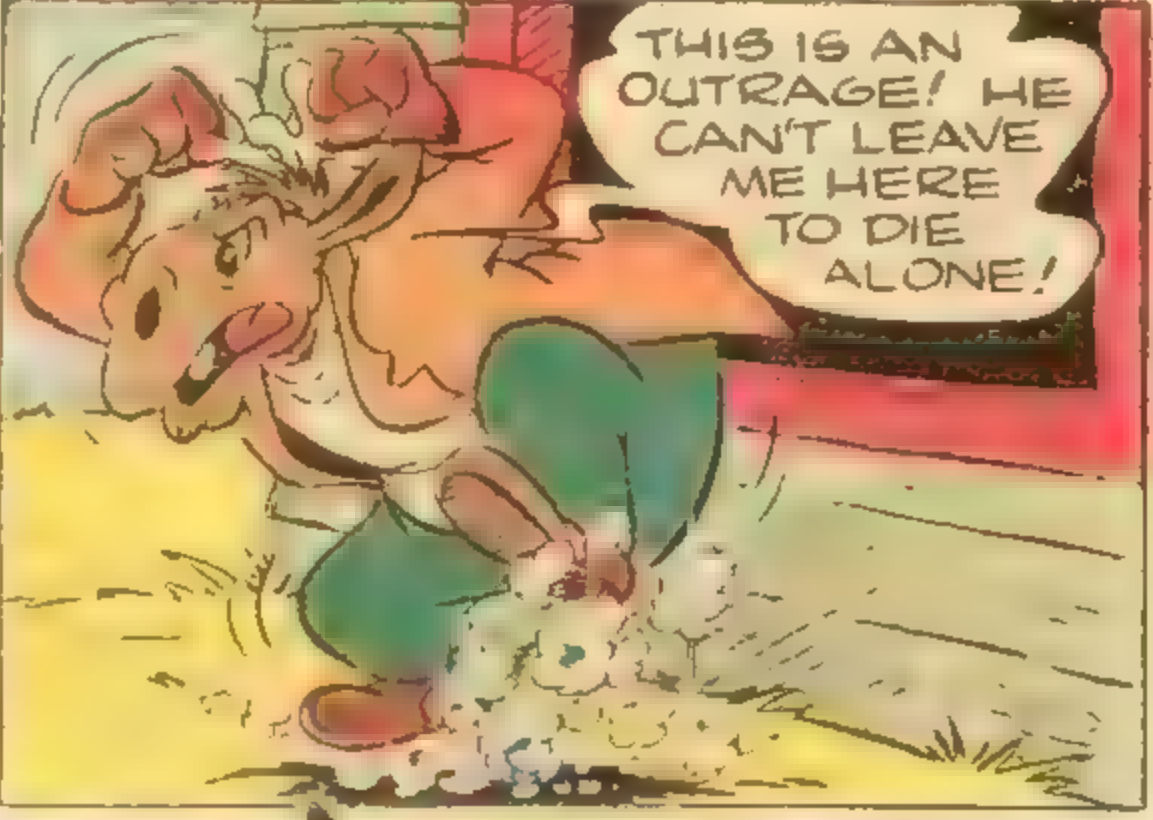


CAN'T HE
SEE I'M A
SICK
MOOSE?

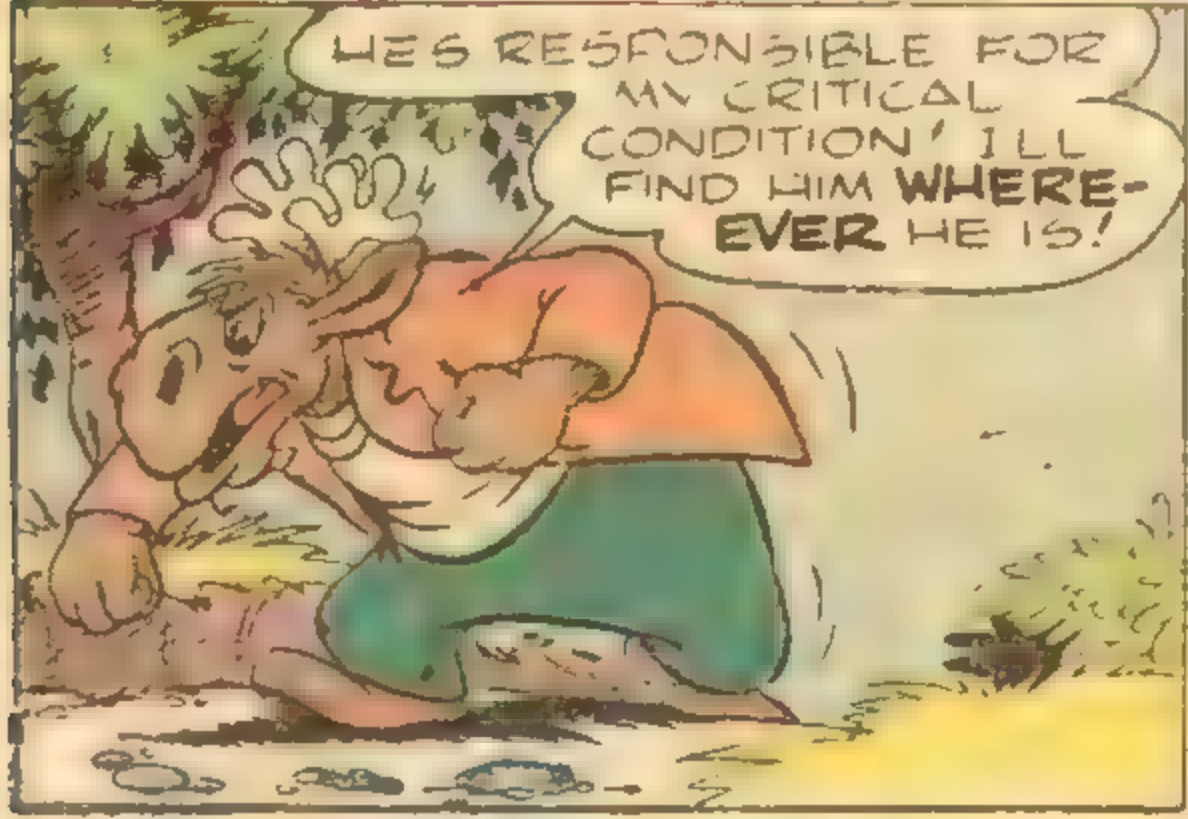
GIMME A HOT BATH
AND AN ASPIRIN
BEFORE IT'S TOO
LATE!



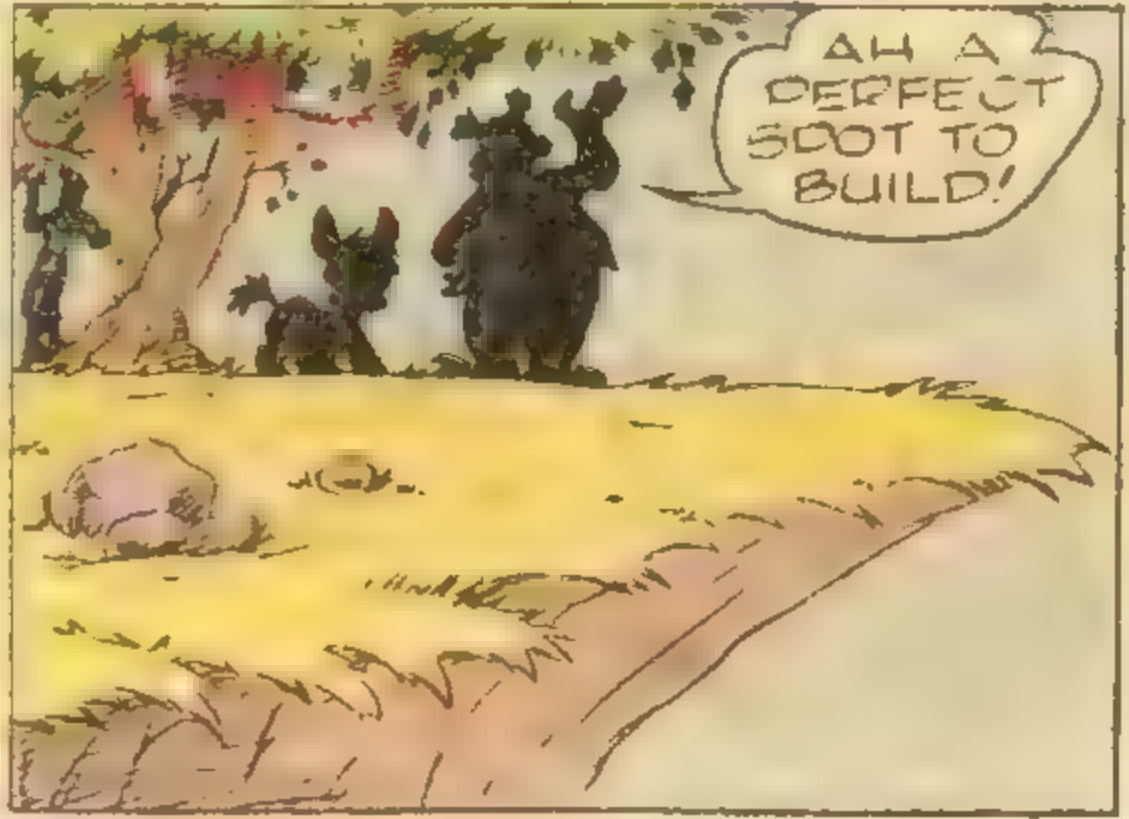
WHY- HE'S
GONE!



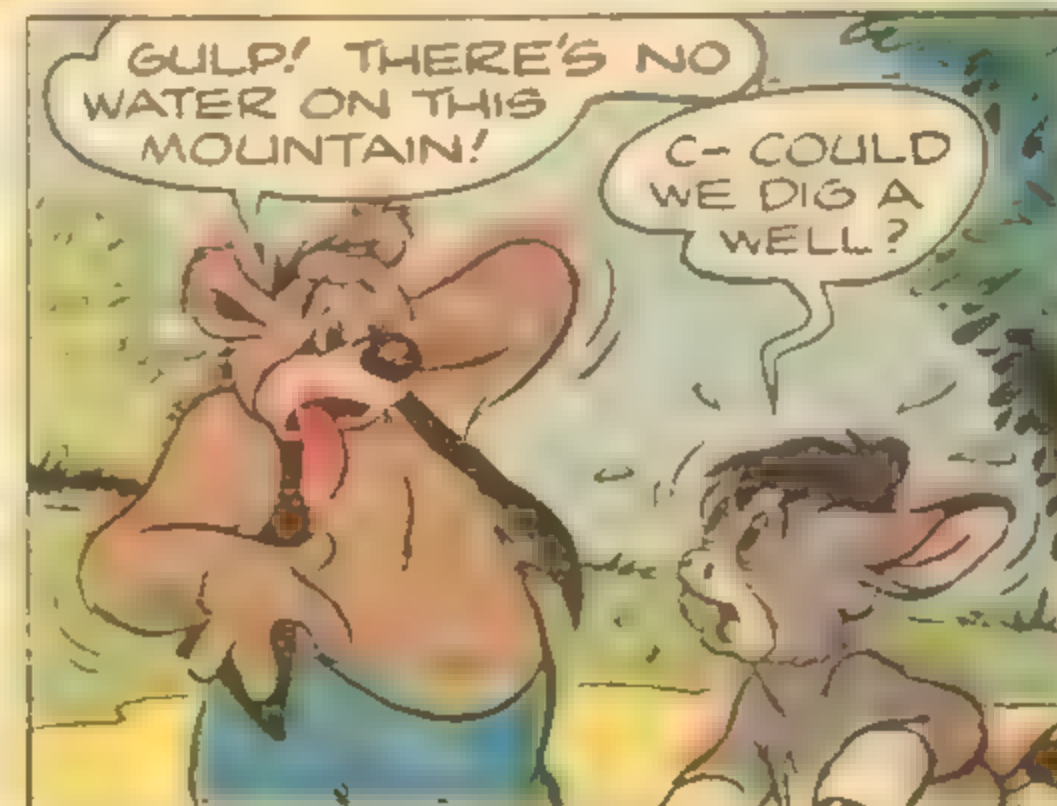
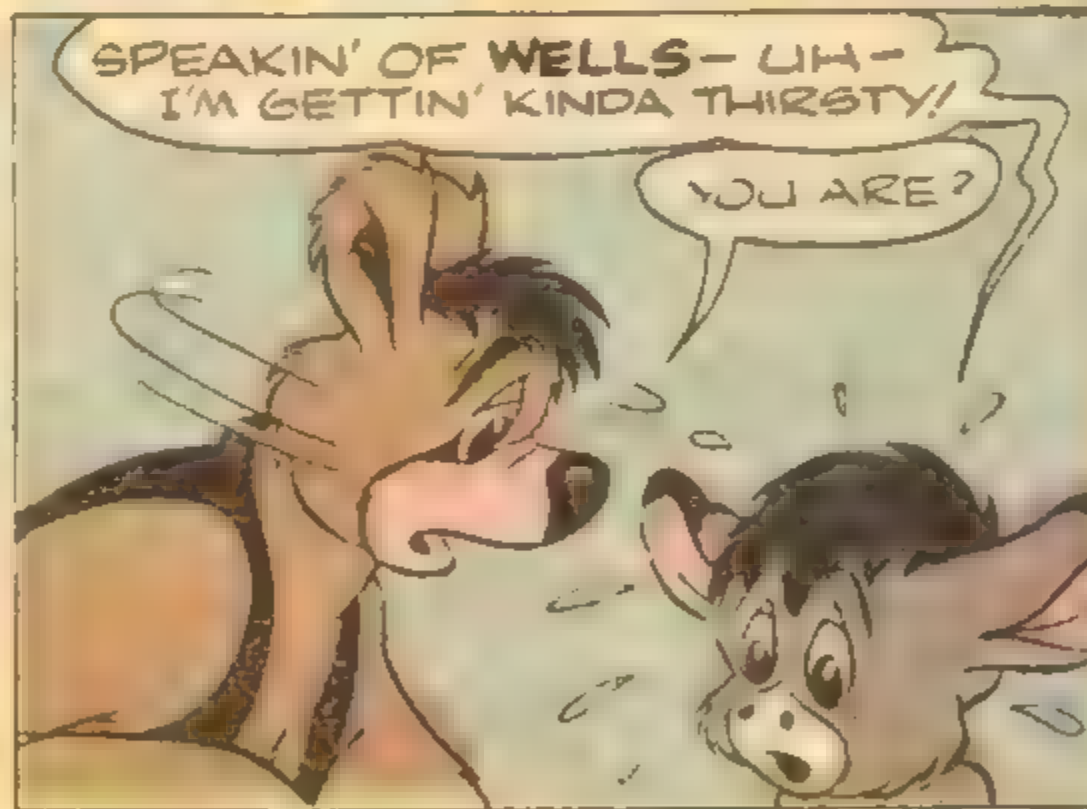
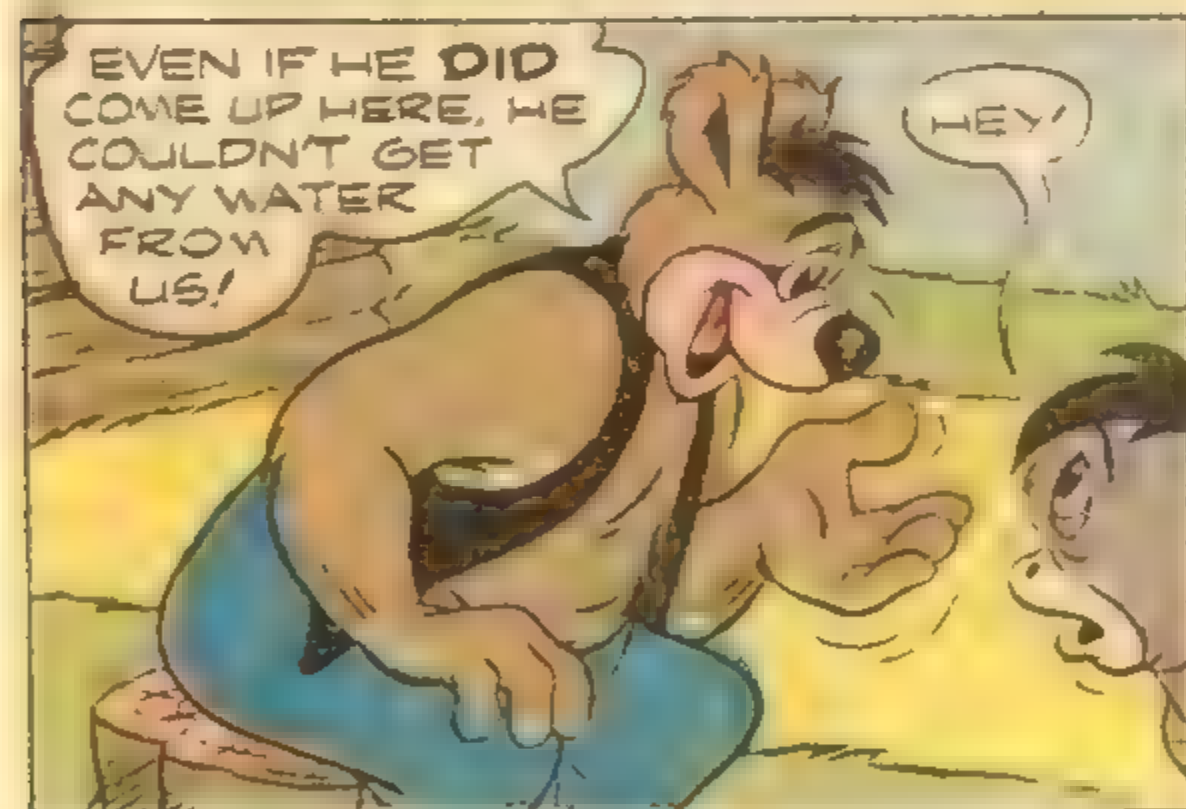
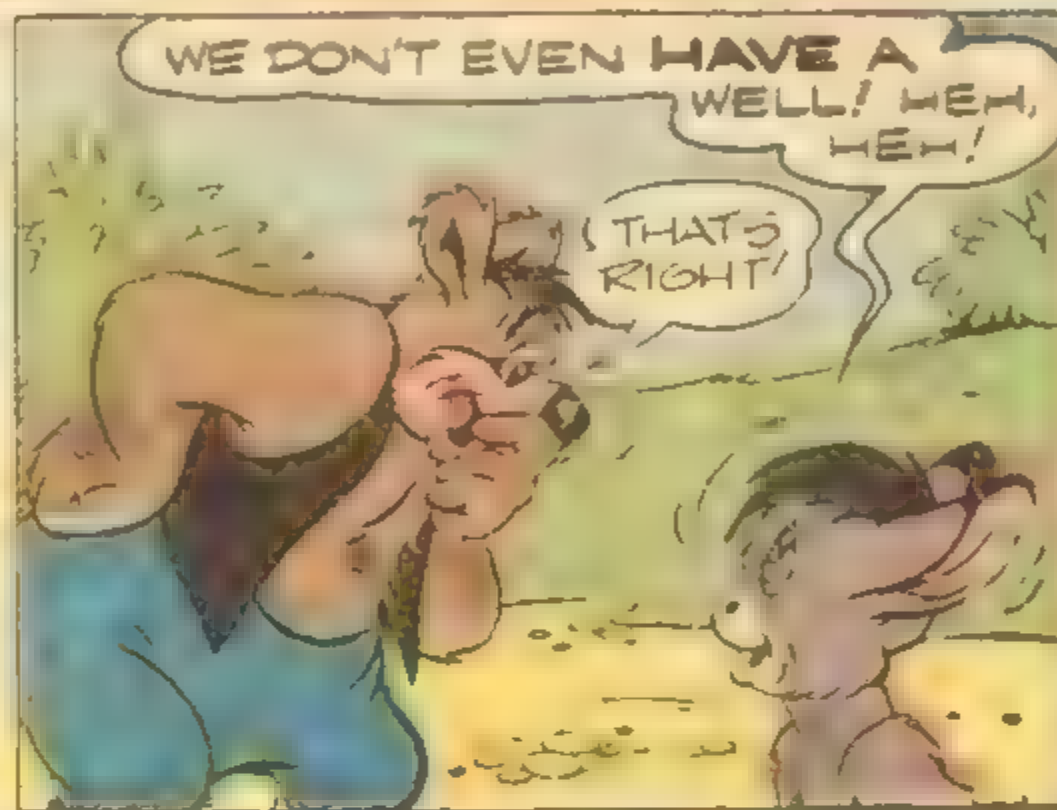
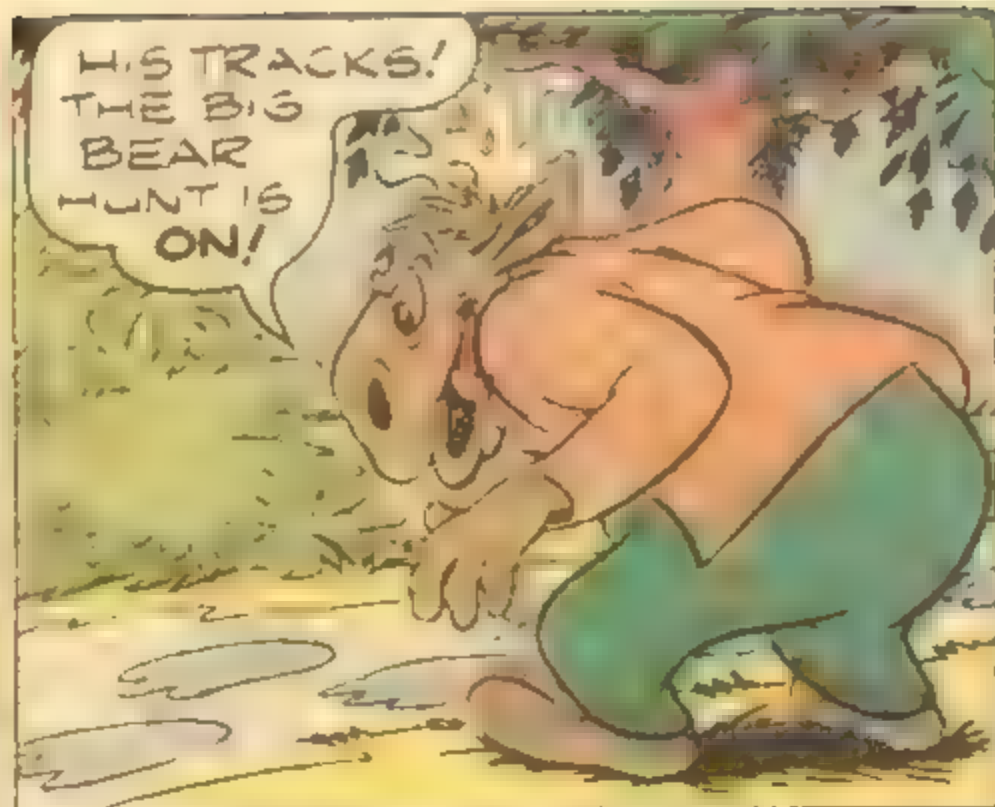
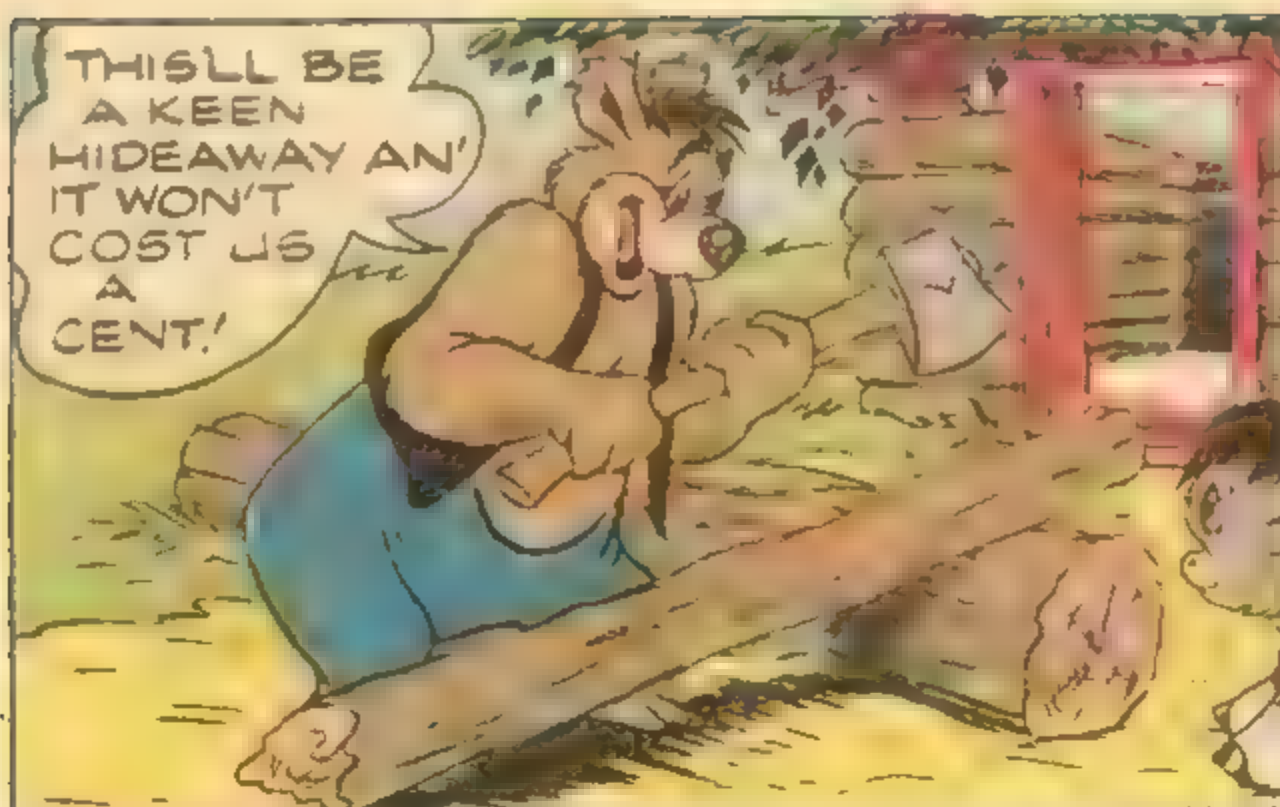
THIS IS AN
OUTRAGE! HE
CAN'T LEAVE
ME HERE
TO DIE
ALONE!

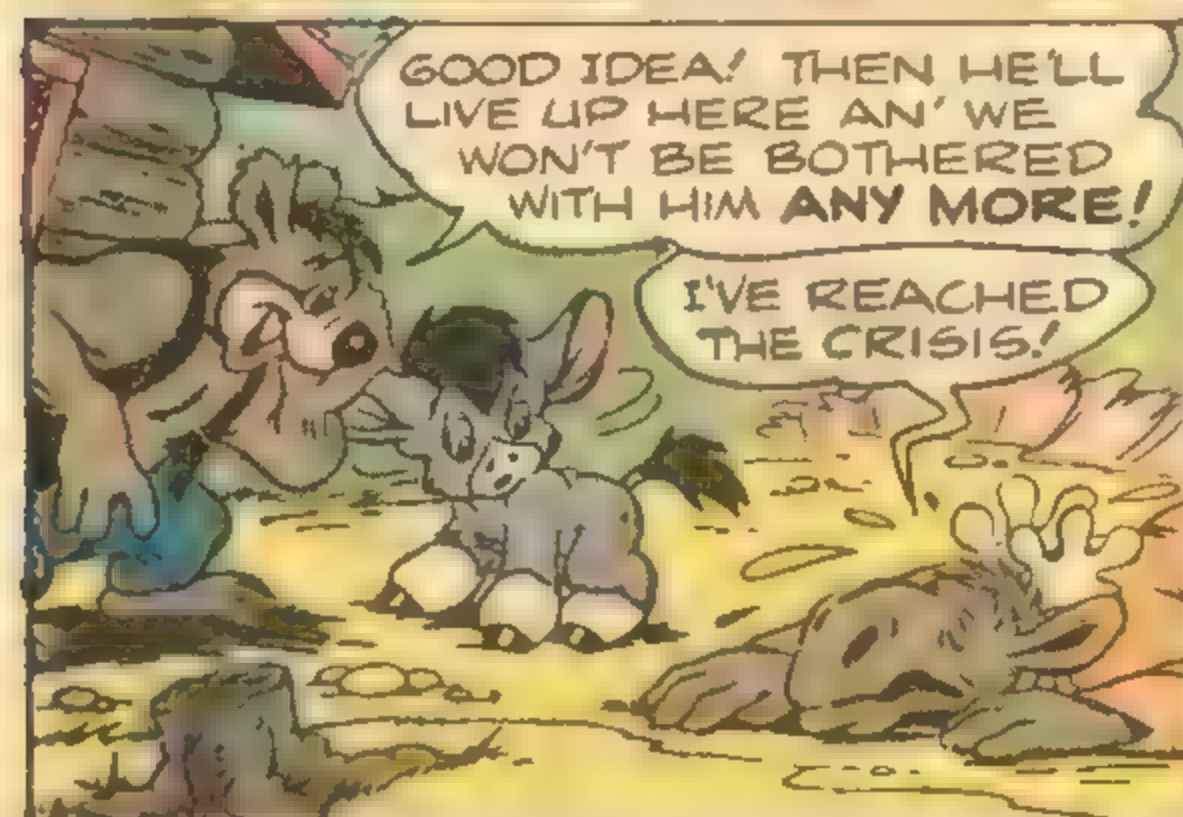
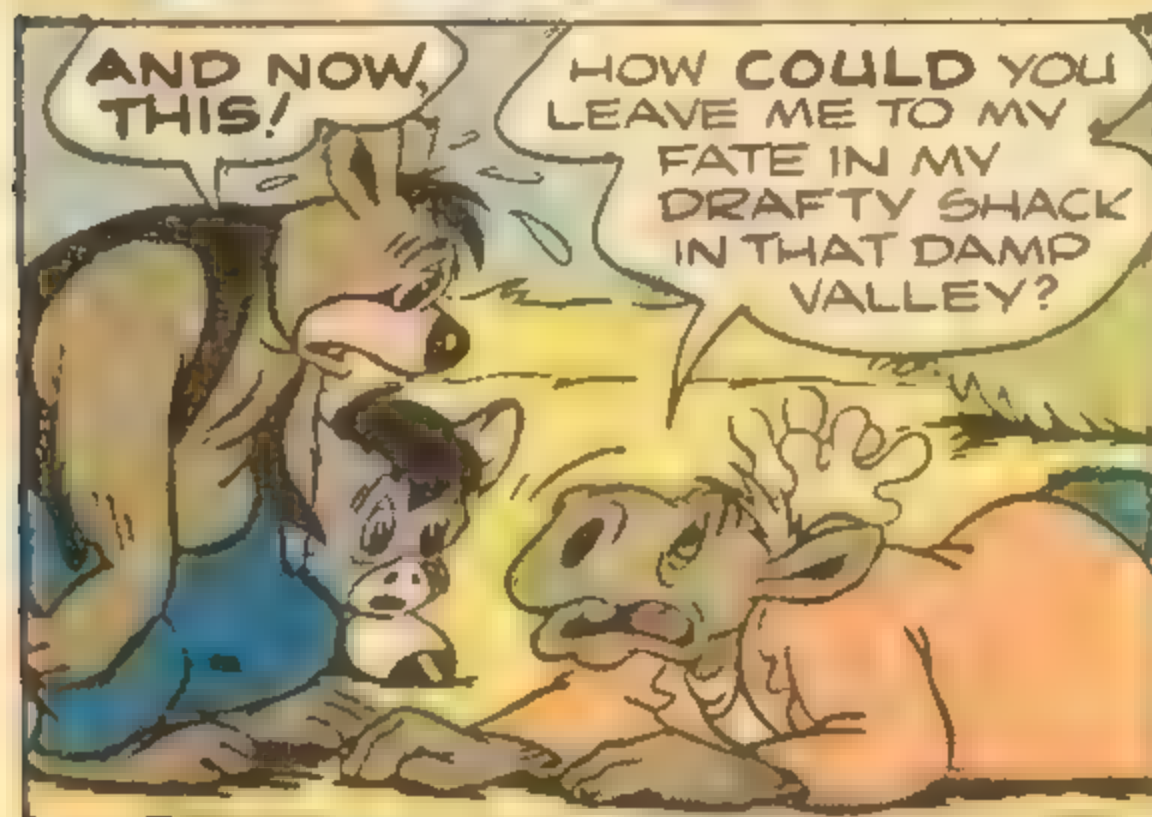
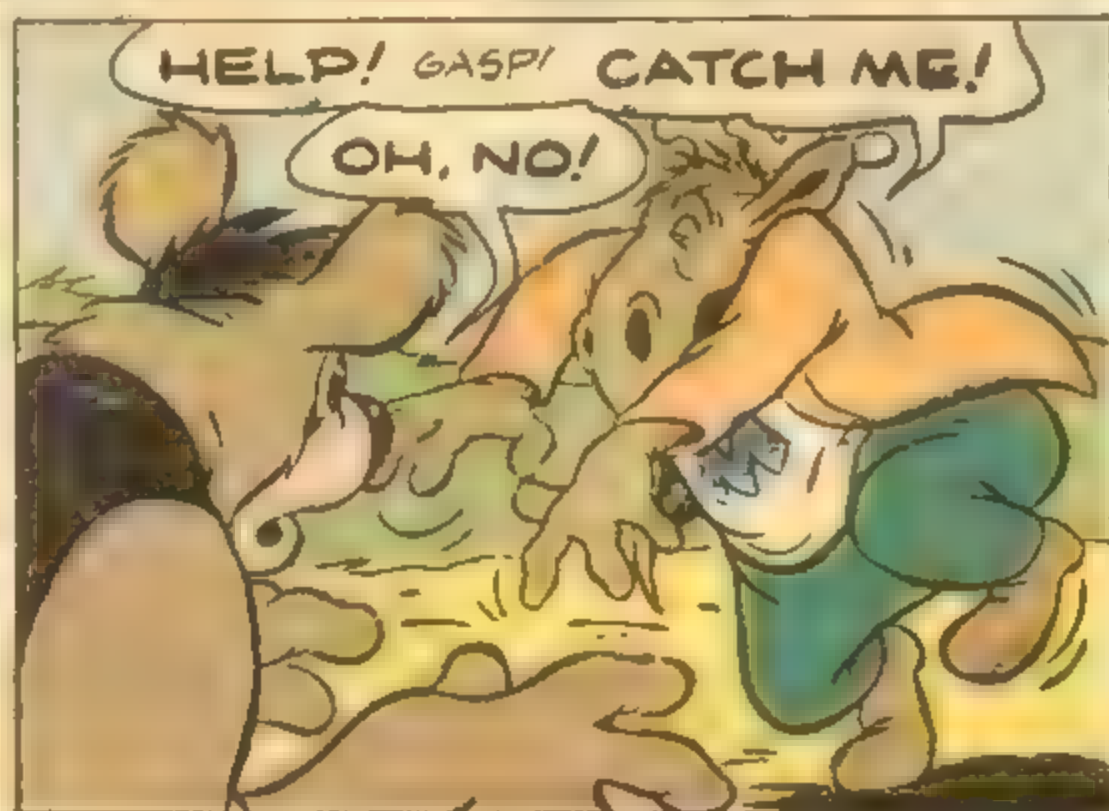
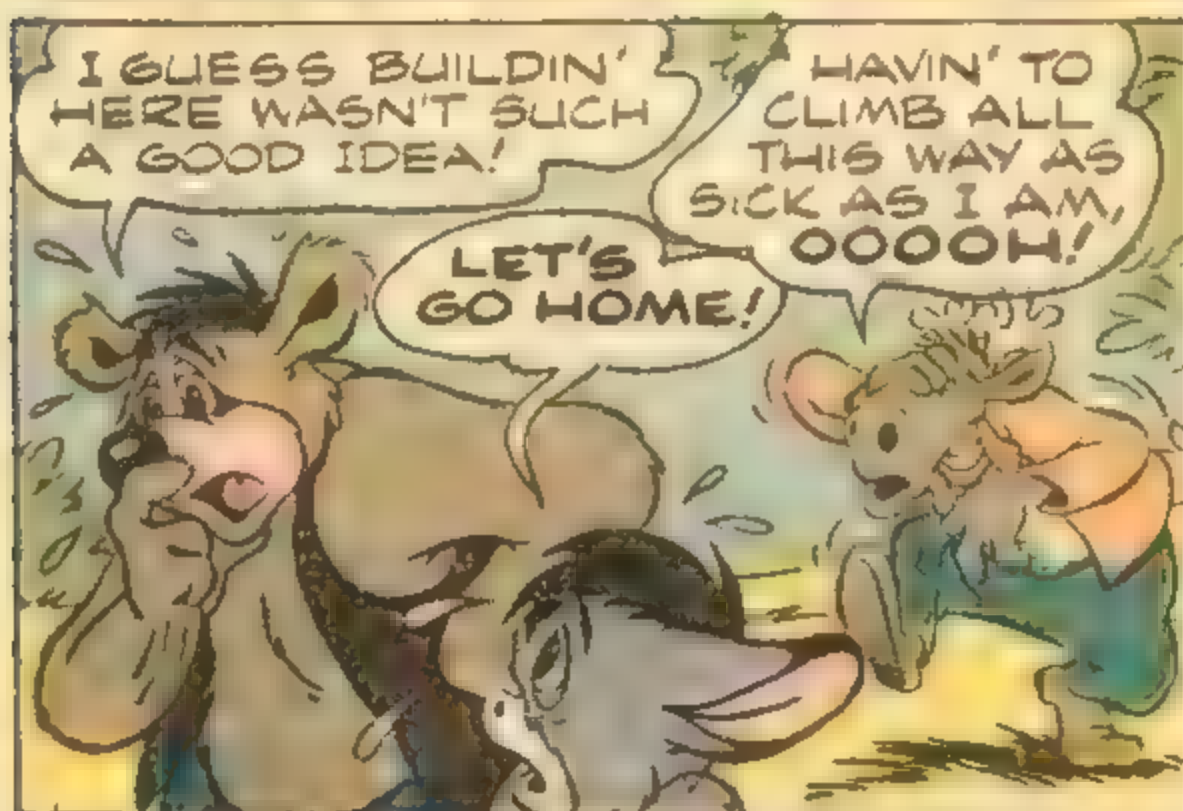
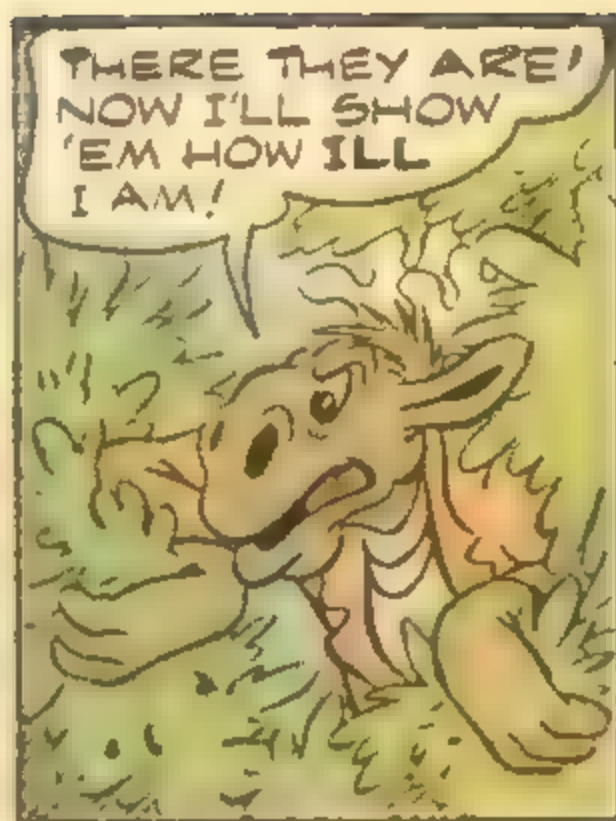


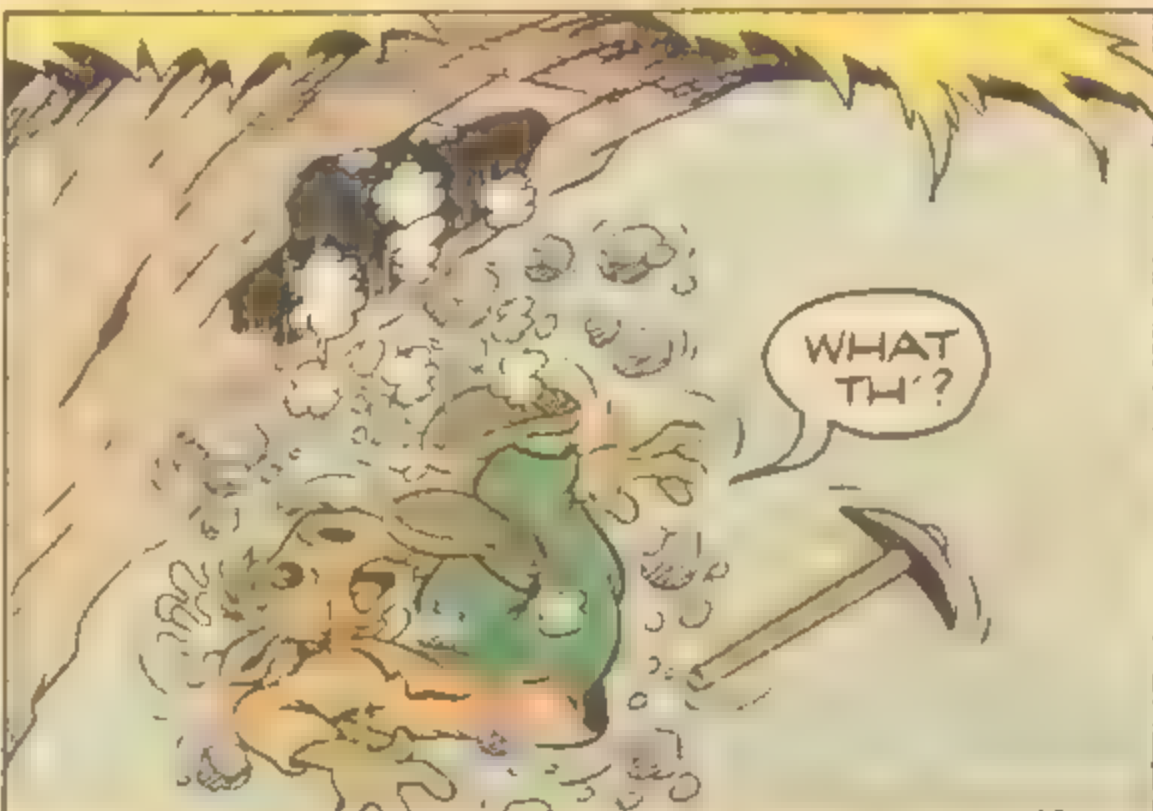
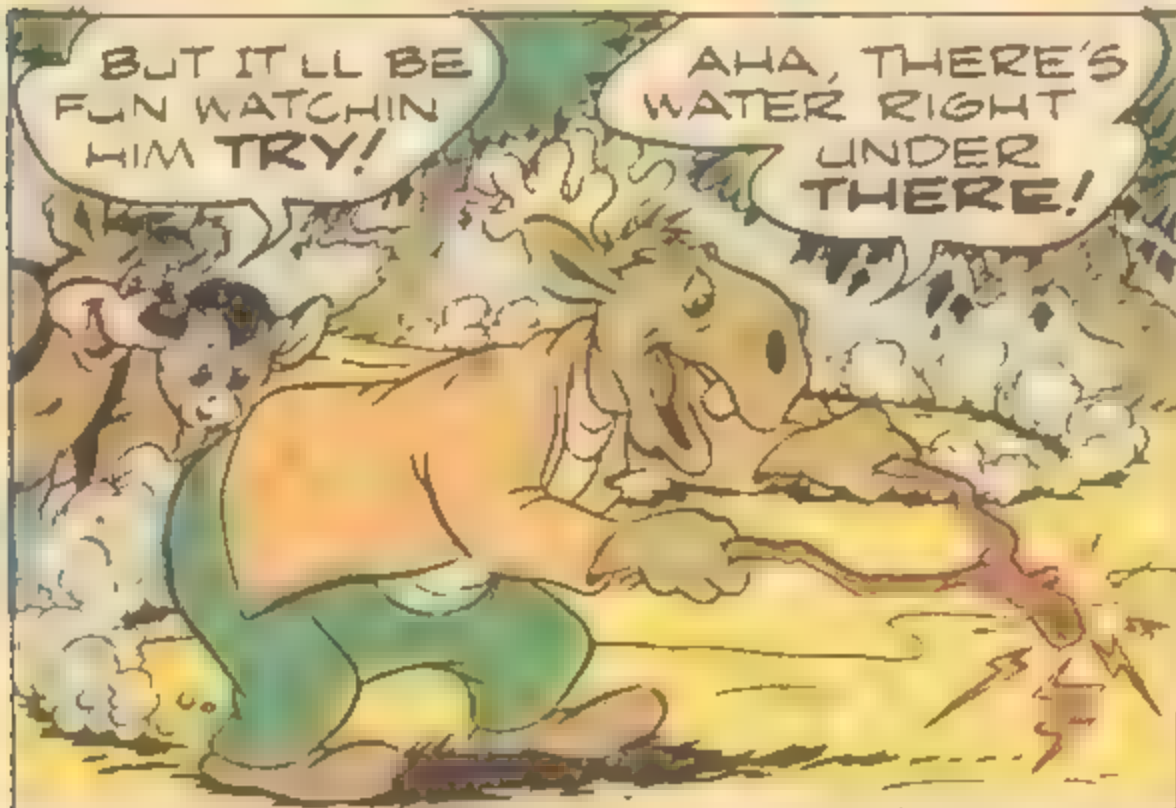
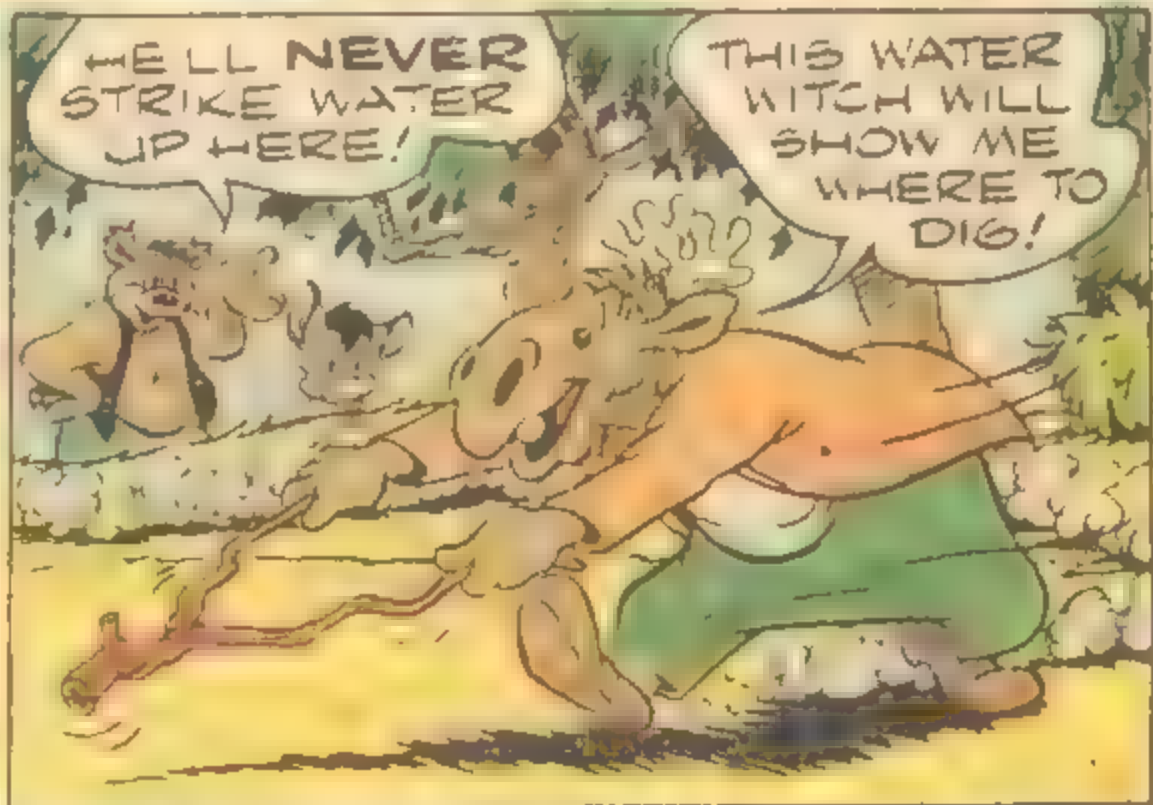
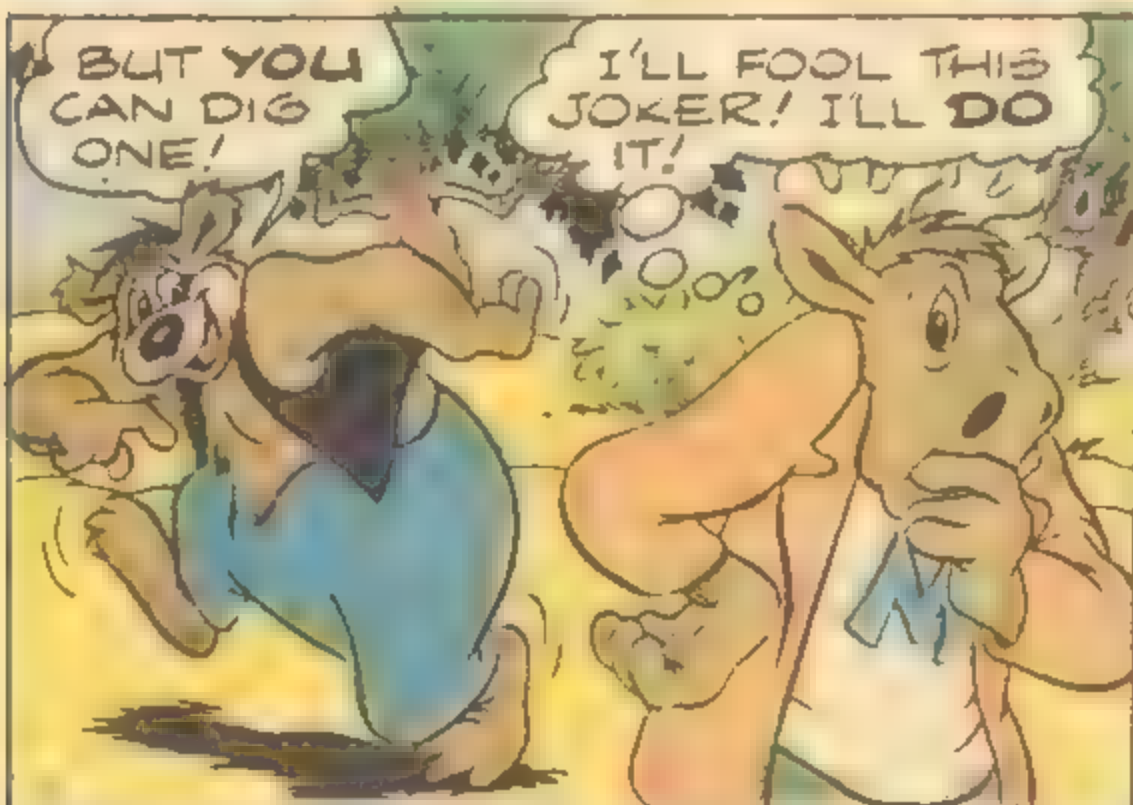
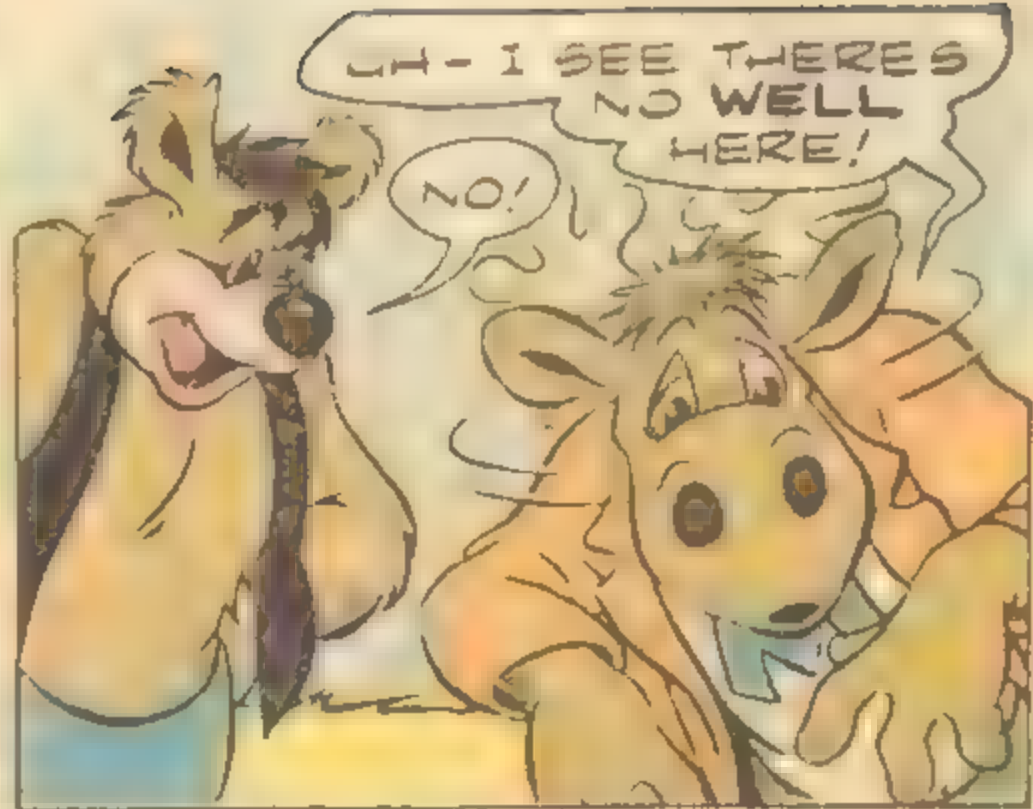
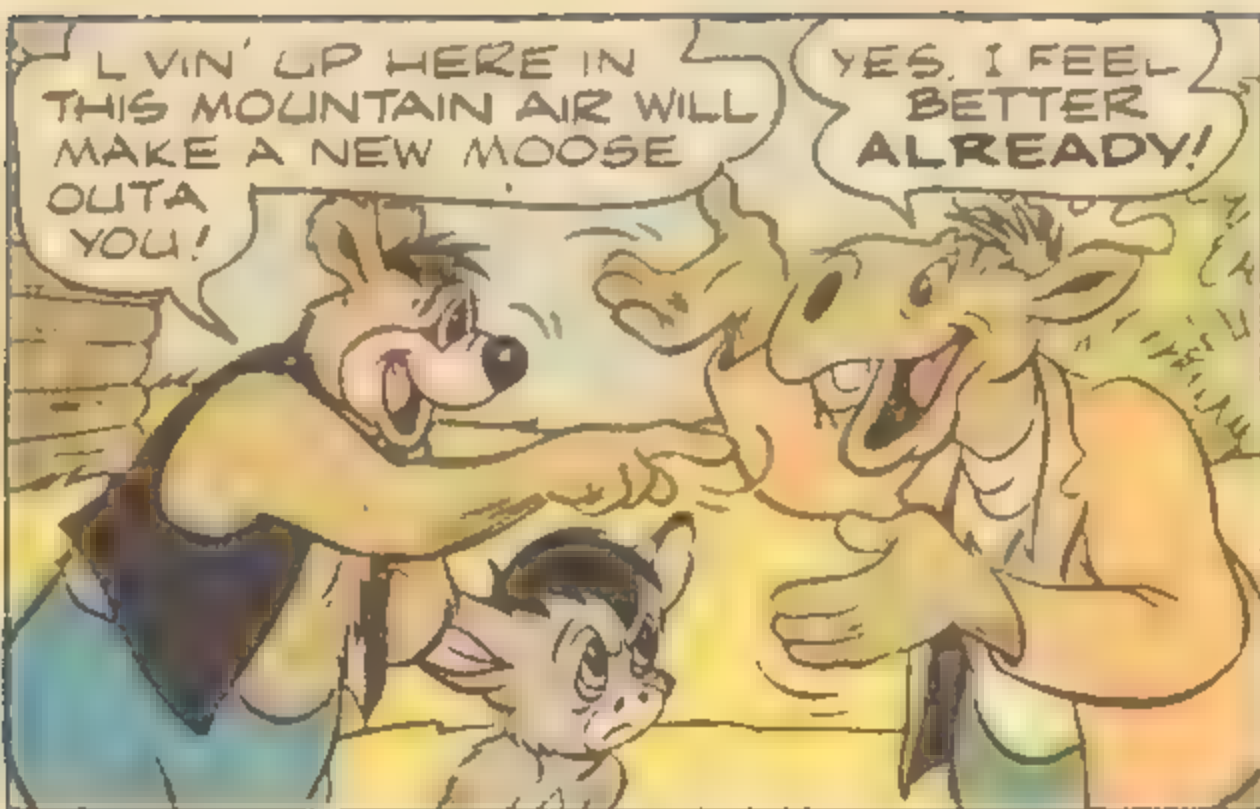
HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR
MY CRITICAL
CONDITION! I'LL
FIND HIM WHERE-
EVER HE IS!

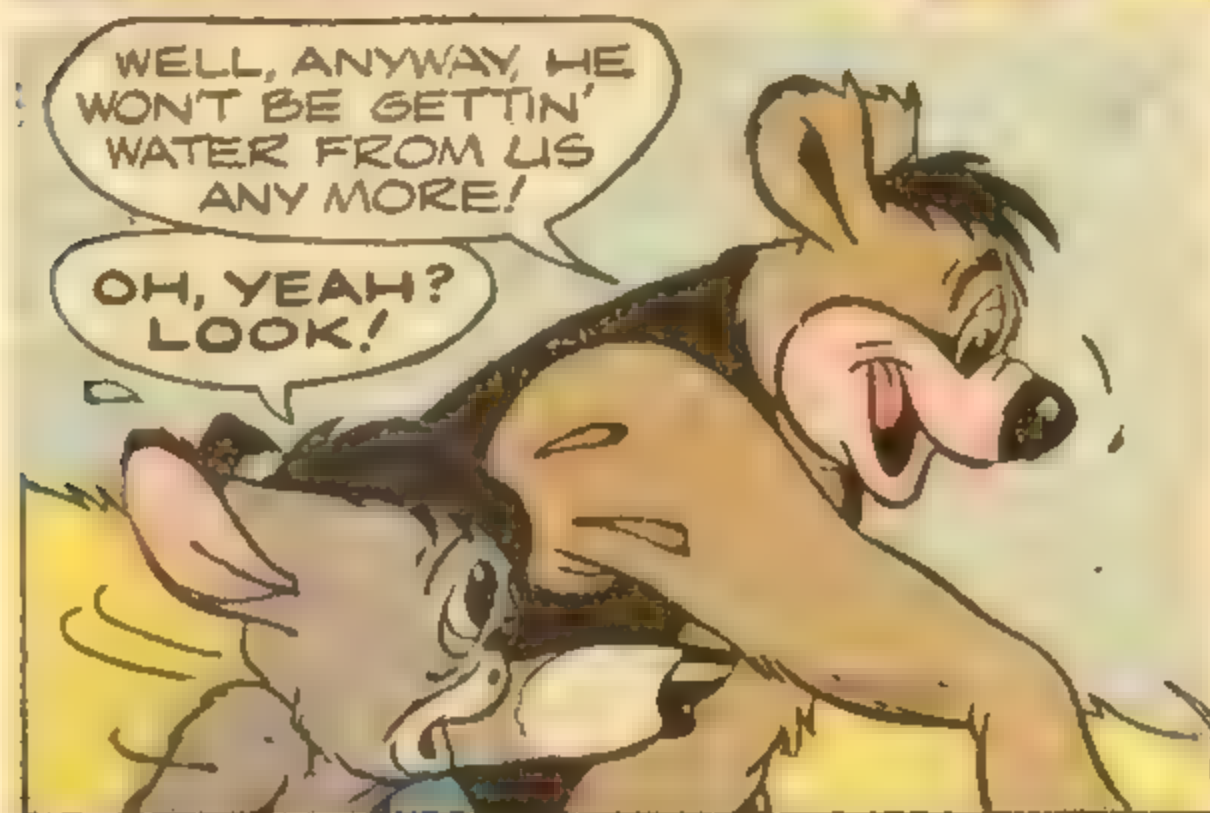
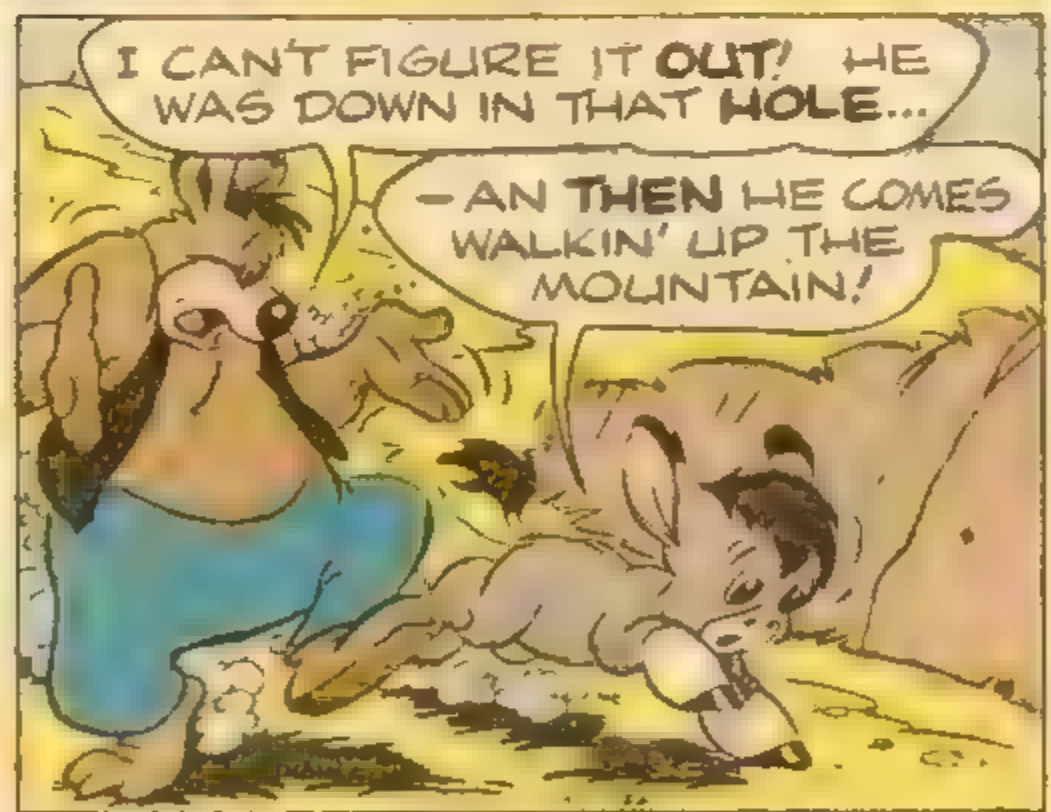
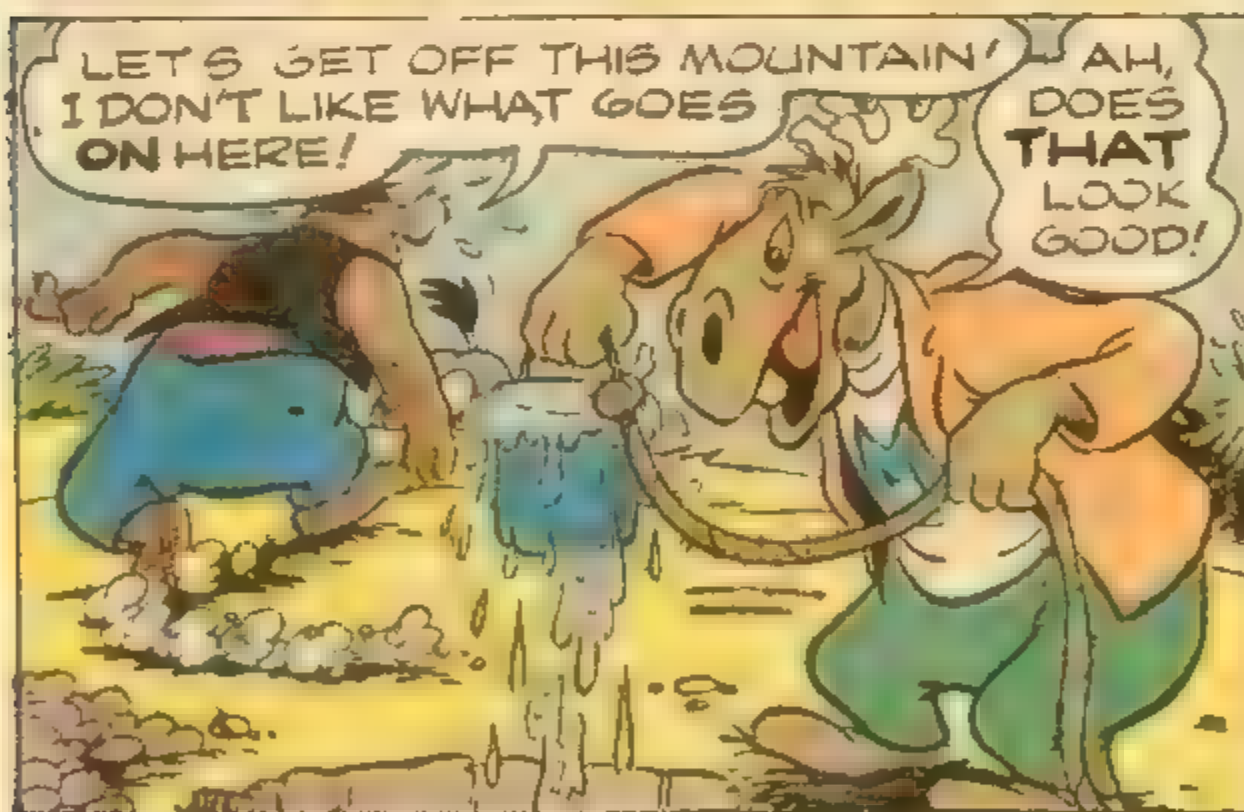
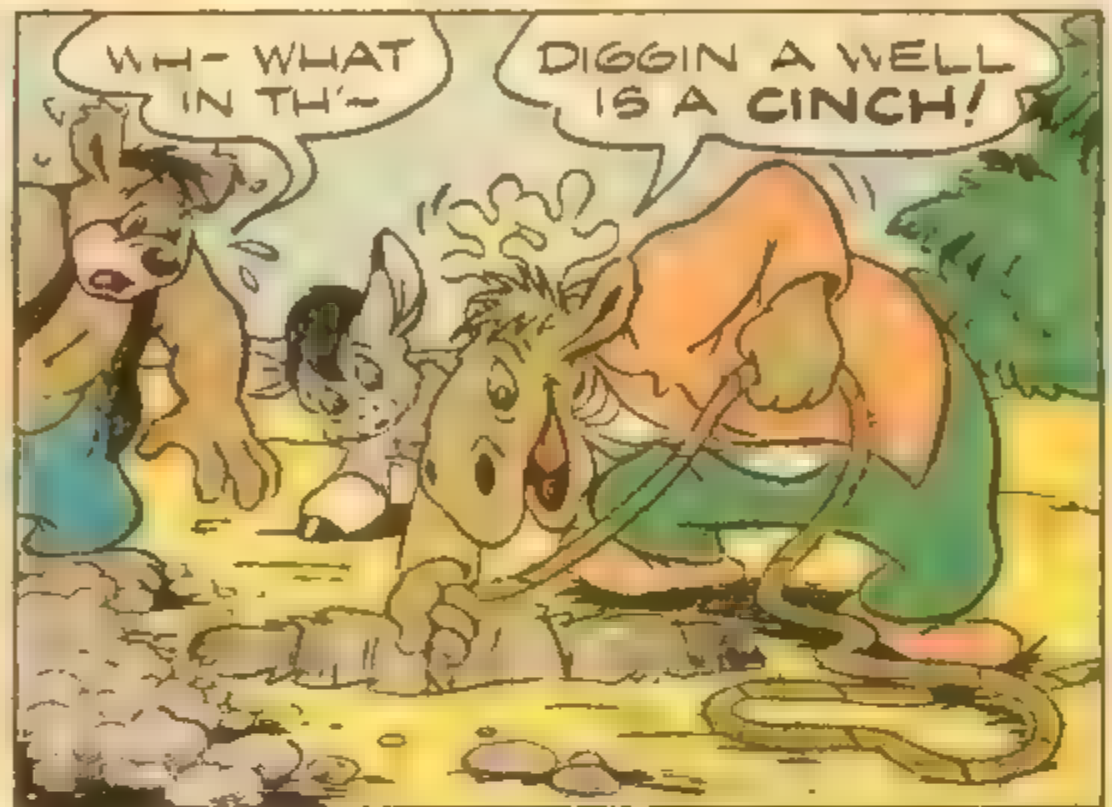
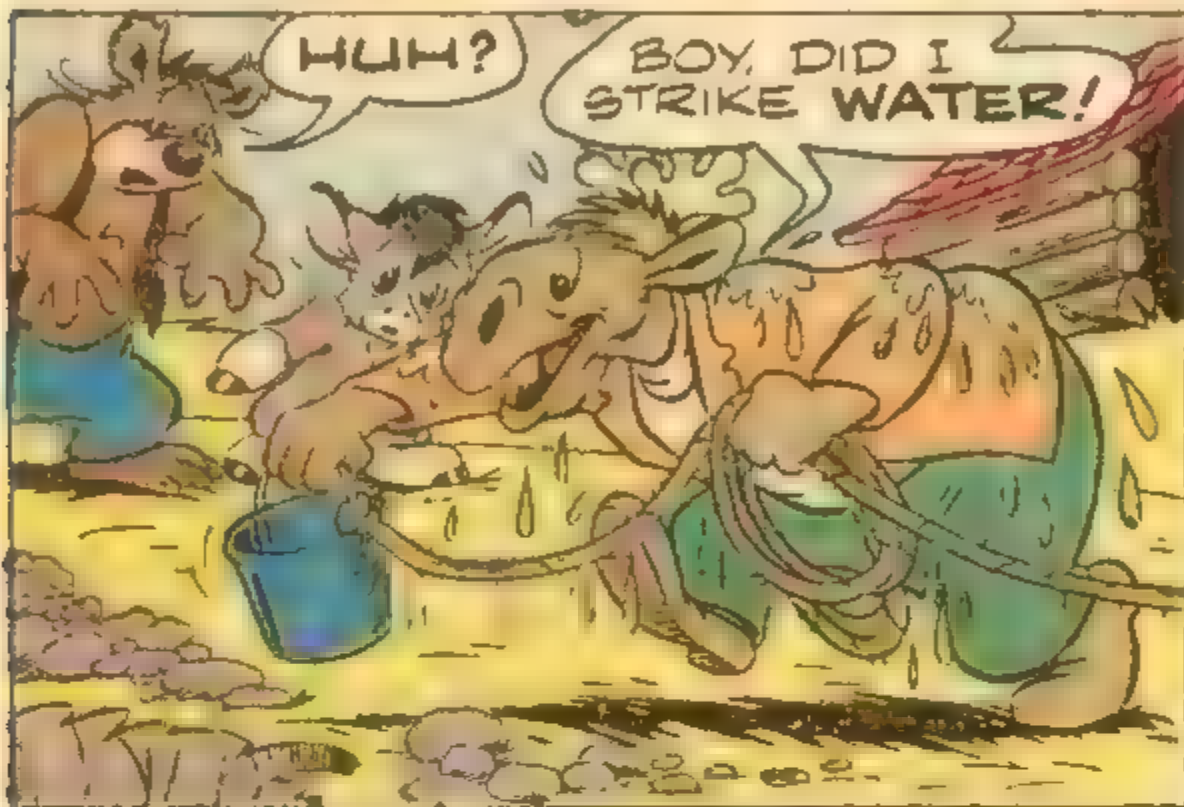
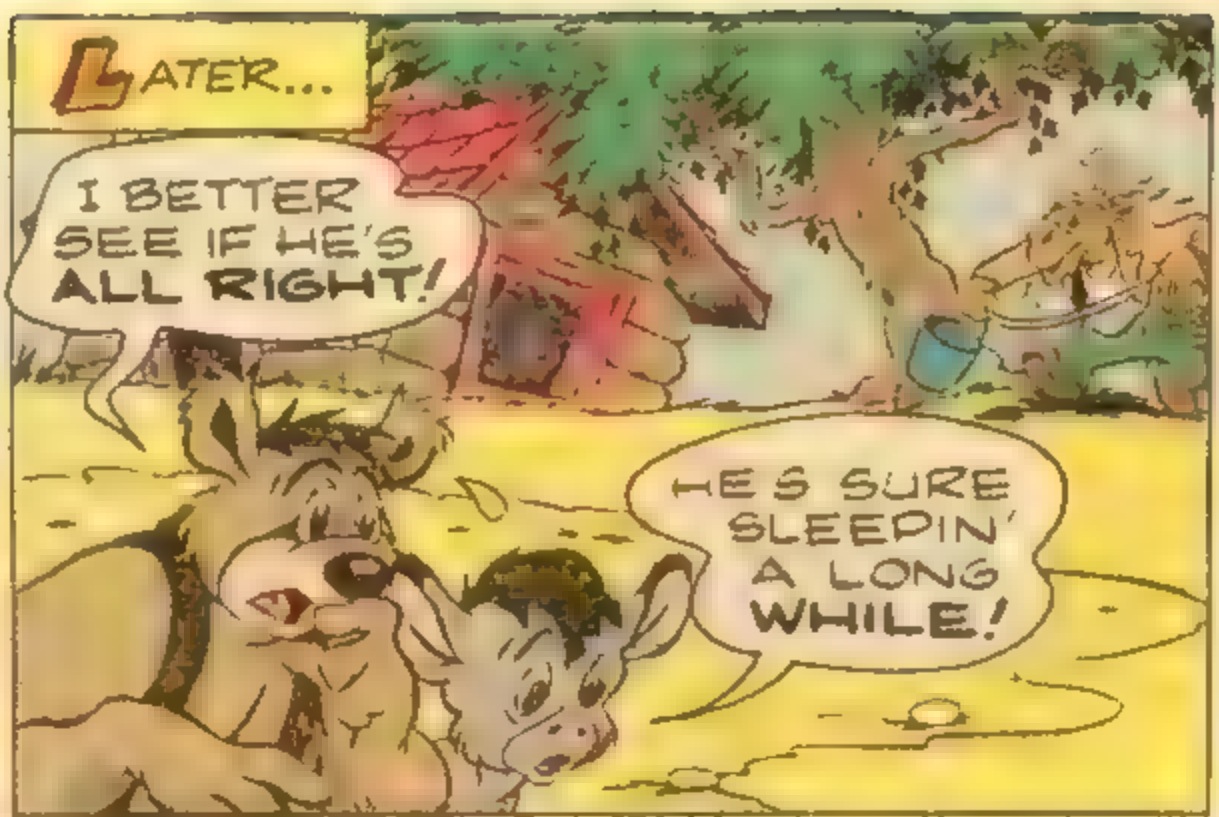


AH A
PERFECT
SPOT TO
BUILD!





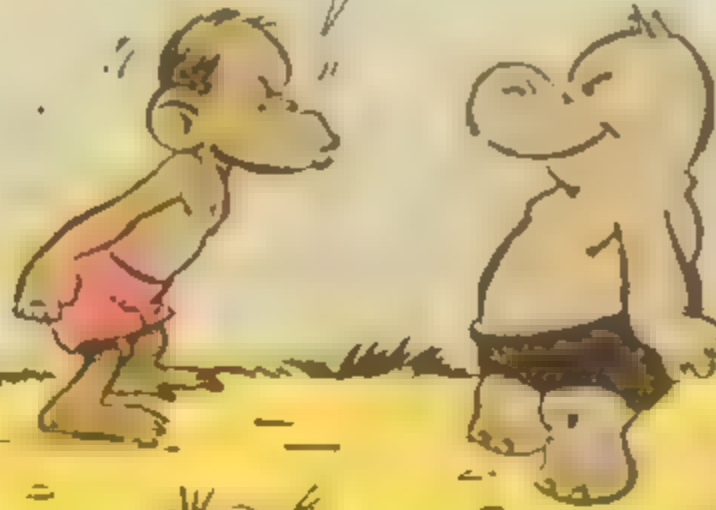




FLIP 'N' DIP

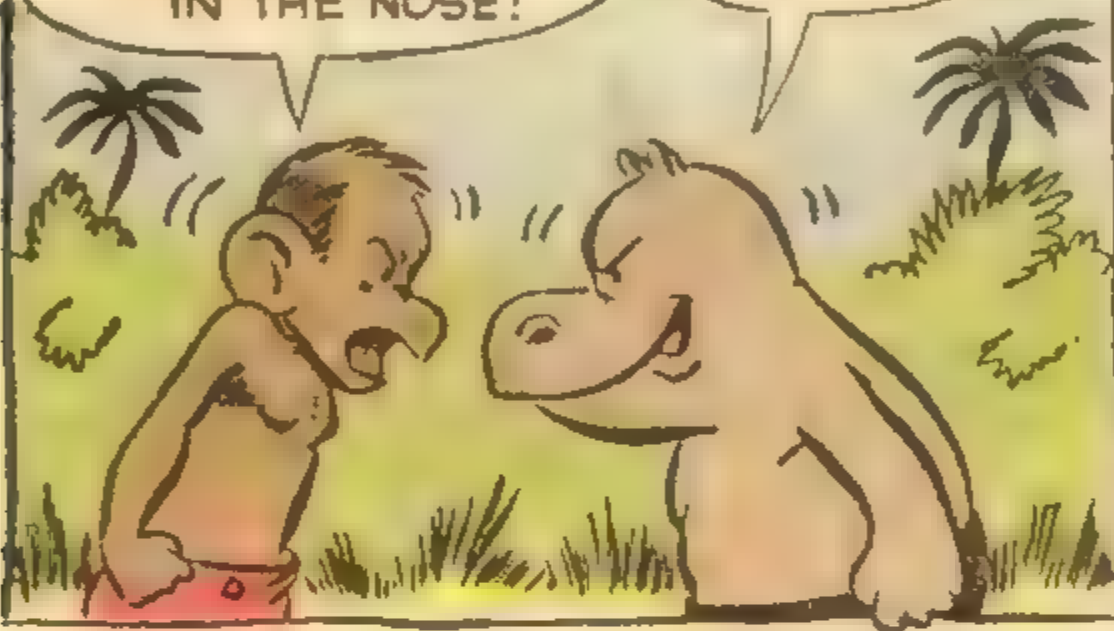
MY FATHER IS NOT
A LAZY BUM!

HE IS SO!



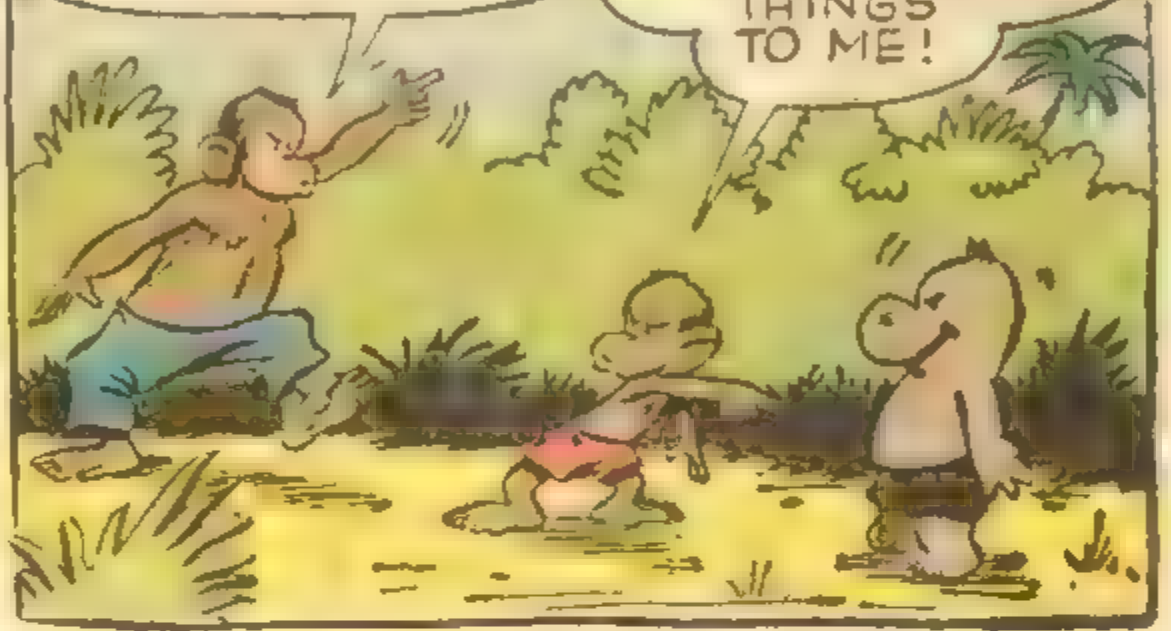
SAY THAT AGAIN AND
I'LL PUNCH YOU
IN THE NOSE!

HA! DARE
YOU!



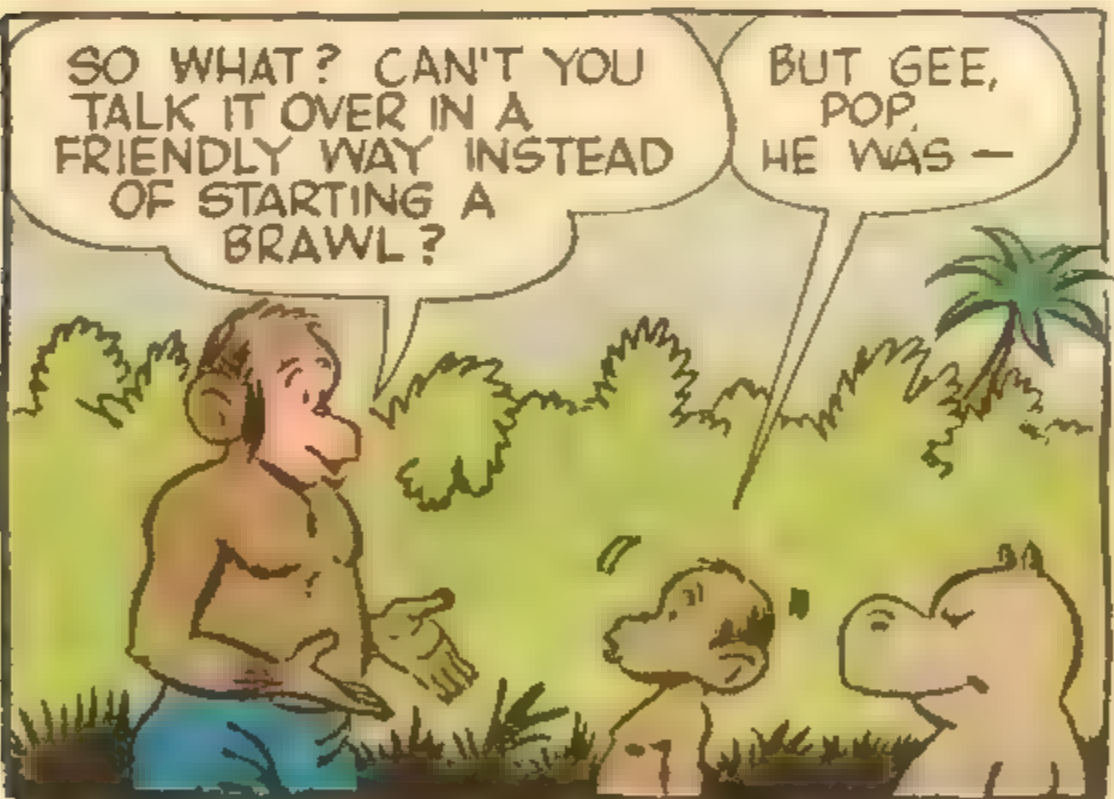
HERE! HERE! WHAT'S
GOING ON?

HAROLD HAS BEEN
SAYING MEAN
THINGS
TO ME!



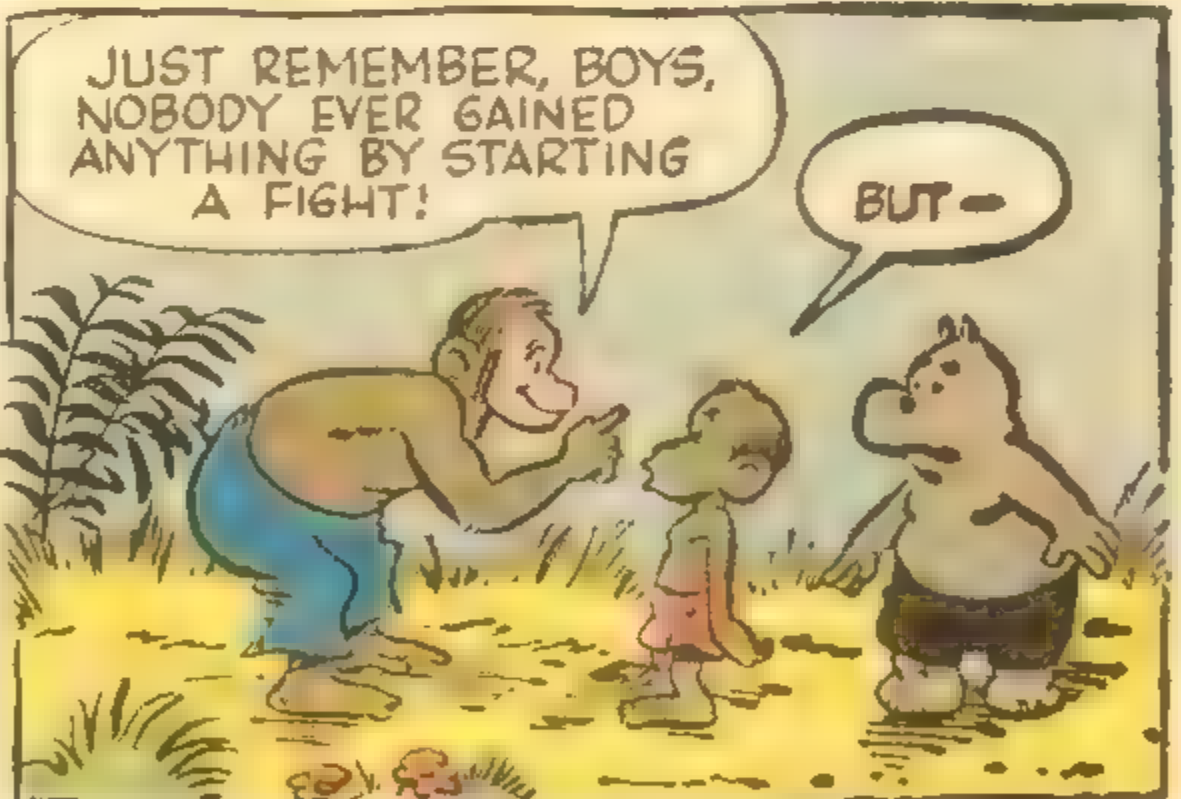
SO WHAT? CAN'T YOU
TALK IT OVER IN A
FRIENDLY WAY INSTEAD
OF STARTING A
BRAWL?

BUT GEE,
POP,
HE WAS —



JUST REMEMBER, BOYS,
NOBODY EVER GAINED
ANYTHING BY STARTING
A FIGHT!

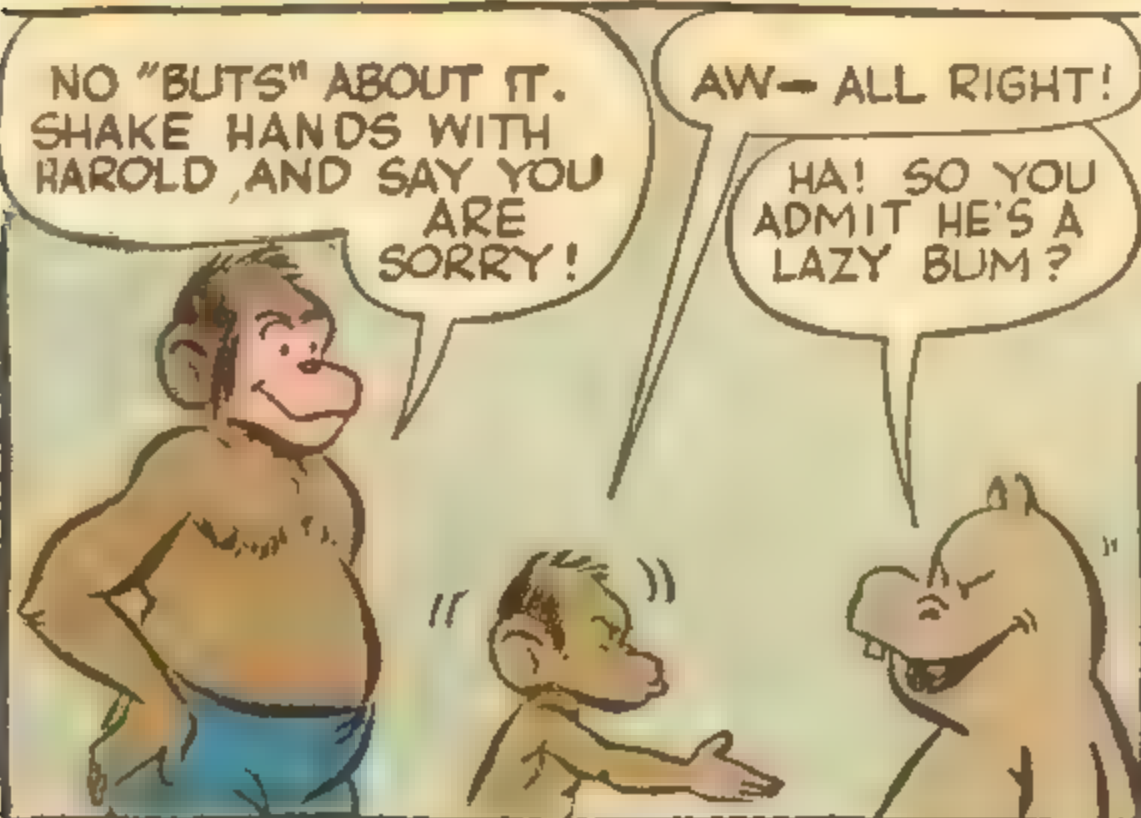
BUT —



NO "BUTS" ABOUT IT.
SHAKE HANDS WITH
HAROLD AND SAY YOU
ARE
SORRY!

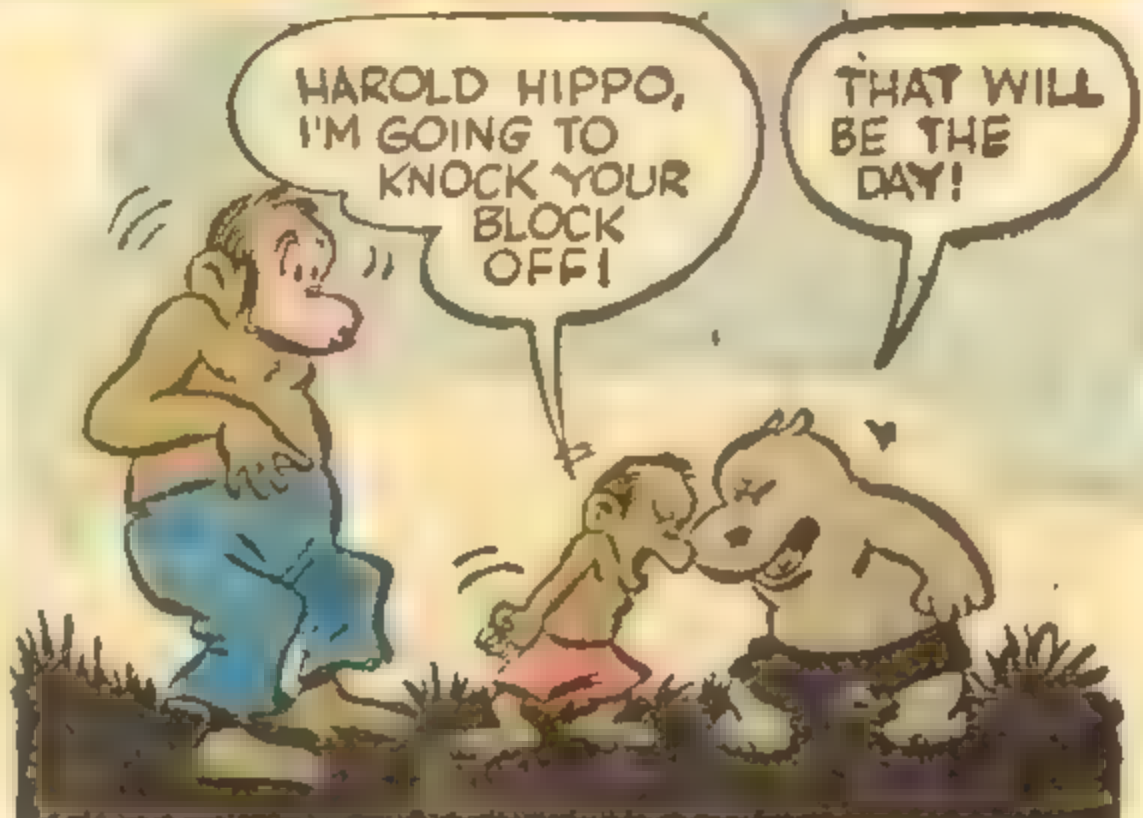
AW — ALL RIGHT!

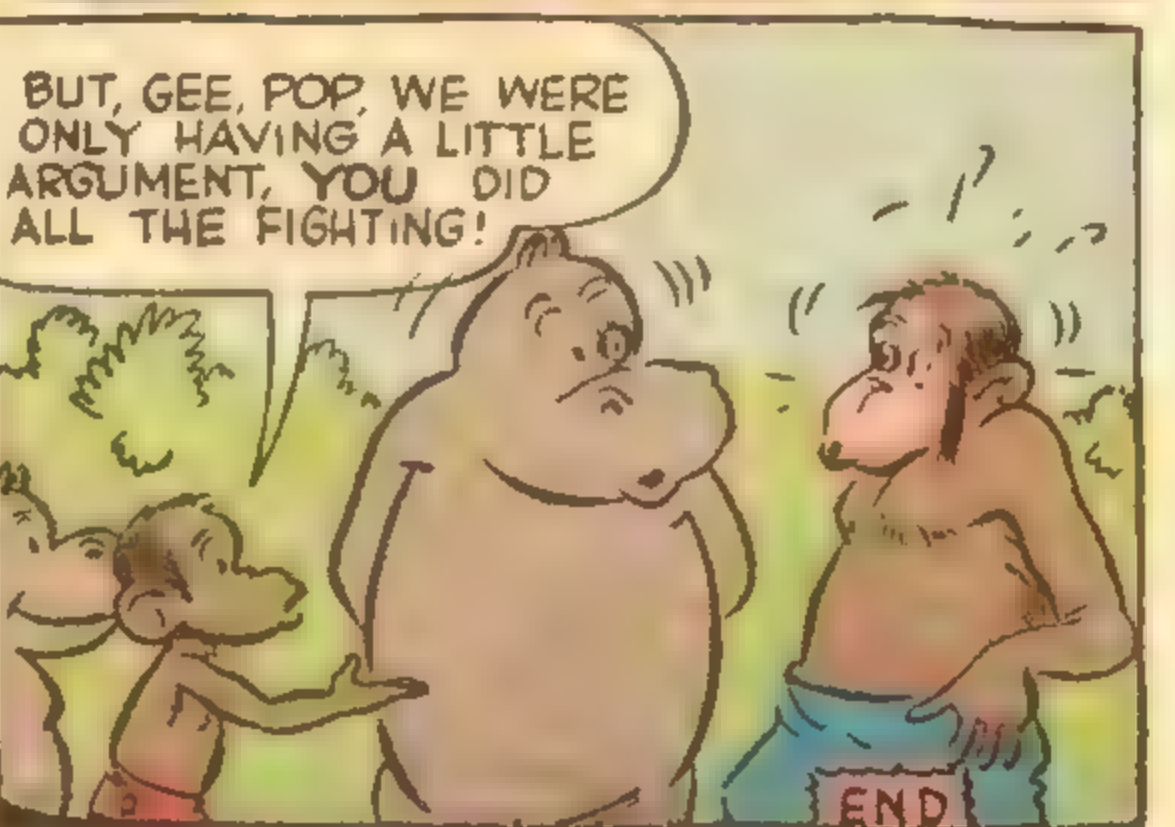
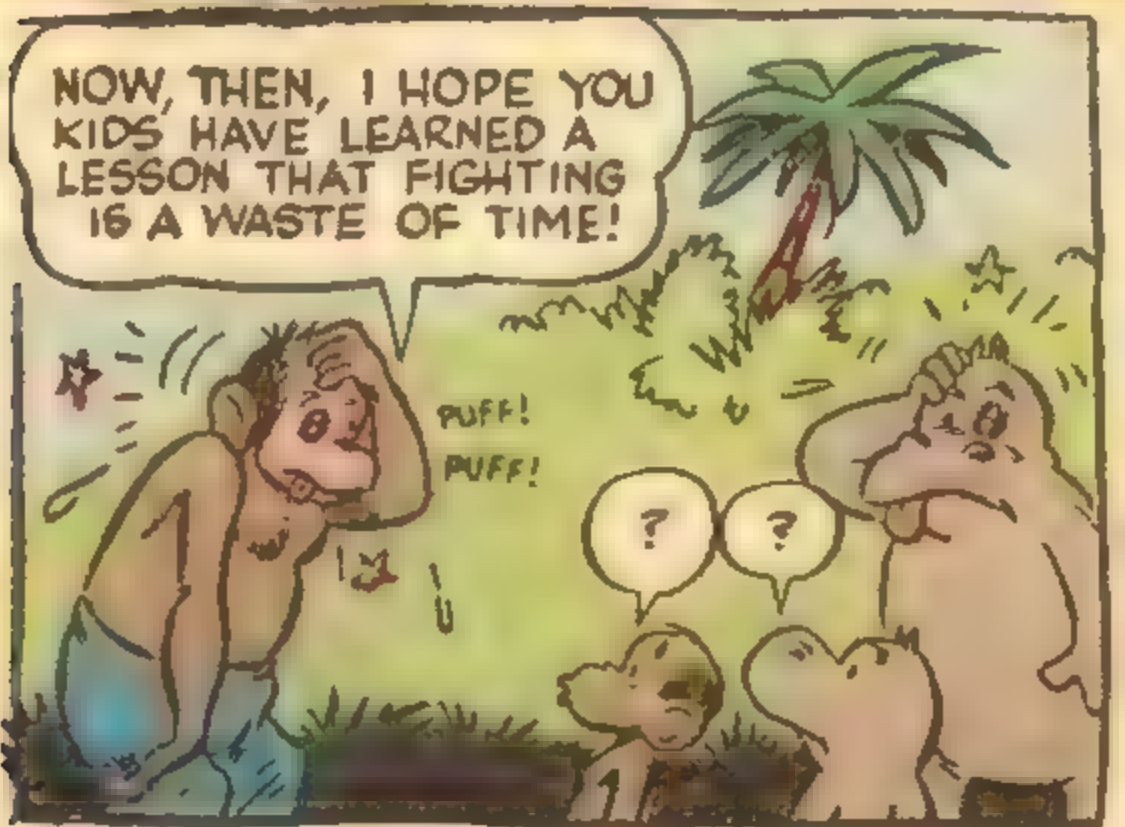
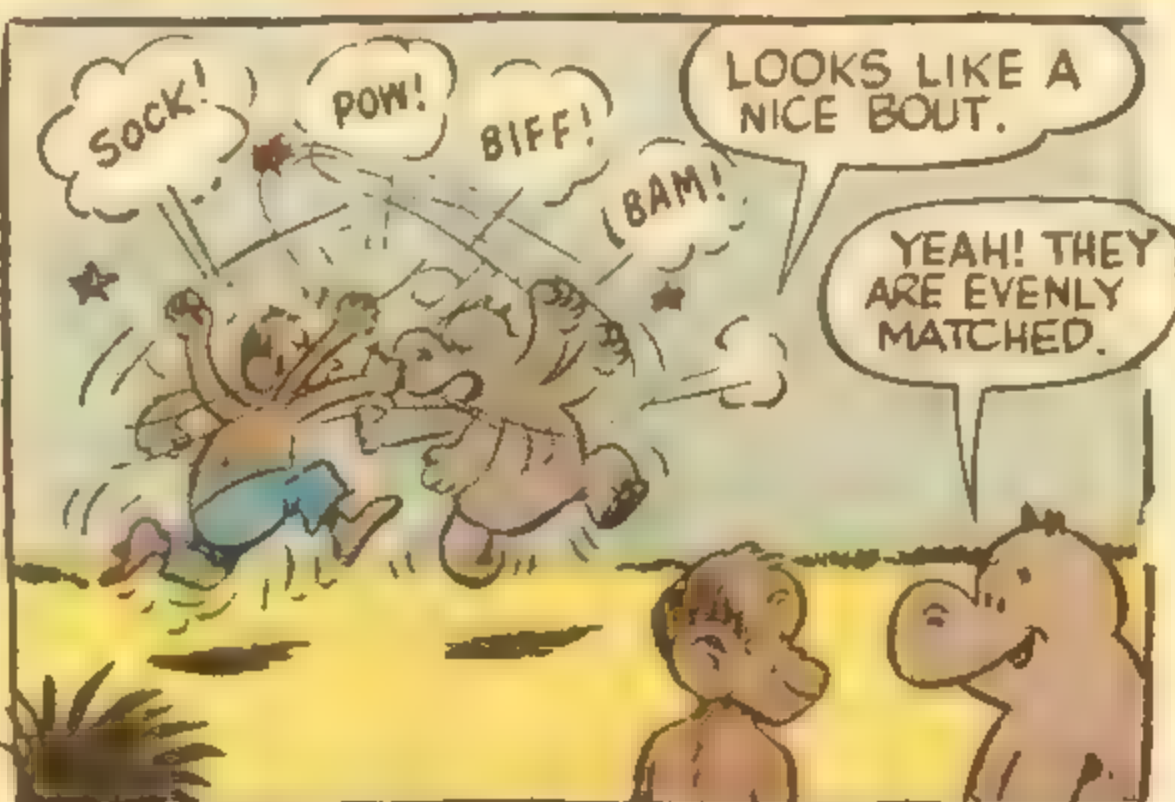
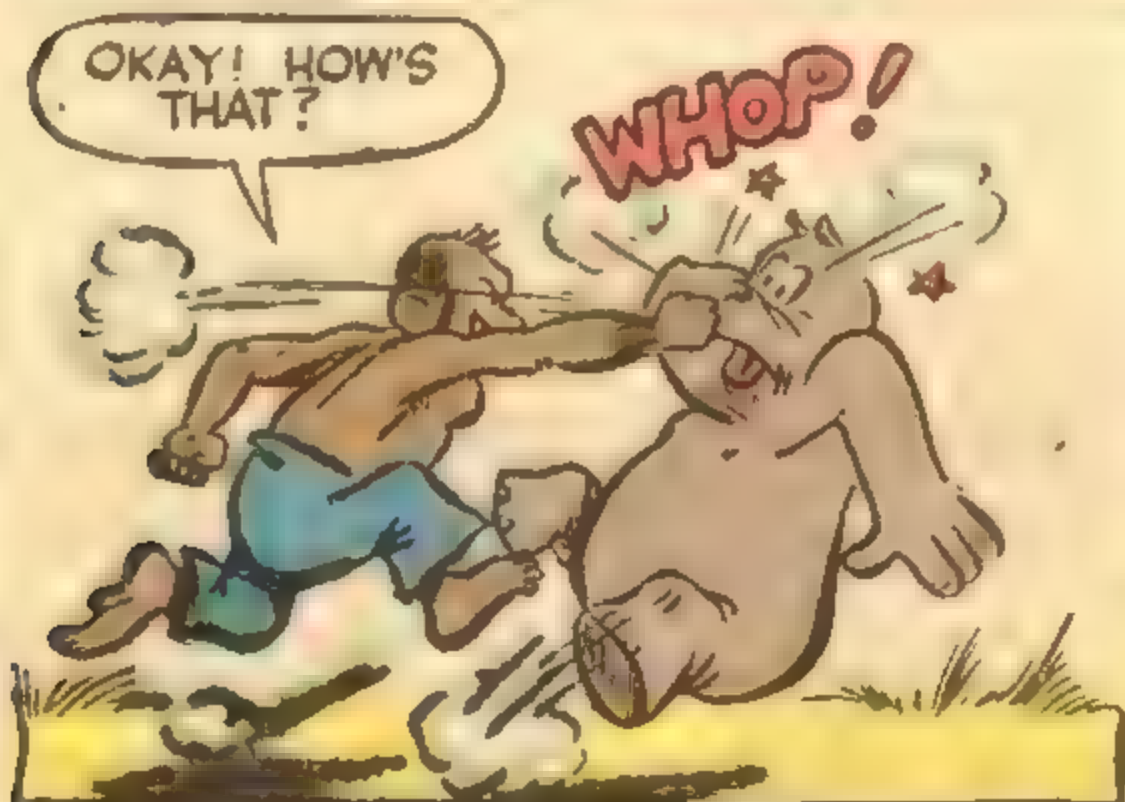
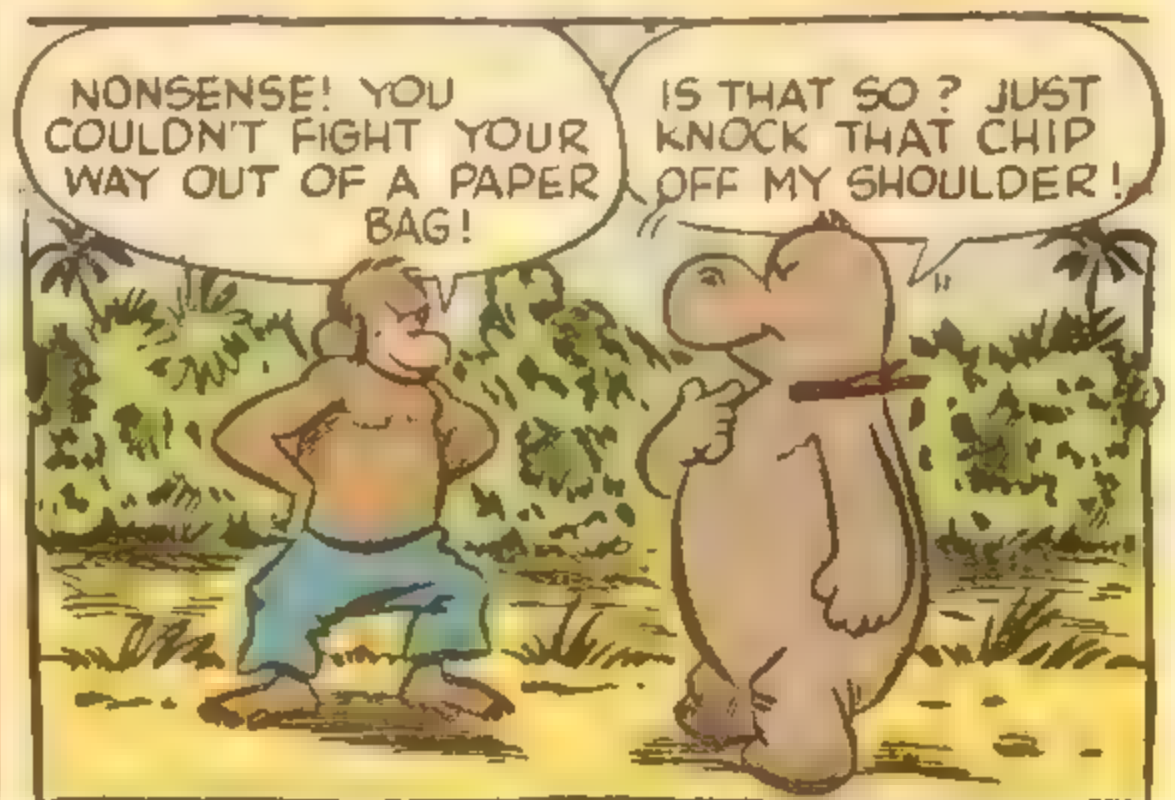
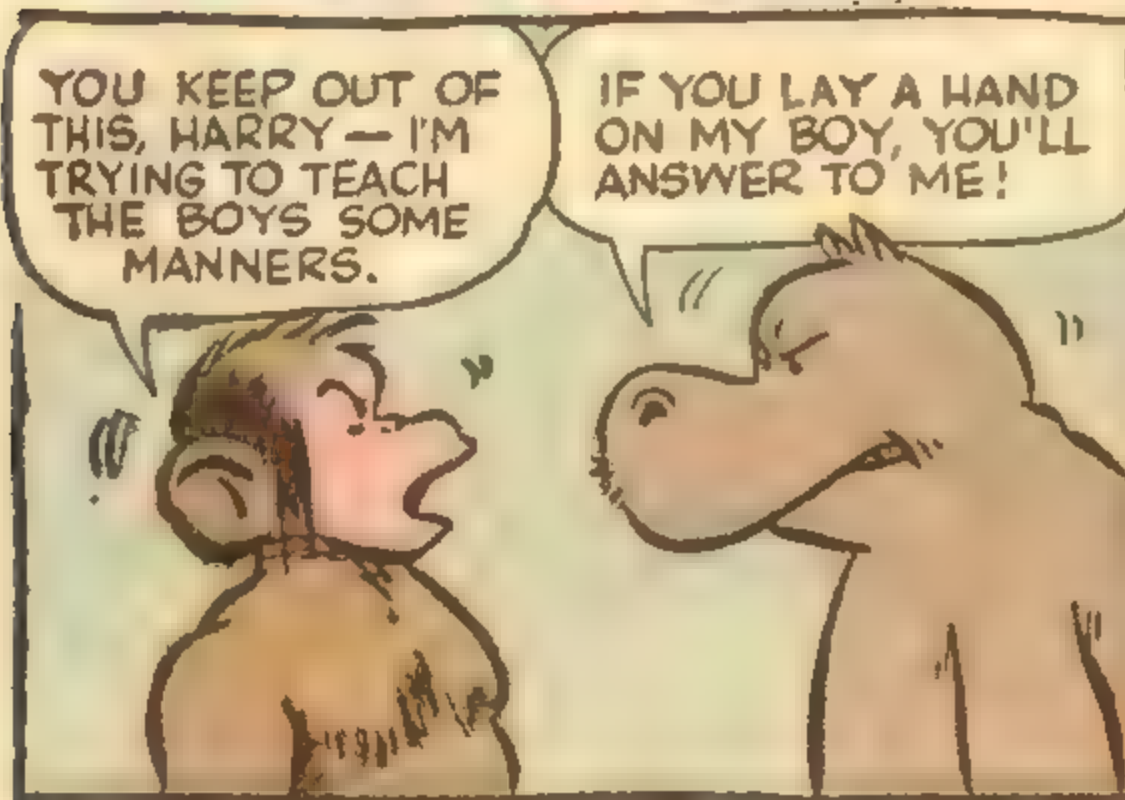
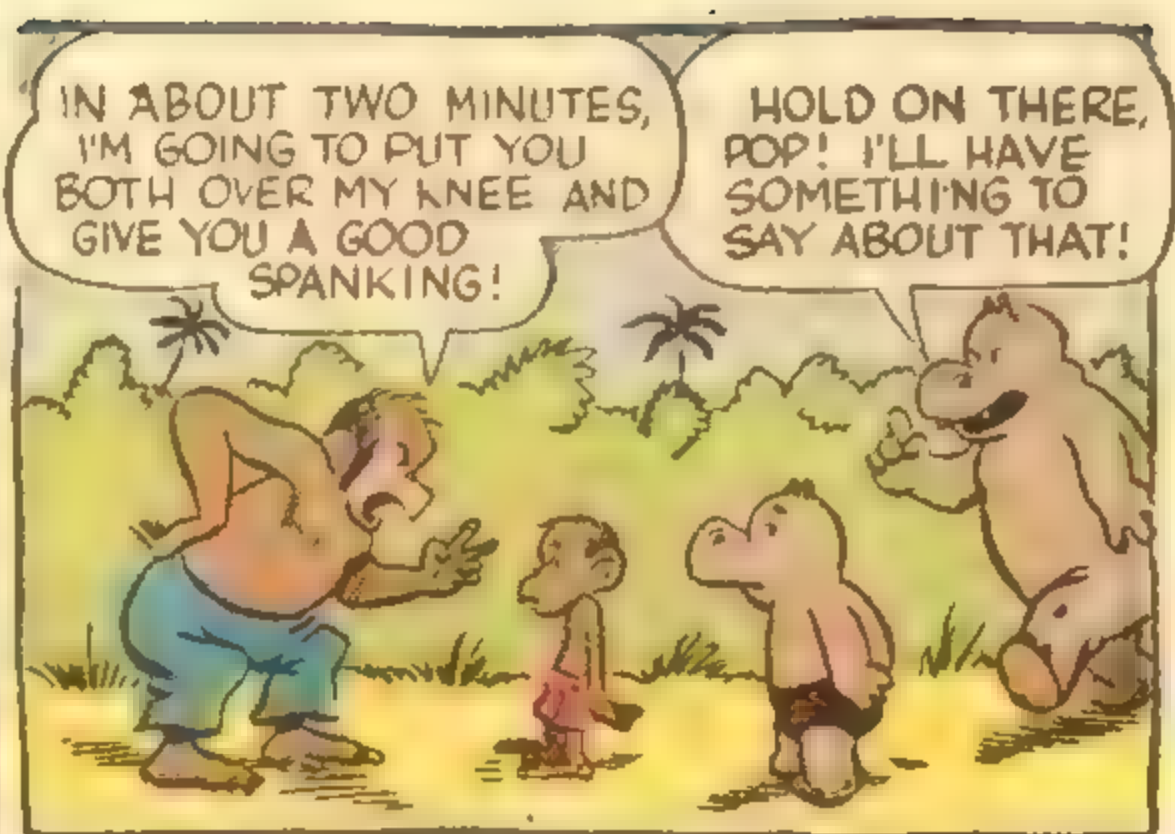
HA! SO YOU
ADMIT HE'S A
LAZY BUM?



HAROLD HIPPO,
I'M GOING TO
KNOCK YOUR
BLOCK
OFF!

THAT WILL
BE THE
DAY!





M.G.M. CARTOONS

Present

Fozzy and Wuzzy

PEANUTS!
POPCORN!

LET'S ASK UNCLE
BARNEY FOR
SOME MONEY FOR
PEANUTS!

GOOD IDEA!

UNCLE BARNEY!
CAN WE HAVE
A DIME, HUH,
CAN WE?

A DIME? NO! I'M BROKE!
EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!

AW, HECK!

HERE COMES
THE MAILMAN!

SO WHAT? ALL
WE GET IS
BILLS!

UNCLE BARNEY...
I SAID NO!

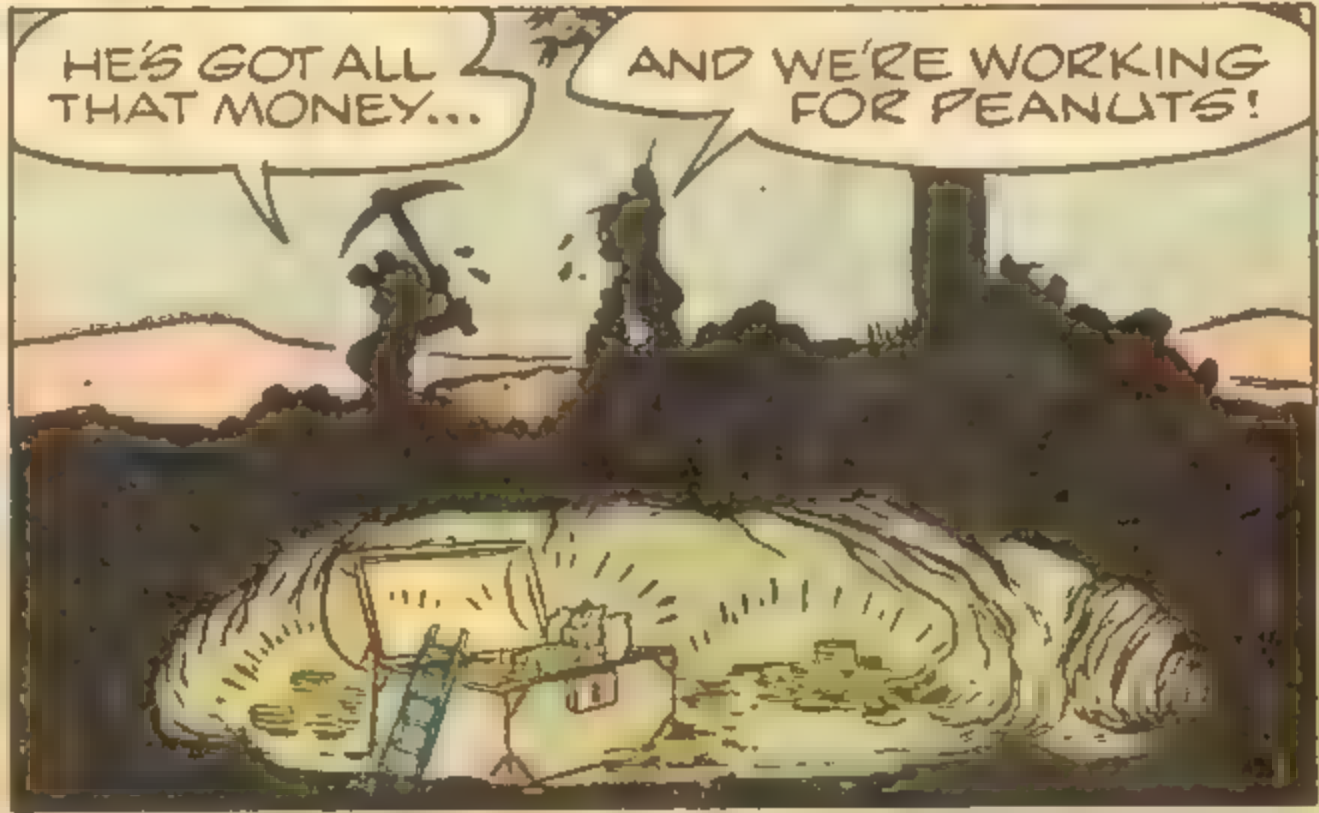
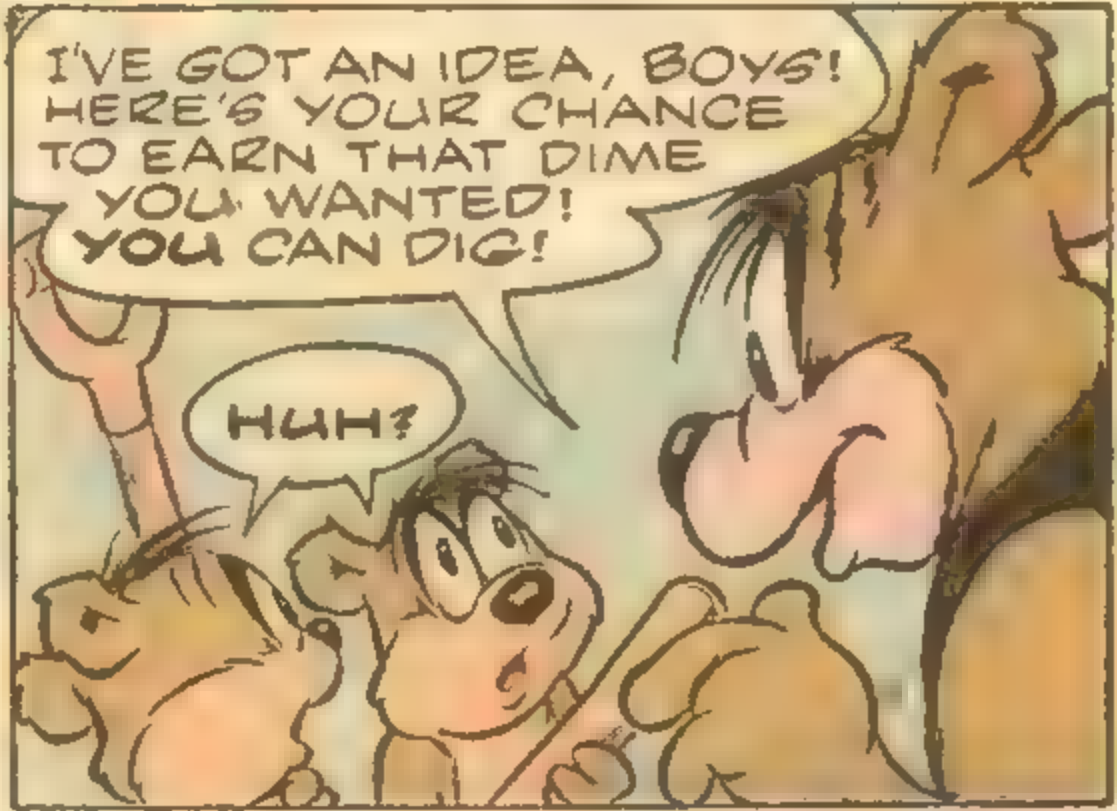
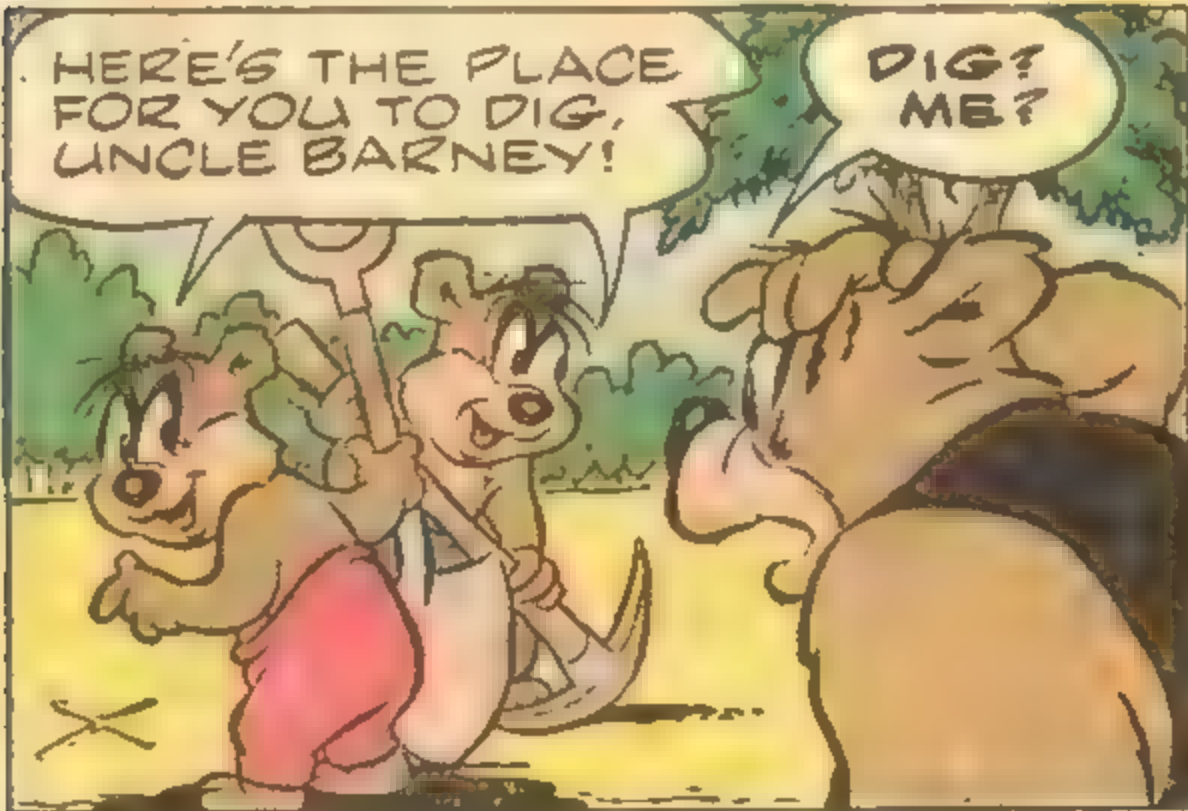
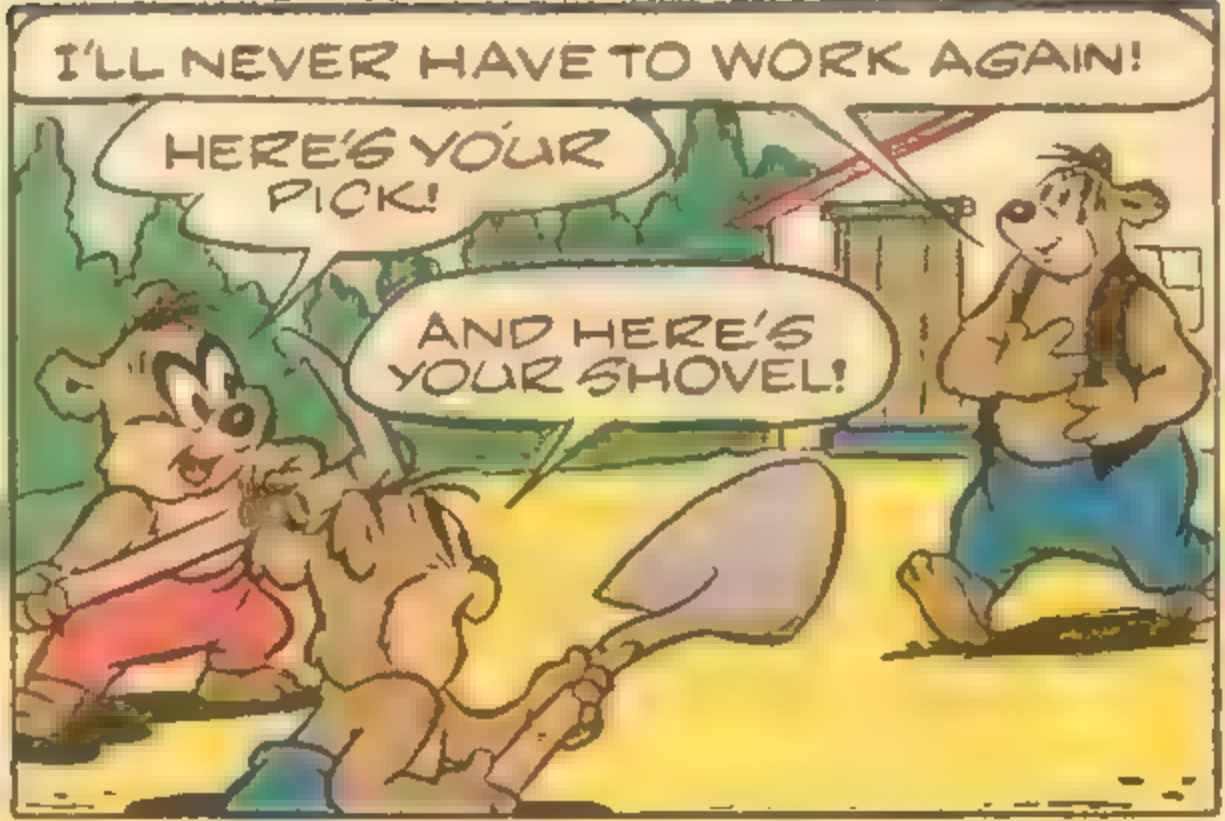
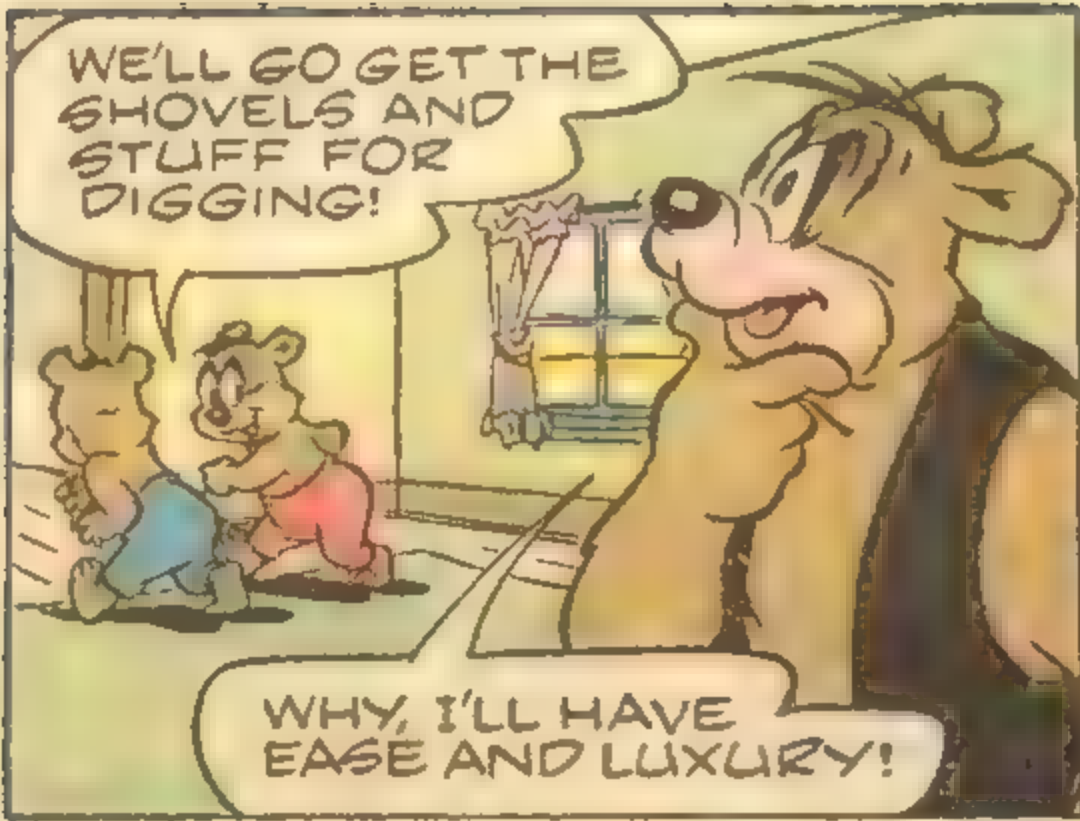
BUT HERE'S A
LETTER FOR YOU!

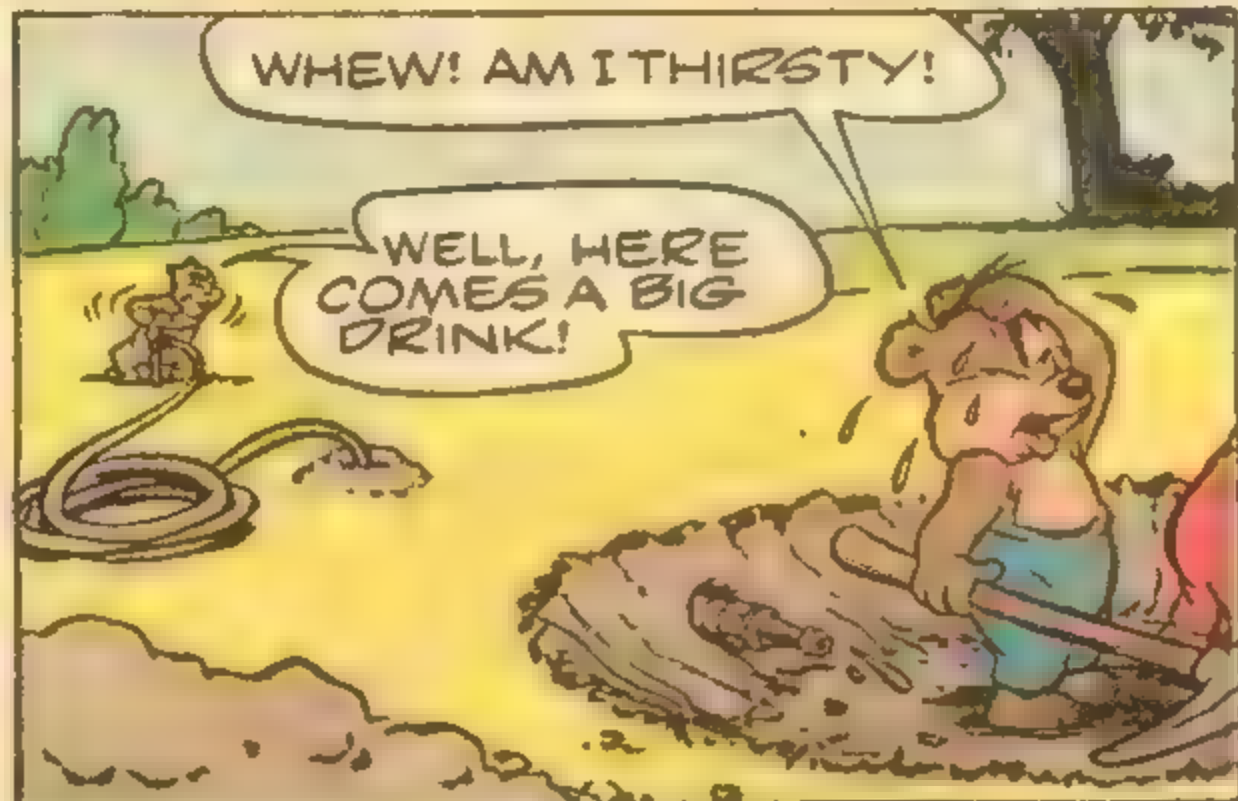
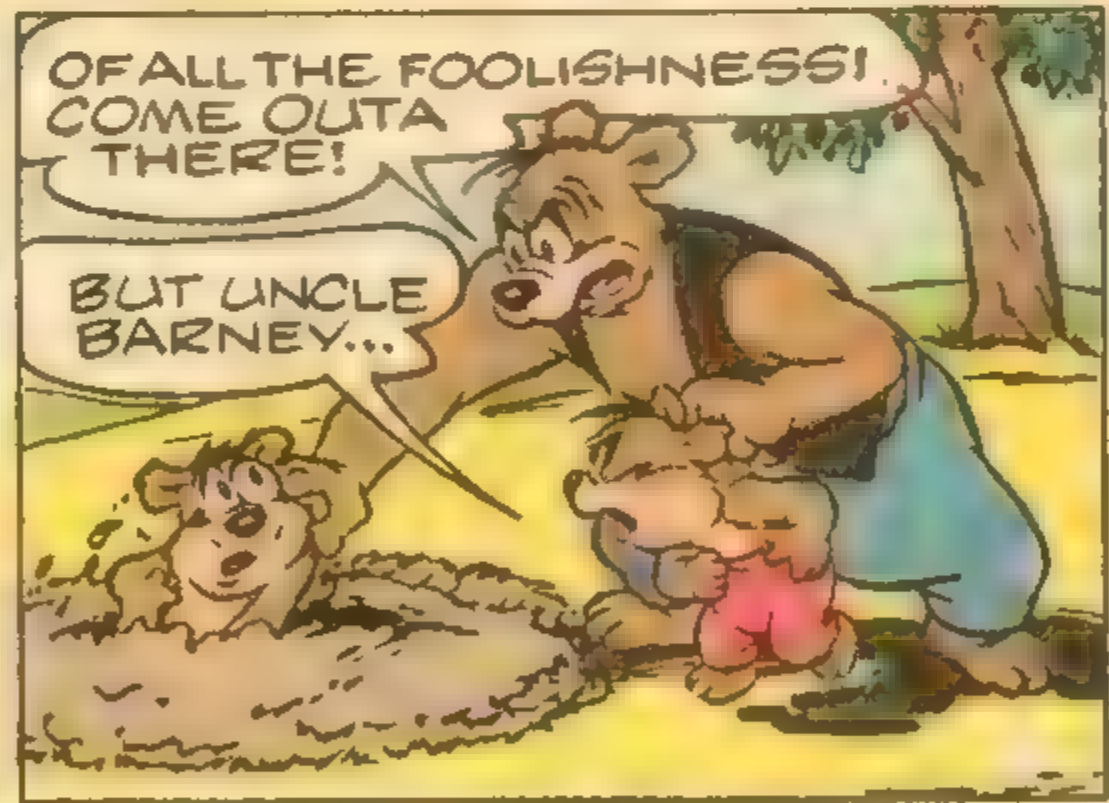
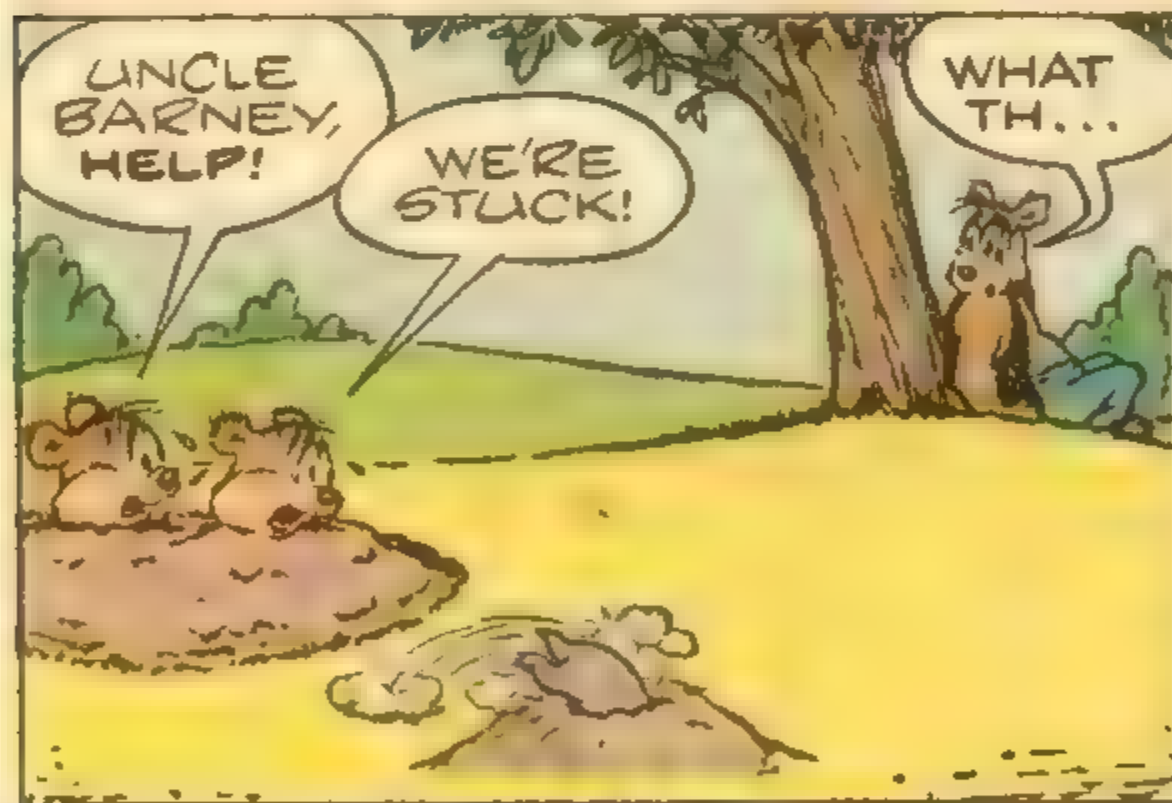
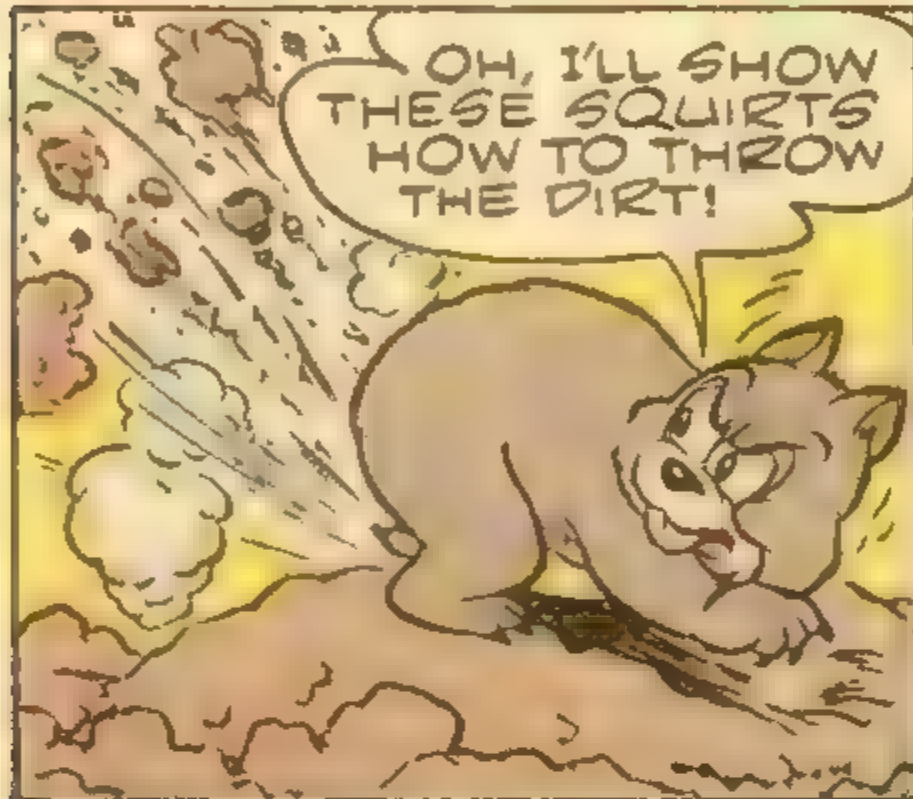
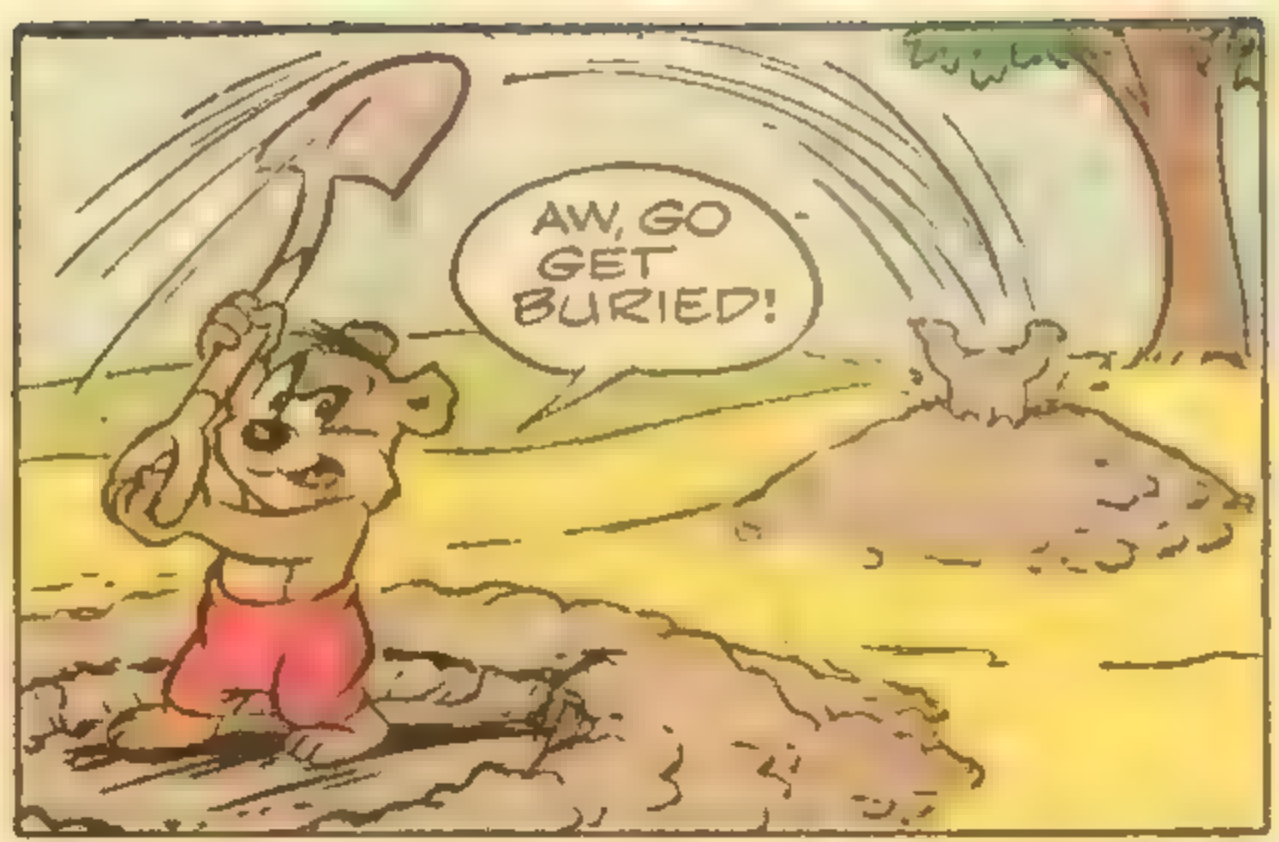
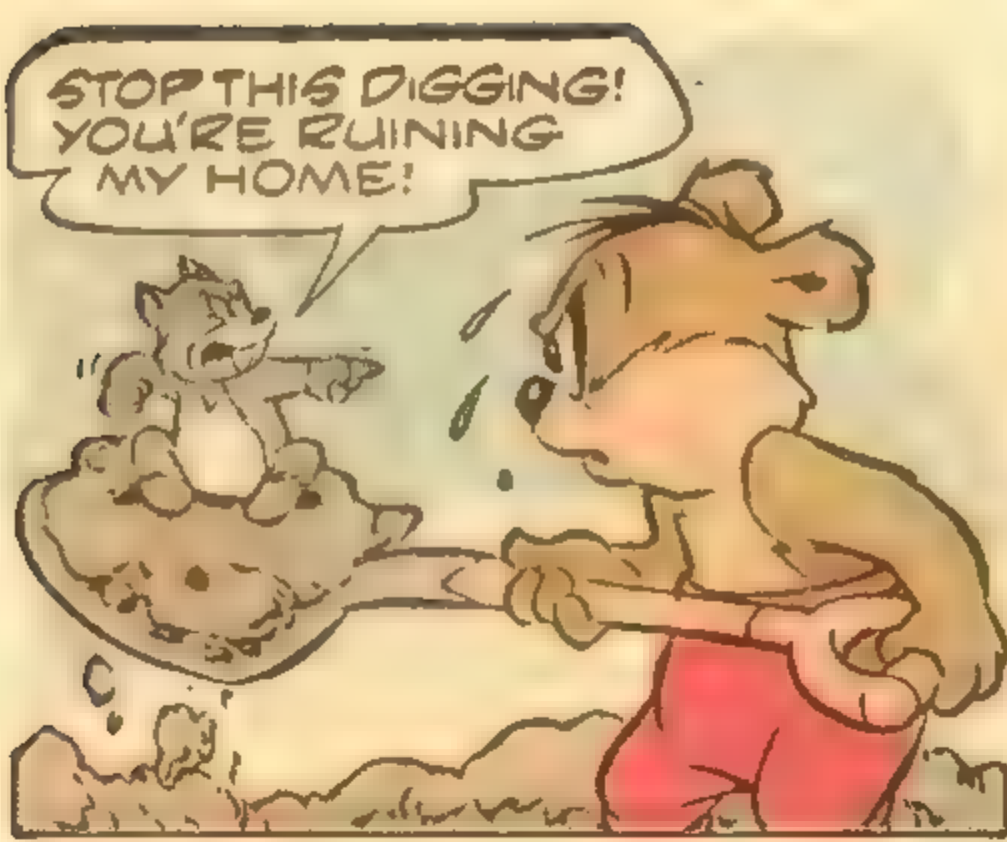
WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF PETE!
I'VE INHERITED
MY GRANDFATHER'S
FORTUNE!

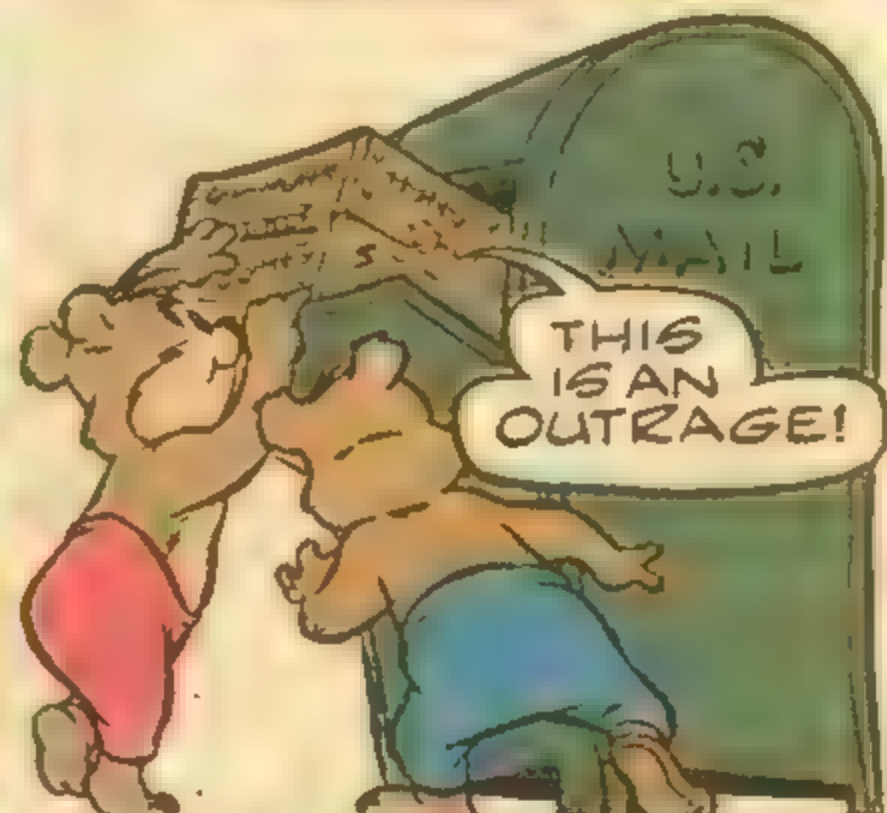
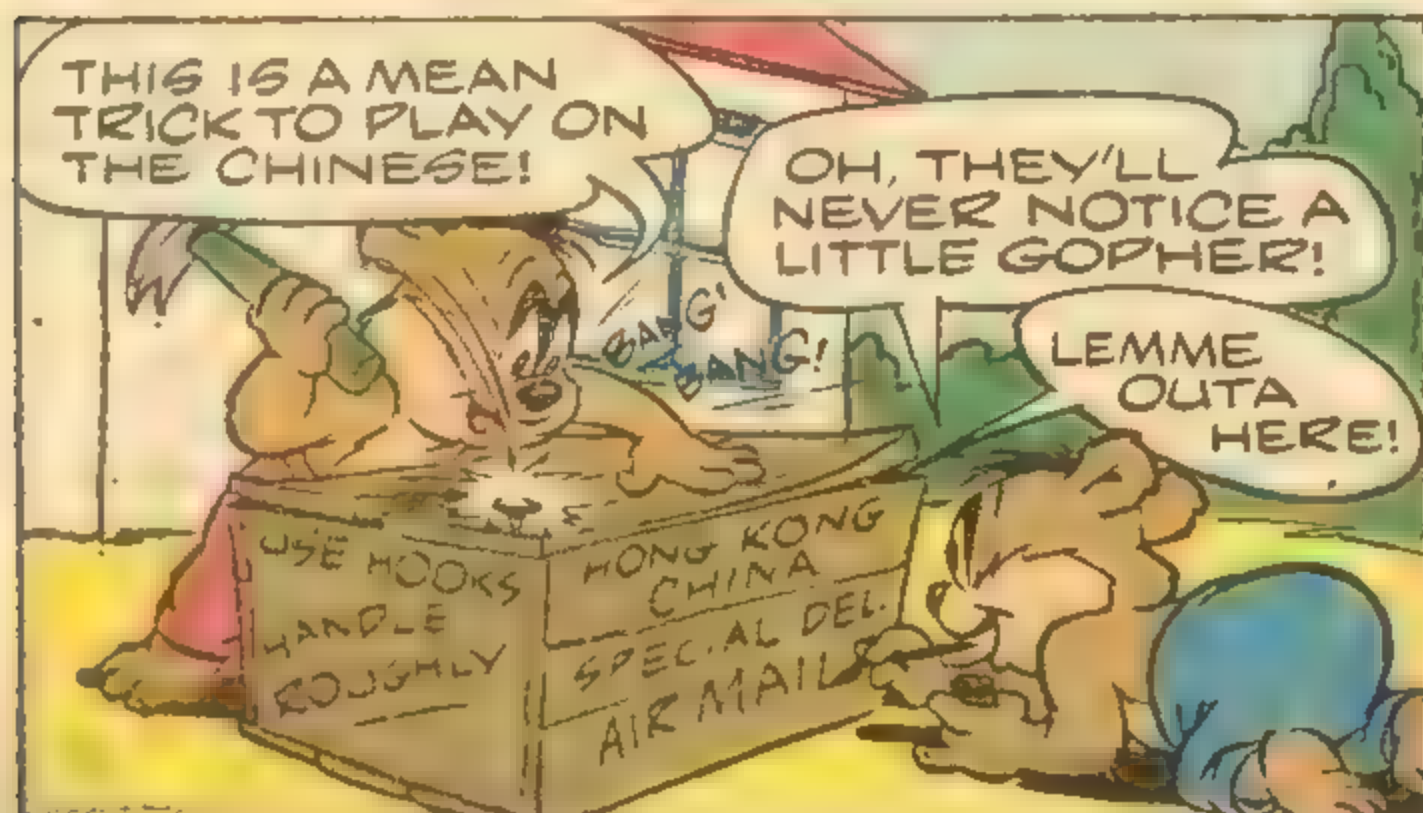
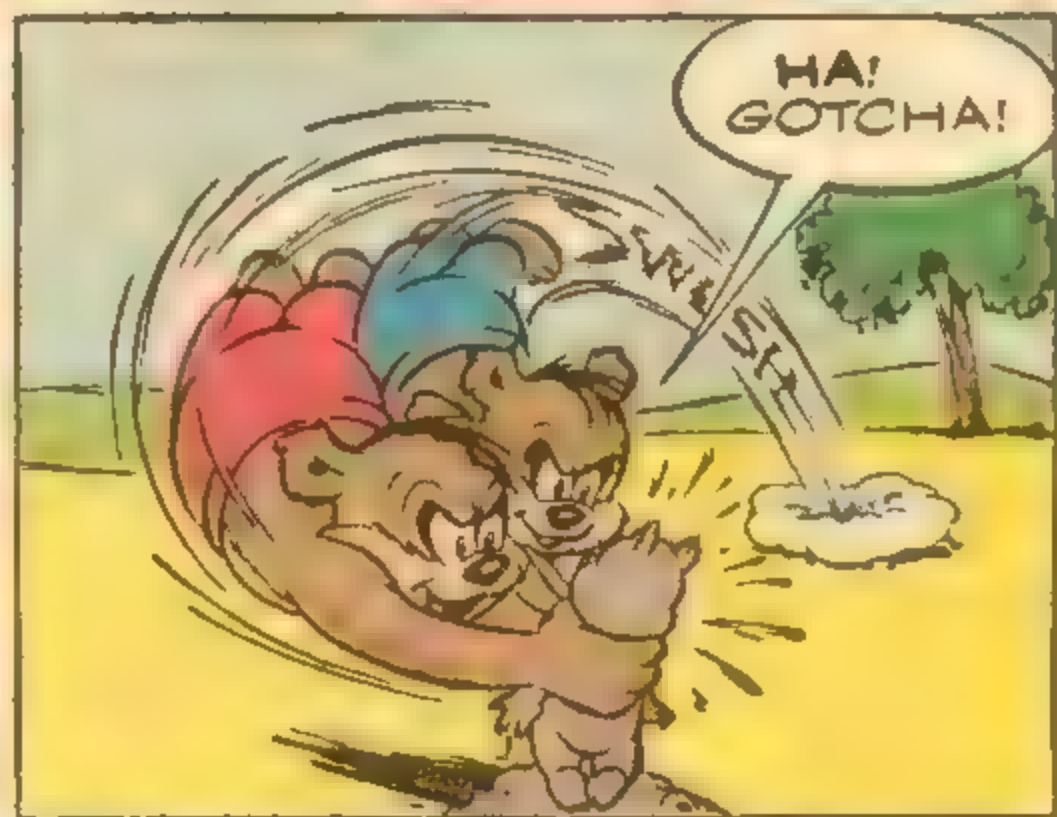
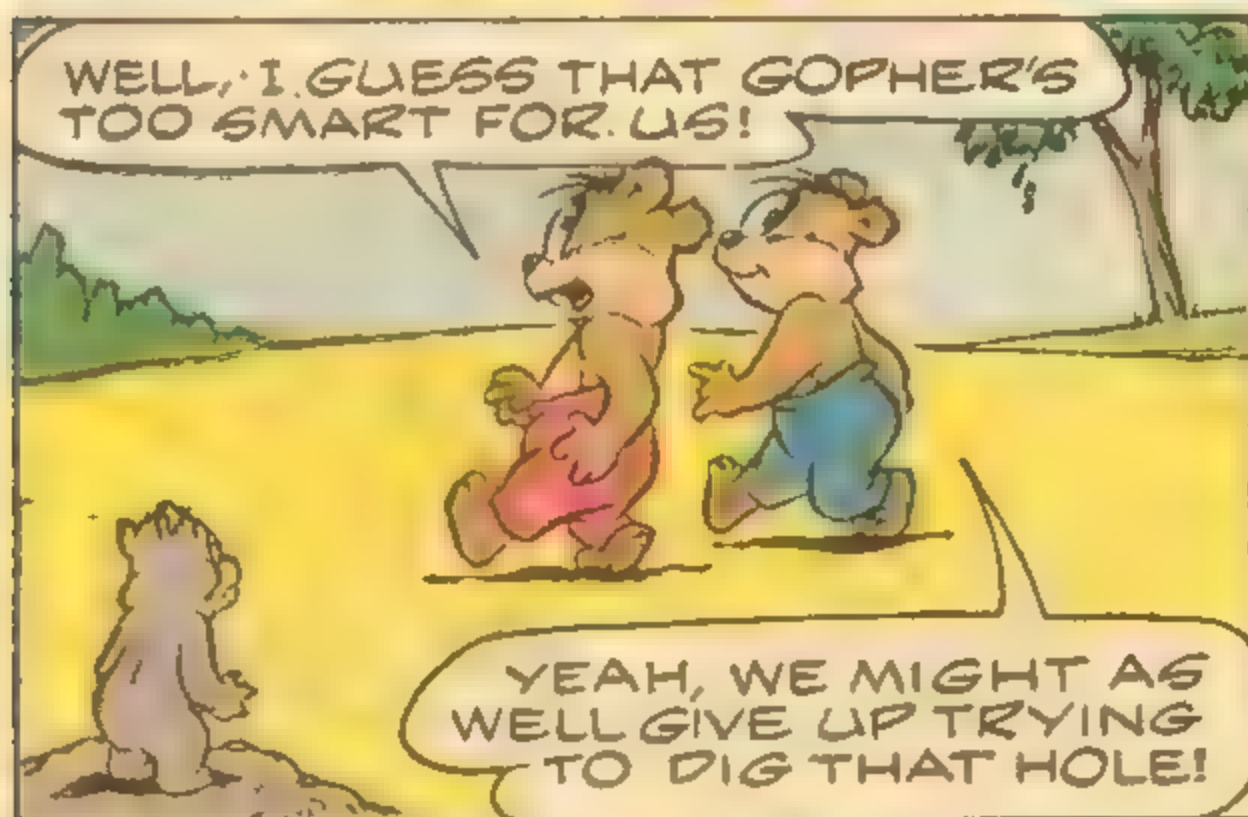
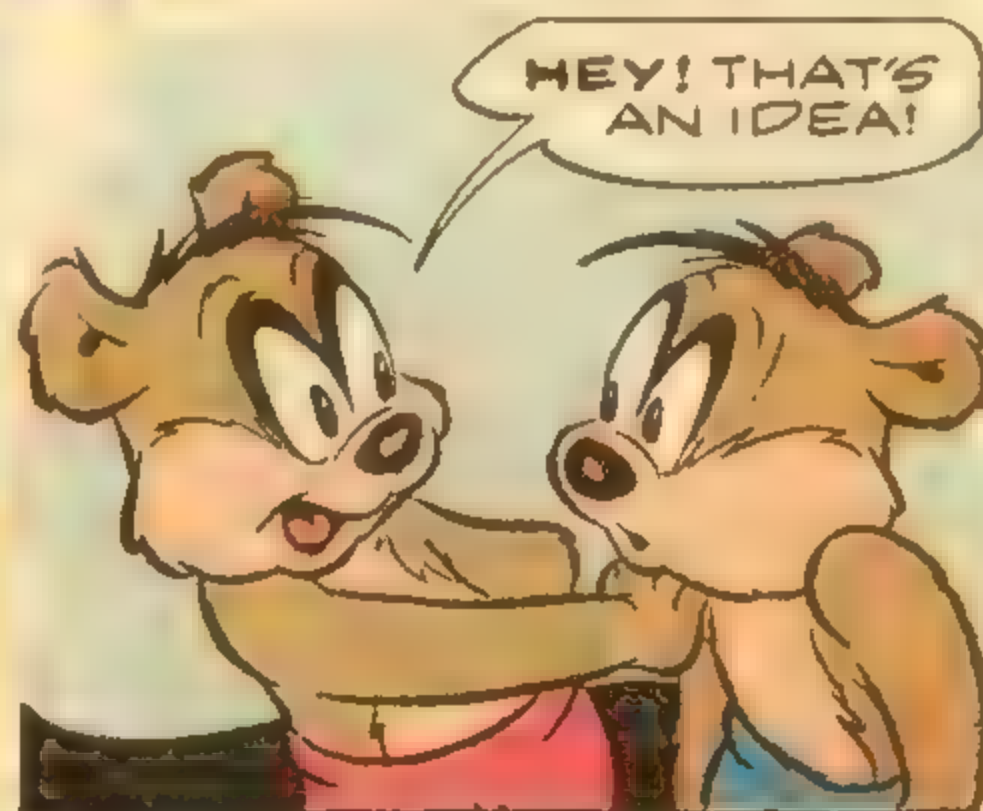
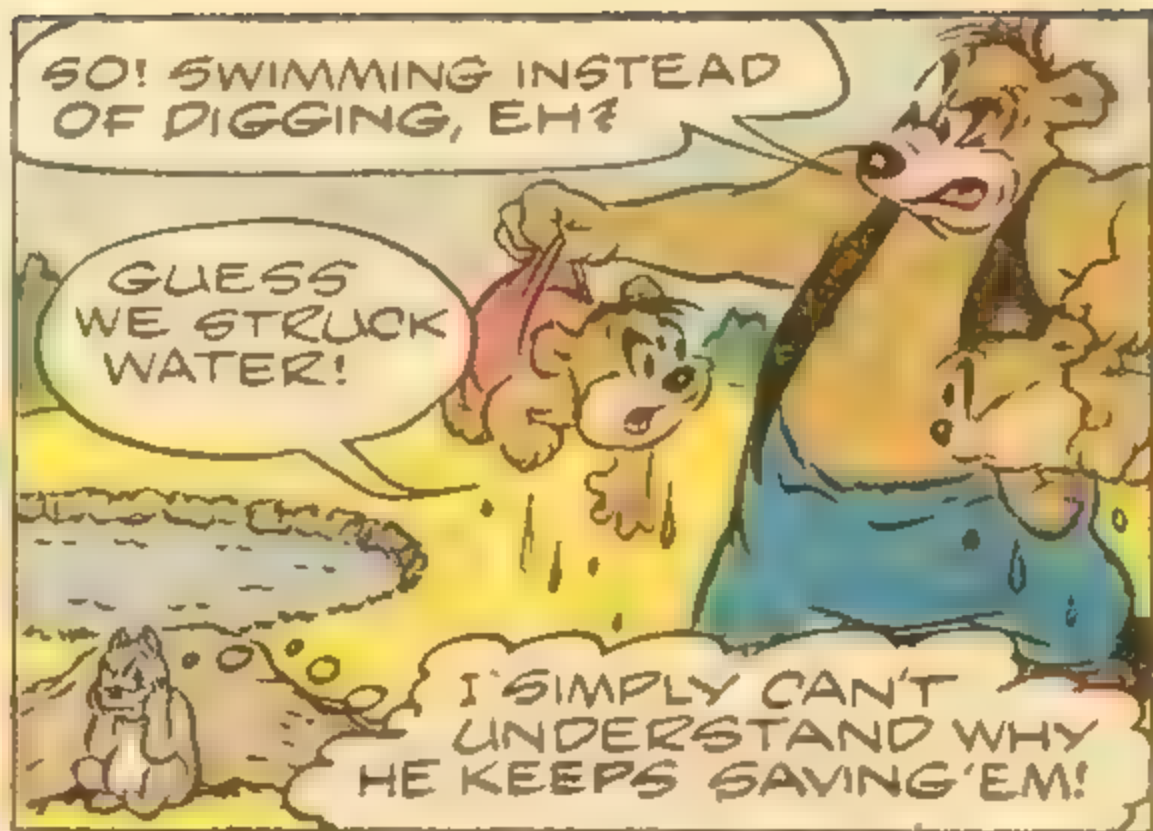
HURRAY FOR
GRANDPA!

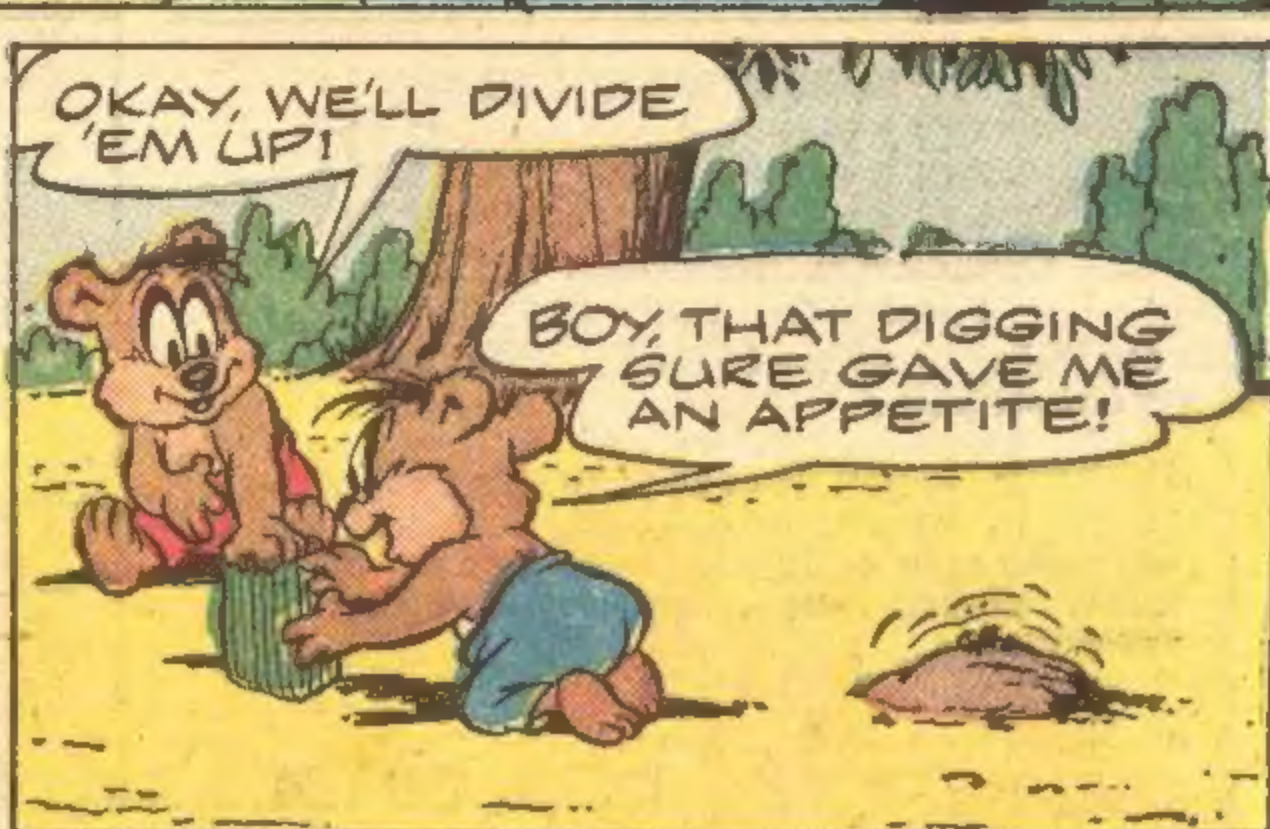
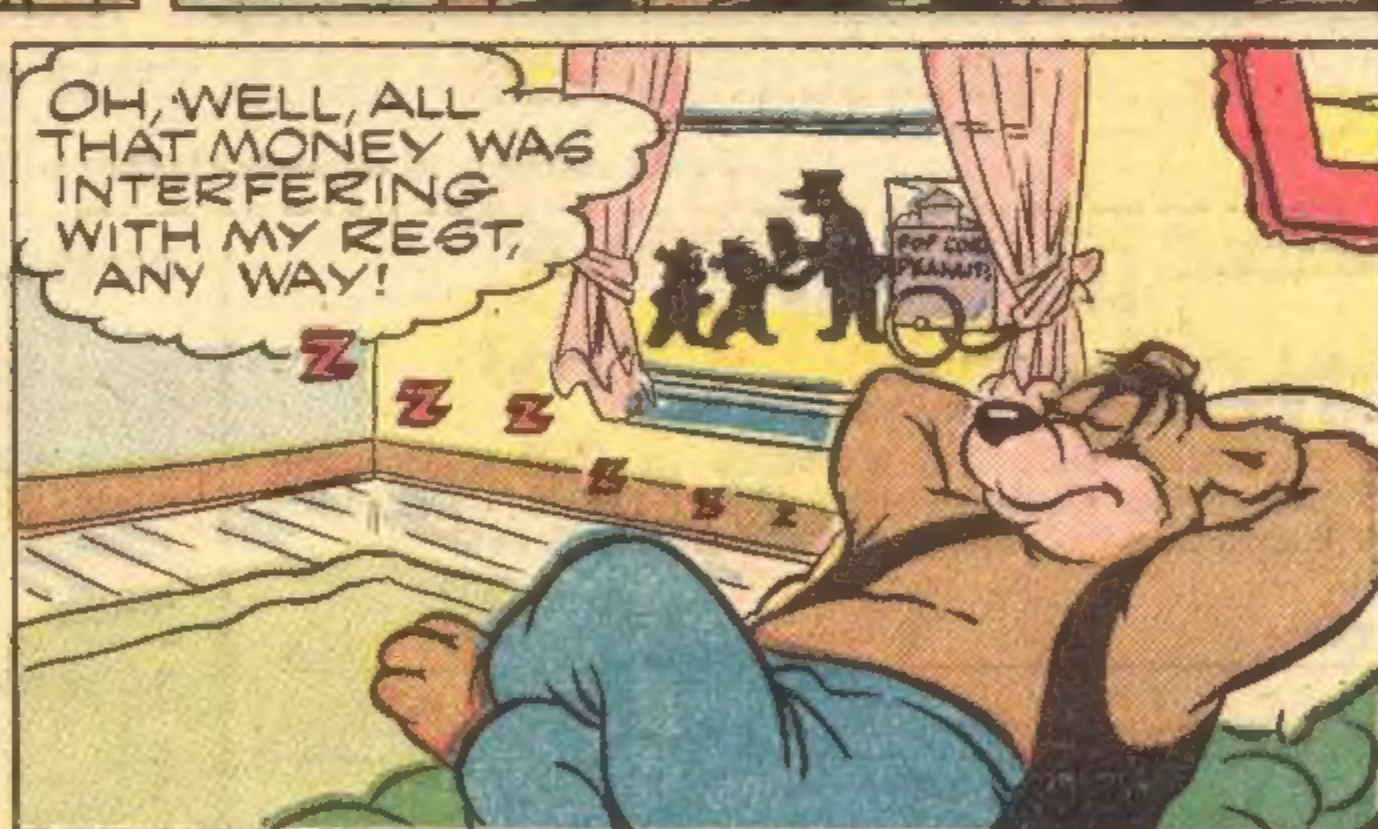
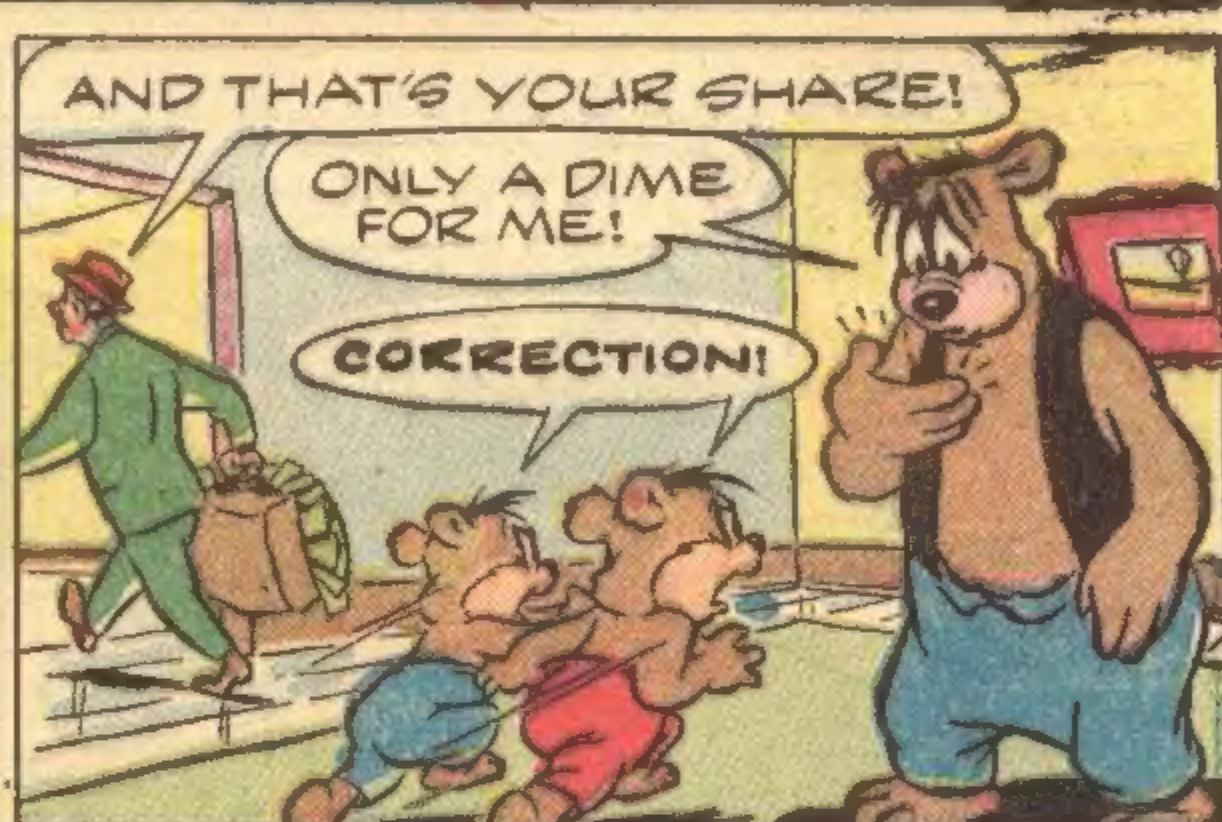
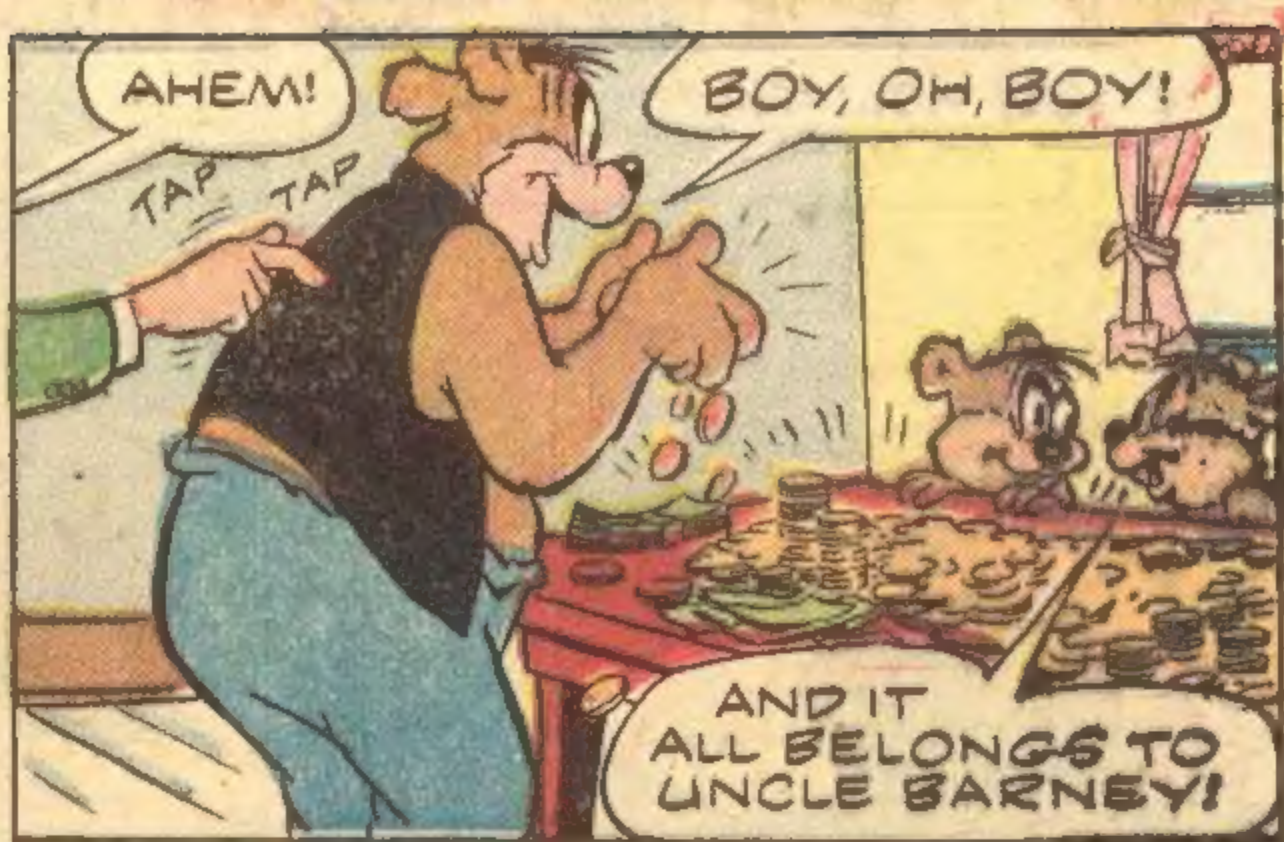
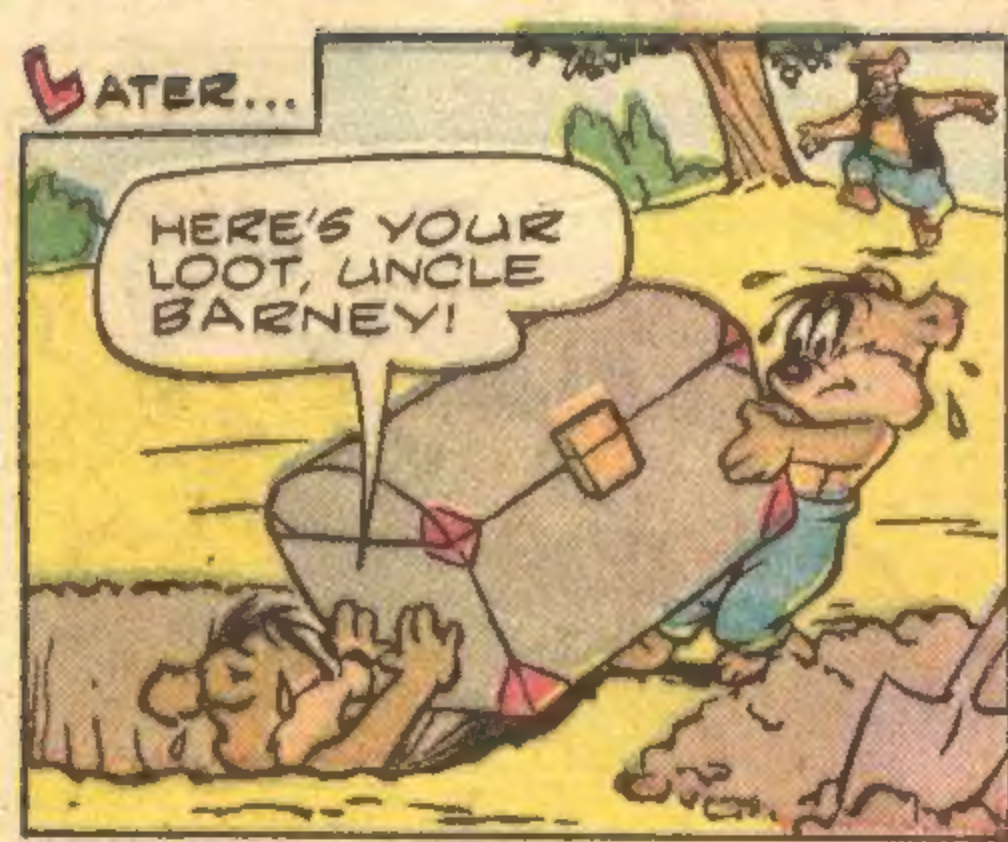
THE LETTER SAYS
WE'LL FIND HIS
MONEY BURIED
BY THE OLD OAK
TREE!

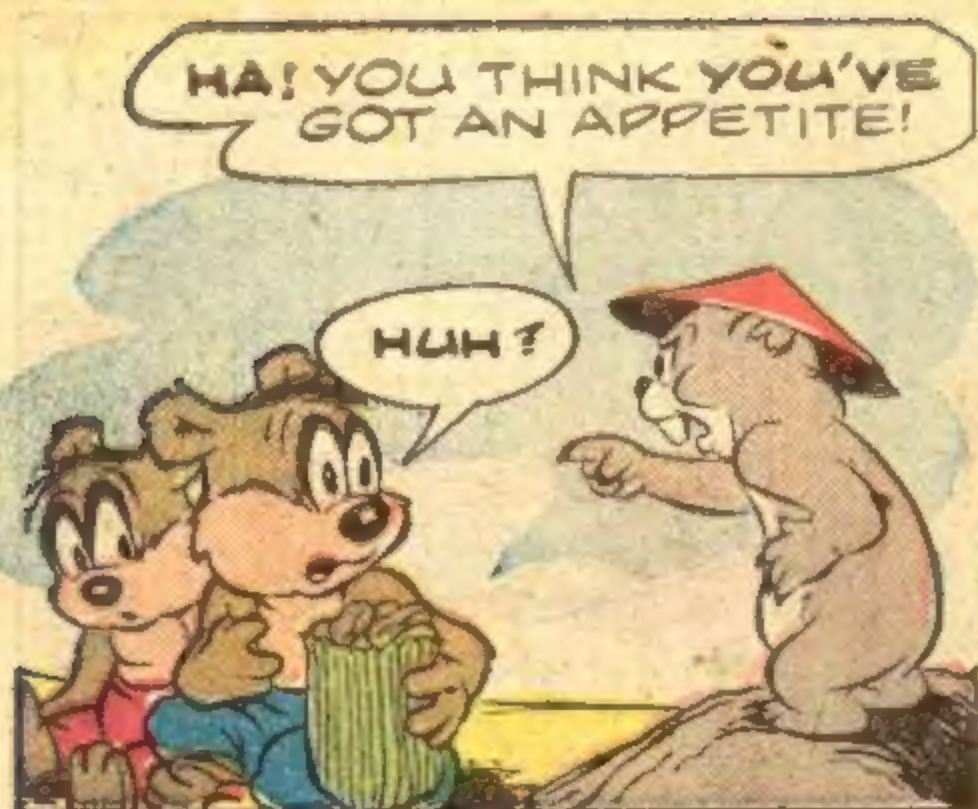
BOY! WE'LL BE
MILLIONAIRE
BEARS!











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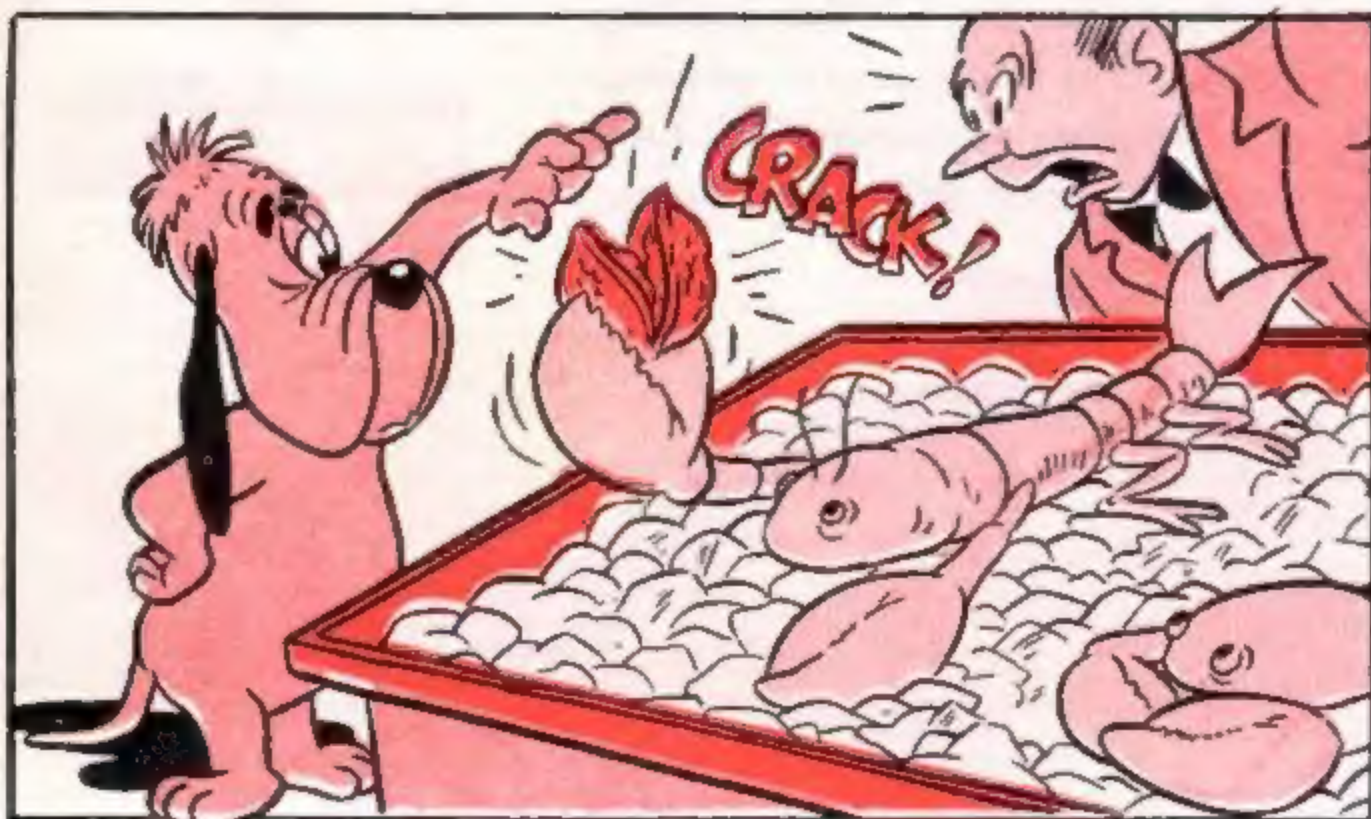
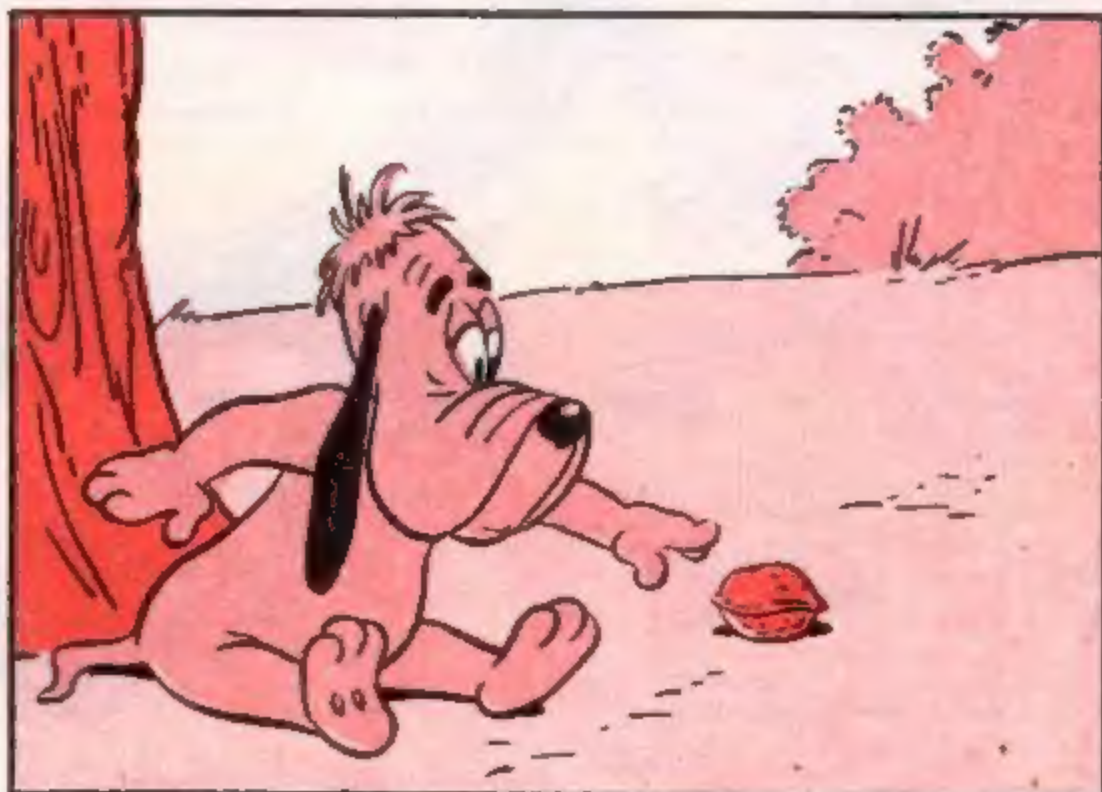
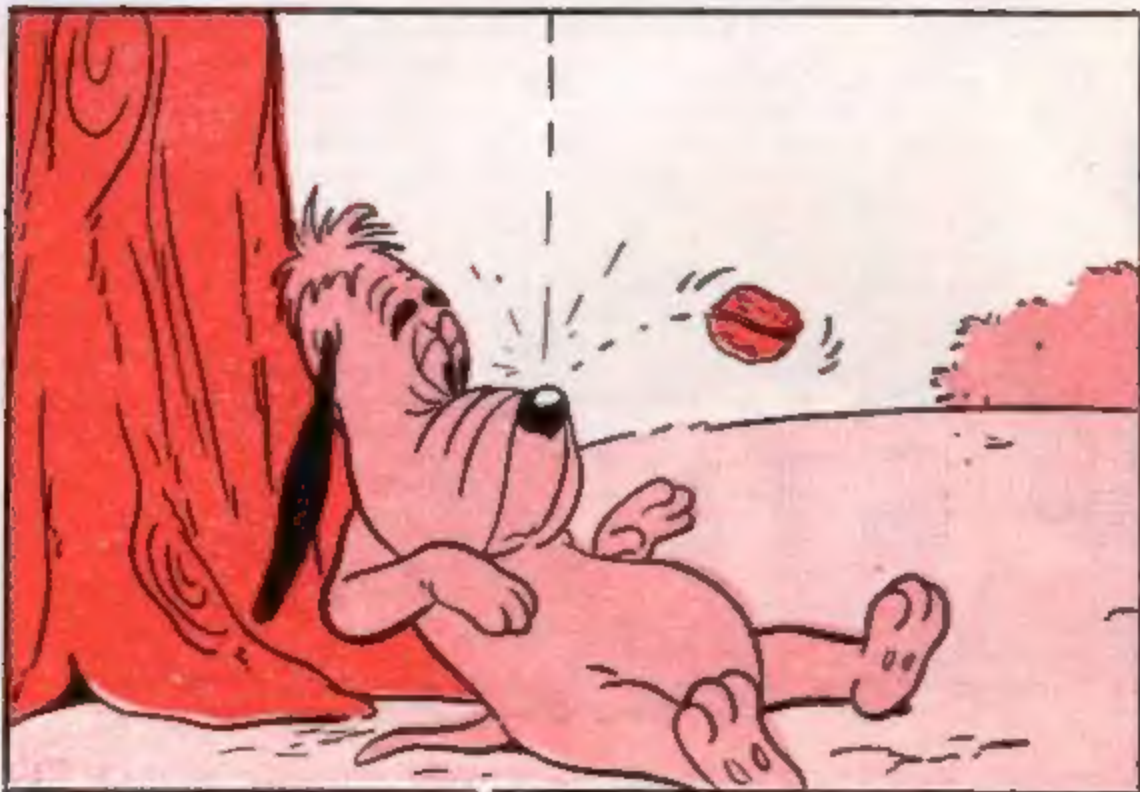
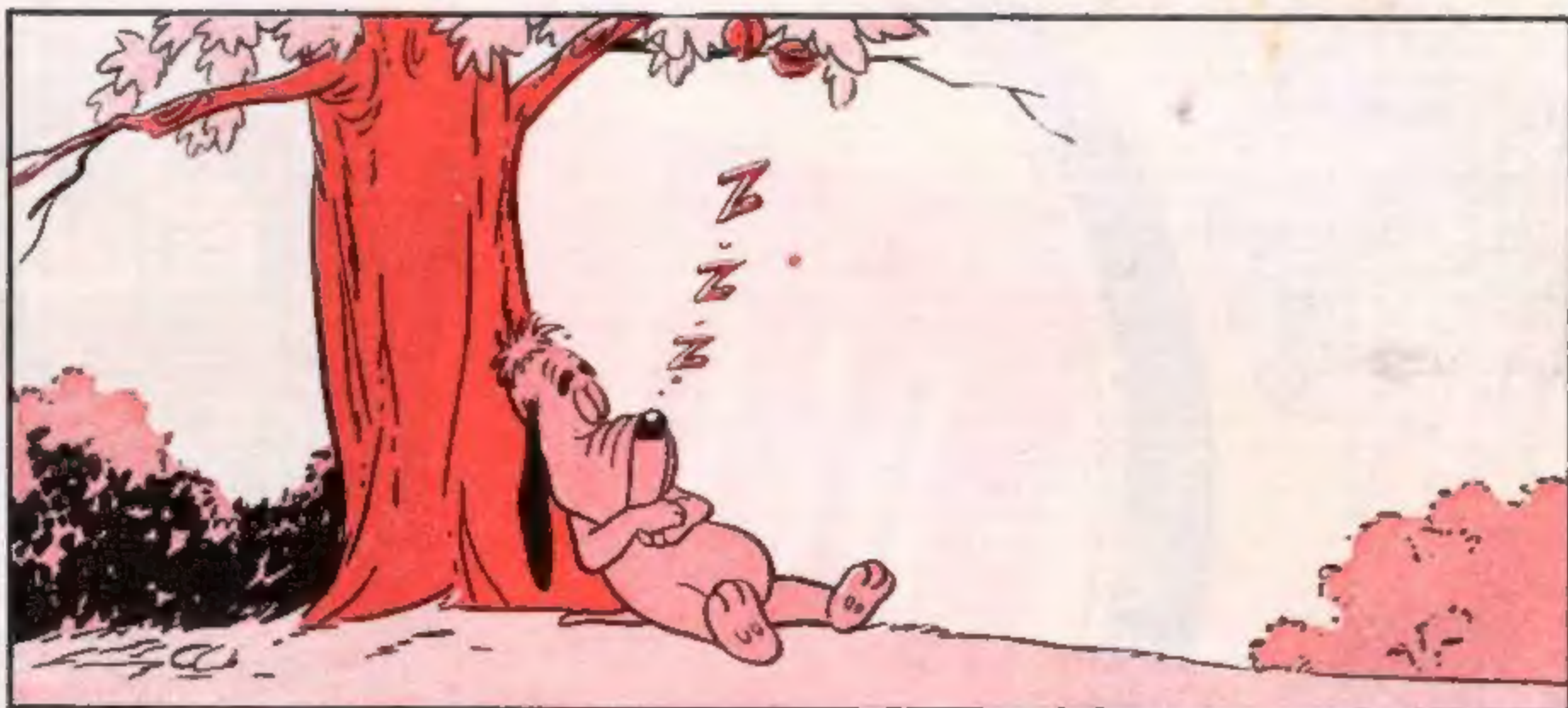
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